



THE CROWN AND THE KINGDOM  
ENGLAND'S ROYAL FAMILY



THE KING AS SOVEREIGN OF THE ORDER OF THE BATH

*By kind permission of the Artist,  
Frank O. Salisbury, Esq*

*[Frontispiece]*

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FAMILY

BY  
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## PREFACE

DURING the War a French officer once said to me, "You English are very fortunate. We have to invest the Tricolor with fictitious virtues as a symbol of patriotism, but your Royal Family is a living *drapeau*."

Officers on the various fronts have echoed the same sentiments, and in India, during the Durbar, I had plenty of evidence of the veneration in which the Sovereign of the State is held by Eastern peoples.

To the devout Mussulman, his monarch is "the shadow of God on earth," and I have seen thousands of Indians kissing the place where the King's feet had rested and returning to their homes proud to tell their children and their children's children that their lips had rested on that holy spot.

It is impossible to conceive Modern India without an Emperor at its head because it consists not merely of Provinces under British rule but of some hundreds of semi-independent States governed by Indian rulers.

These Indian princes, often claiming descent from the gods themselves, could never bow the knee to a mere elected plebeian.

Indeed they are all alike, these great gentlemen, in being distinguished for their passionate loyalty and devotion to the Throne, *and Person*, of His Majesty the King Emperor. I have travelled through the great dominions and the colonies, and it is everywhere the same.

The Crown is the link which binds people of every class and creed into one great brotherhood.

This book does not profess to be a biography of the King, the Queen, the Prince of Wales or the "Other Members of the Royal Family."

This service has already been rendered to history by Sir George Arthur, Charlotte Cavendish, my old friend David Williamson, and many others referred to in my bibliography.

My task has been to paint a picture of that Living Flag round which rally the four hundred and fifty millions who form the British Empire, and to assist the reader by endeavouring to supply a historical background to the Royal actors now on the stage.

These pages seem to fill a gap in the literature of a great subject, and if they stimulate further interest in it I will be greatly rewarded, as I bring to my task some personal knowledge of the great events which are referred to, and at least profound personal admiration and devoted loyalty not only to Their Most Gracious Majesties the King and Queen, but to the whole House of Windsor.

I am much indebted to my friend, Major A. H. Thomas, LL.D., M.A., F.S.A., who has spent a great deal of his valuable time in reading over the typescript and checking up historical data. The accuracy which, I hope, has been obtained is largely due to his learned assistance.

With reference to the illustrations I have been much honoured by special permission to reproduce various photographs graciously granted to me by their Royal Highnesses, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, the Duke of Gloucester, Prince George, the Princess Royal, and the Duke of Connaught.

Finally, thanks to the generosity of the distinguished artist, Mr. Frank O. Salisbury, I am privileged as a humble Companion to have as Frontispiece of this book, the King in his robes as Sovereign of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath.

I express to Mr. Salisbury, coming Master of the Worshipful Company of Glaziers, the sincere gratitude of the Clerk of the Company for the privilege of using his splendid portrait of our beloved Sovereign.

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# ENGLAND'S ROYAL FAMILY

## CHAPTER I

### THE CROWN AND SCEPTRE

"The Crown of England hath ever been sovereign and independent; neither conferred nor protected by any federal head, as some have been, but descending from the primitive leaders and chiefs of the nation. In this sense the king may be said to hold his crown 'immediately of the Lord of heaven and earth, without any other meane seyneorie, or attendance of corporall or bodely service or allegiance to any other worldly prince or potentate.'"

SELDEN.

"The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come; and unto him shall the gathering of the people be."

*Genesis XLIX v. 10.*

THE first use of the crown as a symbol of authority is lost in the twilight of history. There are frequent allusions to it, both in a temporal and spiritual sense, in Holy Writ.

As a mark of temporal power, David sings that the Lord "settest a crown of pure gold" on the head of the King, and Job lamented that he had been stripped of his glory and the crown taken from his head. In the spiritual sense, Solomon describes the fear of the Lord as "a crown of wisdom," and St. Paul speaks of a "crown of rejoicing," a "crown of righteousness" and a "crown of glory."

Indeed Jewish tradition ascribes a divine origin to the figure or shape of a crown. Nimrod, the mighty hunter, is said—like Constantine the Great in later years—to have seen a heavenly revelation in the skies. In Nimrod's vision the celestial sign took the form of a crown so beautiful and brilliant as almost to blind the beholder and he had a representation of it made in gold by his most skillful workers.

Whatever may have been the origin of this ensign of power, it has become the supreme emblem of kingship and as such has been associated with some of the saddest, as well as the most glorious, events in the world's history. Men—aye! and women too—have waded through oceans of blood, and imperilled both soul and body to obtain the right to wear the glittering bauble. They have made it a mere symbol of the sword, while others, like so many of our English Kings, by their wisdom and magnanimity have rendered the crown the illustrious and respected symbol of a just and lawful leadership.

The crown and the nimbus have been closely allied in symbolism. In the West, the crown was adopted in the Middle Ages as the badge of temporal power, whereas the nimbus, or circle of rays, developed as an attribute of spiritual sanctity; but in the East, the king remained as much entitled to the nimbus as the saint, and in some pictures the Grand Moghul is shown with a nimbus instead of a crown. Similarly in early Anglo-Saxon days, a radiated cap appears on the coins of Ethelred.

The form and shape of the crowns of European kings have passed through a great many stages of development. The earliest form of head ornament for our English monarchs appears to have been a fillet, or headband, of gold, plain or studded with jewels.

The Saxon kings seem to have worn their crowns as regular head-dresses and even as nightcaps, as in the Bayeux tapestry Edward the Confessor is seen wearing his crown on

his deathbed. The saintly king is also said to have worn a royal helmet like that of Eastern emperors.

William the Conqueror wore a curious combination of cap and crown in his earlier days, but after the Conquest had a crown, in the modern acceptance of the term, made for his coronation.

His Norman successors did not continue the practice of the Saxons and only wore their crowns on great occasions. These crowns were placed on their heads, with much solemnity, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, or some prelate deputed by him to perform the ceremony. On his great seal, the Conqueror is shown wearing a circle with three rays terminating in trefoils, and his successor, William Rufus, is also represented with a radiated crown.

The crown carried before Richard I at his coronation is reported to have been a huge emblem set with rich jewels and so heavy that, after it had been placed on the King's head, it had to be supported by two carls!

King John had several crowns which he stored with the Templars, who, as I have shown in my *Story of the Temple*, were the Royal *bankers*. In 1208 he received as presents from the Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire a large and splendid crown, and other ensigns of royalty, of a very rich character. These "valuables" were, however, swept away, when King John was crossing the Wash between Lincolnshire and Norfolk. On that historic day in October, 1216, so complete was the loss of the King's personal regalia that on the accession of his son, Henry III, only a few days later, it was necessary to crown him at Gloucester with a simple fillet of gold, London being at that time in the hands of Louis of France, and the ancient crown of England not being available.

Edward I is represented wearing a plain circlet of gold ornamented with oak leaves and jewels. In an illuminated manuscript which I have seen, he is delineated with a bishop

on each side, extending a hand to sustain the crown. 'This was probably symbolic in his case but it was a matter of sheer necessity when the emblem was too large for the royal head as when monarchs were crowned in childhood, as in the case of Richard II, Henry VI, and Edward VI.

Edward II wore a crown formed of four large and four small oak leaves arising with graceful curves from a jewelled circlet and having eight small flowers alternating with the leaves. Pledging their crowns was a hobby of the House of Plantagenet for Shakespeare, referring to the crown of Richard II, says: "Redeem from broking pawn the blemished crown."

Edward III, *on the deposition of his father, received the crown, sceptre, and other ensigns of sovereignty from the hands of the commissioners appointed to receive them from the deposed king at Kenilworth.* He frequently used his regalia as a means of raising money. For instance he pledged his crown and jewels to the merchants of Flanders in the seventeenth year of his reign to defray his expenses in the French wars, and on another occasion the Bishop of Treves acted as his pawnbroker by receiving his crown as security for a loan of twenty-five thousand florins.

In the good old days, kings not only commanded their armies but wore their crowns on the field of battle. When Richard III was killed on Bosworth Field, his crown was hidden by a soldier in a hawthorn bush, where it was found by Sir Reginald Bray and carried to Lord Stanley, who placed it on the head of his son-in-law, saluting him by the title of Henry VII. It was in memory of this circumstance that the red-berried hawthorn was assumed as a heraldic device by the House of Tudor. The loyal proverb of "Cleave to the crown though it hang on a bush," alludes to this famous incident, and among the devices on the tomb of Henry VII in Westminster Abbey are crowns in bushes.

Prior to Tudor times, a crimson velvet cap turned up with ermine was worn beneath the crown, but since the reign of Henry VII this cap of estate has been degraded into forming the lining of the crowns of sovereigns.

Apart, however, from special crowns, before the Commonwealth all the Kings of England appear to have been crowned with what was called the crown of St. Edward, and the Queens consort with an emblem known as Queen Edith's crown.

Fallow says that there were in fact two sets of regalia, one used for coronations and kept at Westminster, and the other used on other occasions and kept at the Tower.

These ancient crowns were confiscated by Cromwell and valued by the Commonwealth authorities prior to being broken up.

In the inventory of royal ornaments which were removed from Westminster Abbey to the Tower by the Protector, mention is made of a crown called "King Alfred's." This appears to have been the crown referred to elsewhere as St. Edward's Crown. It is described as of "gould wyerworke, sett with slight stones, and two little bells." That the authentic crown of Alfred should have been preserved through so many ages seems almost incredible, yet a tradition of its existence may be found in the writings of Robert of Gloucester who flourished in the time of Henry III, and Sir Henry Spelman, in his *Life of Alfred*, says, "In the arched room of the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, where the ancient regalia of this kingdom are kept; upon a box which is the cabinet to the ancientest crown, there is an inscription: *haec est principalior corona cum qua coronabantur reges Ælfredus, Edwardus*, etc., and the crown is of a very ancient work, with flowers adorned with stones of somewhat a plain setting."

The gold of this crown weighed seventy-nine ounces and a half, and was valued by the commissioners of the

Commonwealth at three pounds per ounce, amounting to £248 10s. But with regard to Queen Edith's crown, a curious fact transpired. It was found to be only of silver gilt with counterfeit pearls, sapphires and other stones, and was only valued at £161

It has been suggested that the ancient crown destroyed by the Commonwealth was really King Alfred's, as the veneration in which Alfred must have been held by all Anglo-Saxon monarchs might well have induced them to preserve his crown which was the first crown of England properly so called, because, previously to the time of Alfred, we hear only of "election" and "consecration" and not of "coronation." This tradition is supported by the story that King Alfred's crown was specially sanctified by Pope Leo the Fourth.

It is just possible, therefore, that the emblem with which it was customary to crown all the kings of England was King Alfred's crown, and only St. Edward's the Confessor because it had descended to him, and had been entrusted by him to the care of the abbot and monks of Westminster.

The Tudor sovereigns and their successors have not been content with King Alfred's or St. Edward's crown, whichever we decide to call it.

Queen Mary I had a second called the imperial crown, and a third emblem made specially for her coronation.

Queen Elizabeth had also special crowns for her coronation. There are numerous illustrations of the crowns worn by this Great Lady.

The shape of the crown varied until the accession of the Stuarts when it became stabilized in the form of four arches springing from alternate crosses-patée and fleurs-de-lys.

At the Restoration, as the ancient crowns had been disposed of, Charles II had two crowns made for his coronation "set with precious stones; the one to be called St. Edward's crowne, wherewith the king was to be crowned, and the

other to be putt on after his coronation before his Majties retourne to Westminster Hall."

The Restoration crown was altered for Queen Anne and the first three Georges, but on the accession of George IV, an entirely new state crown was made. It was a splendid creation "surmounted with a diamond Maltese cross of exquisite workmanship, on the top and sides of which were suspended three remarkably large pearls. In front of the crown was a unique sapphire of the purest and deepest azure, two inches long and one inch broad, and at the back was the famous ruby worn by Edward the Black Prince and Henry V. The sapphire and ruby were each inserted in a Maltese cross of brilliants, and the other parts of the crown were enriched with large diamond flowers. The rim was encircled with diamonds, sapphires, emeralds, and rubies of very considerable size, and the whole was surrounded immediately above the ermine with large pearls. Crowned with this superb ensign of sovereignty, which weighed five pounds and a half, the king returned in the coronation procession from the abbey, but on arriving at the hall His Majesty exchanged it for one half that weight made specially for the occasion."

The only Crown Jewels in the world which are on view to the general public are the Crown Jewels of England which are kept in the Tower of London and guarded by a battalion of His Majesty's Guards.

On visiting the Tower, it will be found that King George has three crowns, Saint Edward's Crown, the Imperial State Crown, and the Imperial Crown of India.

Saint Edward's Crown, made as we have seen for the coronation of Charles II to replace the ancient crown above referred to and attributed to Edward the Confessor, or even to King Alfred, is embellished with pearls, diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and sapphires, with a mound of gold on the top, enriched with a band or fillet of gold, garnished also with

precious stones, and three very large oval pearls, one at the top, and the others pendant to the ends of the cross. This crown is formed of four crosses, and as many fleurs-de-lys of gold, rising from a rim or circlet, also of gold, and set with precious stones; the cap within is made of purple velvet, lined with taffeta, and turned up with ermine.

The King's Imperial State Crown was made for the coronation of Queen Victoria with jewels taken from old crowns and others furnished by command of Her Majesty. It consists of diamonds, pearls, rubies, sapphires and emeralds set in silver and gold. It has a crimson velvet cap with ermine border, and is lined with white silk. The lower part of the band, above the ermine border, consists of rows of pearls, between which, in the front of the crown, is the unique sapphire, mentioned above, and known as the Stuart Sapphire. In front of the Crown, and in the centre of a diamond cross-patée, is the famous ruby, said to have been given to Edward the Black Prince by Don Pedro, King of Castile, after the battle of Najera, near Vittoria, in 1367. This ruby was worn in the helmet of Henry V at the battle of Agincourt in 1415. It is pierced after the Eastern custom, the upper part of the piercing being filled in by a small ruby. Three other crosses-patée composed of diamonds and emeralds form the two sides and back of the crown. Between the four crosses-patée are four fleurs-de-lys formed of rubies and rose diamonds. From the crosses-patée issue four imperial arches, composed of oak leaves and acorns; the leaves are formed of diamonds and the acorns of pearls, set in cups of diamonds. From the upper part of the arches are suspended four large pendant pear-shaped pearls with rose diamond cups. Above the arch stands the mound formed of diamonds. The cross on the summit has a rose-cut sapphire in the centre surrounded by brilliants.

In addition to the Black Prince's Ruby and the Great

Stuart Sapphire already mentioned, the crown contains the second largest portion of the Star of Africa diamond, Queen Elizabeth's pearl ear-drops and the sapphire from the coronation ring of Edward the Confessor. It is the most valuable and the most beautiful crown in the world.

For the coronation of King Edward VII this Imperial State Crown was re-fitted and lightened, the smaller of the two larger portions of the Star of Africa diamond presented by the Transvaal Colony being subsequently added in detachable form.

The Imperial Crown of India owes its origin to the law which forbids the Crown of England being taken out of England. A new crown had therefore to be made for King George's Coronation Durbar at Delhi.

This crown is finely designed on the English pattern with four crosses-patée and four fleurs-de-lys set alternately on the upper rim of the circlet. From this spring eight half arches which in their turn support a rich mound and cross at the top all set with diamonds.

There are several fine emeralds, rubies and sapphires in this crown which cost £60,000.

The Queen Consort, like the supreme Monarch, has three crowns, the Crown of Mary of Modena, the Diadem of Mary of Modena and the State Crown of Queen Mary.

The Crown of Queen Mary of Modena is of the usual shape studded throughout with diamonds and pearls, no coloured stones being used. Queen Anne is seen wearing this crown in her statue outside St. Paul's Cathedral.

The Diadem of Mary of Modena has along its upper edge a row of large pearls rising to a point with a single diamond at its highest point. Beneath this is a rich floral spray in thick open work having large diamonds as leaves and flowers. On each side of the spray are a series of large rosettes with large diamonds in their centres surrounded with smaller diamonds.

The State Crown of Queen Mary is a beautiful and light diamond crown having in the centre of the circlet one of the lesser portions of the Star of Africa diamond. In the cross-patée above this is the Koh-I-Noor, the most renowned diamond in the world.

After a tragic history of many centuries, this diamond was captured by the British and presented by the Army of the Punjab to Queen Victoria after the Sikh Wars.

The Cross which surmounts the mound at the top of the crown is set with another lesser portion of the Star of Africa.

The Prince of Wales, as befits his exalted rank, has a special crown. It has only one arch to distinguish it from a coronet. It is made of pure gold, without jewels, and is placed on a velvet cushion in the House of Lords before the seat occupied by the Prince when the sovereign opens or prorogues Parliament.

The sceptre closely rivals the crown as an ensign of sovereignty.

Indeed Selden declares that it is more ancient as a kingly attribute than crown or diadem, as the word itself signifies a king or governor.

There are frequent allusions to the sceptre in the Bible. It will be remembered that Balaam prophesied that "a Sceptre shall rise out of Israel, and shall smite the corners of Moab, and destroy all the children of Sheth."

The sceptre appears to have originated as a spear, but the League of Nations would perhaps like us to believe that it represented a shepherd's staff as the earlier kings ruled over nomad tribes.

Saul certainly carried his javelin as a symbol of sovereignty, and from the earliest times inclining the sceptre has been a mark of kingly favour, and slaves and captives have kissed the sceptre as a token of submission.

"And it was so when the king saw Esther the queen standing in the court, that she obtained favour in his sight:

and the king held out to Esther the golden sceptre that was in his hand. So Esther drew near, and touched the top of the sceptre."

Since the Middle Ages, kings have used the sword for conferring the accolade, but in more ancient times a touch of the royal sceptre was used in investitures for conferring both lay and clerical titles and dignities. It was indeed the sceptre and not the crown which marked the transfer of the supreme authority in tribes and principalities.

The sceptre of the ancient Persian kings was a golden rod pointed at the lower end and ornamented with a golden ball at the top. It was carried like a spear and planted in the ground before the king when he held his *durbars*.

The kings of ancient Egypt had three kinds of sceptre. One bore figures of the stork and the hippopotamus, another was ornamented with the symbols so beloved of Freemasons, the all-seeing eye and the sun, whilst the third, which resembled the modern form of sceptre, was designed to be used as a mace in war time.

The Greek *skeptron* was a weapon, and in the *Iliad* we find Achilles swearing by his sceptre or staff. Zenophon tells us that Cyrus was attended by three hundred sceptre bearers, and Homer refers to the sceptre as an attribute of kings, princes and chieftains.

The Romans are said to have adopted the sceptre in the time of Tarquin, and Ovid speaks of the royal sceptre as enriched with gems and made of precious metals and of ivory. With the establishment of the Roman Republic, the sceptre passed to the successors of the kings, the Consuls. The Senate alone had the power of conferring the sceptre on the Consuls on election. The Consular symbol was a rod of ivory surmounted by an eagle.

The Consuls always carried their sceptres as wands of office and the Senate sometimes sent similar symbols to friendly kings and allied chieftains.

The sceptre was already a symbol of authority in this country before the Norman conquest, and we find the Anglo-Saxon kings bearing sceptres "surmounted with crosses, a fleur-de-lys, or a bird." That of Ethelred II seems to have been surmounted by three pearls, or small globes, forming a cross, and that of Canute by a fleur-de-lys. Edward the Confessor had the cross, and also the dove, which is not observed before his reign.

William the Conqueror continued the use of the sceptre and is represented on his coins as having a sceptre with the cross-patée in his right hand, and in the left, one like that of Ethelred. The most remarkable deviation from the common form was in the verge, or mace, of Edward III and Richard II, which was surmounted by a very beautiful turret, or pinnacle, of rich Gothic tracery, with curled leaves on the edges.

The sceptres of King George are three in number.

The first is the Royal Sceptre, or Sceptre with the Cross, which is placed in the right hand of the sovereign at the coronation. It is of gold with a plain handle. The shaft is enriched with rubies, emeralds, and small diamonds. The fleurs-de-lys, with which the sceptre was formerly adorned, were replaced, previous to the coronation of George IV, by golden leaves, each bearing the rose, the shamrock, and the thistle. At the head of the sceptre is the largest diamond in the world, known as the principal Star of Africa. It was introduced into the sceptre by King Edward VII.

The sceptre of Charles II was adorned with "a fair ballas ruby," which was found in the pocket of Parrot, one of the accomplices of the famous Colonel Blood who almost succeeded in stealing the Crown Jewels from the Tower of London.

The second is the Rod of Equity, or King's Sceptre with the Dove, a tapering golden rod heavily jewelled and surmounted by a cross which supports a dove with expanded

wings in white enamel. It is placed in the sovereign's left hand at the Coronation.

Amongst Christians, the dove has always been symbolical of the Third Person in the Trinity, and the Holy Ghost has been credited with the special guidance of kings.

In other religions the bird is regarded as being a medium of communication between mortals and the deity, and Mohammed had a pet pigeon which perched on his shoulder and was believed by the Faithful to convey to the Prophet the will of the Almighty.

The third sceptre is St. Edward's Staff, which is carried before the sovereign at his coronation. This is a staff of beaten gold, four feet seven inches and a half in length, and about three-quarters of an inch in diameter, with a pike or foot of steel four inches and a quarter long, and a globe surmounted by a cross at the top.

The Queen Consort has two sceptres.

The Queen's Sceptre with the Cross is borne in the right hand. It is of gold, adorned with precious stones, and, in most part, is very like the king's sceptre but it is not wreathed and not quite so large.

The Queen's Ivory Rod, which was made for Queen Mary, consort of James II, is a sceptre of white ivory, three feet one inch and a half in length, with a pommel, mound and cross of gold, and a dove on the top.

The King receives a little known part of the Regalia at his Coronation. It is the Ruby Ring which is placed on the fourth finger of his right hand. The Queen Consort is also invested with a ring, which is specially made for each coronation.

Queen Mary's Coronation Ring was modelled after the gem made for Queen Adelaide, the consort of William IV. It consists of a fine ruby set in diamonds.

It is interesting to contrast the important part given a Queen Consort in the coronation ceremonies, as compared

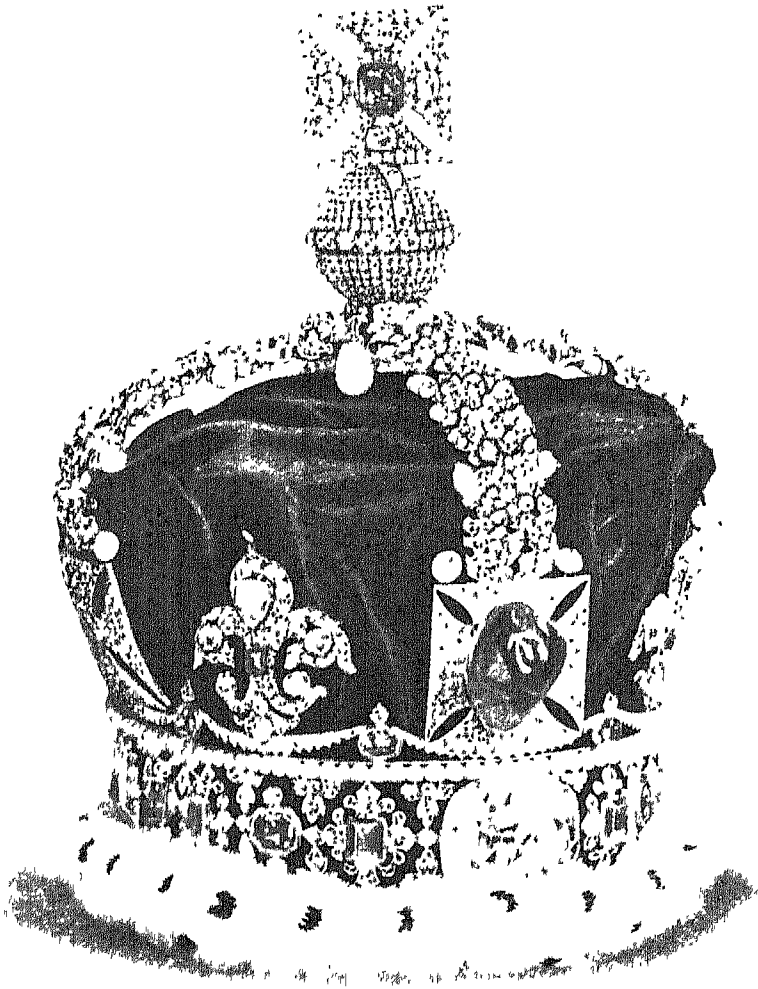
with the rôle played by a Prince Consort. For him there is no crown, no sceptre, and no ring, and on one occasion at least he was not even provided with a throne by his wife's side.

There seems to have been some carelessness in looking after the Crown Jewels prior to 1814, as in that year a sceptre was discovered at the jewel-house, lying at the back of a shelf, covered with dust. It was found to be a rod of gold, bearing the emblem of a dove resting on a cross. It was of elegant workmanship and adorned with coloured gems. As it so closely resembles the King's Sceptre with the Dove, it has been conjectured that it must have been made for Queen Mary II who was jointly invested with William III in the exercise of royal authority.

The crash of crowns and sceptres which followed the World War has shown that even in our own time the fate of kings is always a precarious one, but surely no modern monarch has had a fate comparable with that of Theodore, King of Corsica, who died of starvation in Soho in 1756 soon after his liberation, by the Act of Insolvency, from the King's Bench prison. He was buried at the expense of an oilman of Compton Street, Soho. Horace Walpole paid for a tablet which still stands in the Church of St. Anne, Soho, and bears the following inscription:

"The grave, great teacher, to a level brings  
Heroes and beggars, galley-slaves and kings,  
But Theodore this moral learn'd ere dead:  
Fate poured its lesson on his living head,  
Bestowed a kingdom, and denied him bread."

Our English kings and queens have ever been mindful of their great trust and have reigned not for their own glory but for the good of their subjects. It is little wonder that the Crown holds such a supreme place in the hearts of the English people when we find Queen Elizabeth in her speech



THE KING'S STATE CROWN

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to her last Parliament in 1601 saying: "The cares and trouble of a crowne I cannot more fitly resemble than to the drugges of a learned physitian; perfumed with some aromaticall savour, or to bitter pils guilded over, by which they are made more exceptable or lesse offensive, which indeed, are unpleasant to take; and for my owne part, were it not for conscience sake to discharge the duty that God hath layd upon me, and to maintain His glorie, and keepe you in safetie, in mine own disposition I should be willing to resigne the place I hold to any other and glad to be free of the glorie with the labors, for it is not my desire to live or to reigne longer than my life and reigne shall be for your good. And though you have had and may have many mightier and wiser princes sitting in this seat, yet you never have had, nor shall have, any that will love you better."

The rule of the Crown in the British Empire to-day is indeed a rule of love.

## CHAPTER II

### THE FIVE GEORGES

"The King's name is a tower of strength."

SHAKESPEARE.

It is a curious fact that although Saint George is the Patron Saint of England, the name George was not a favourite one in English families until the eighteenth century, and owes its present popularity to the House of Hanover.

By the Act of Settlement passed in 1701, the succession to the Throne of England was settled on the Protestant heirs of Sophia, Electress of Hanover, a granddaughter of James I. Queen Anne, the sister of Queen Mary II, descended in the male line from James I. The only difference between the Stuart claims and those of George of Hanover was that the Stuarts had descended in the male line whereas the Hanoverians had descended in the female line. Indeed, during the later years of Queen Anne's reign, both Queen and people wobbled a bit against the distaff claimants and the Jacobites gained ground. Men were seen wearing the oak leaf and even the badge of the White Rose, but when the Queen died in August, 1714, Hanover was ready and James Stuart, or James III as he was styled in France, was not. George ascended the English throne without opposition, Sheriffmuir was fought, and a price of £100,000 was set on the Pretender's head before he landed.

The Fiery Cross might gather in the clans, and ladies might pool their jewels to make a crown for "the lad who was born to be king," but the futile bolt was soon spent. James Stuart was persuaded into a fishing-boat and sailed

once more for the land in which he had grown to manhood. But King Louis turned a cold shoulder to failures and James Lackland wandered on to find an asylum first at Avignon, and later on at Florence and Rome, supported by a pension from the Pope.

The First George was the great-grandson of James I and had inherited territory from his father which was created into an electorate in 1692. During the War of the Spanish Succession, the king, as Elector of Hanover, had sent troops to the assistance of the allies at Blenheim and had made a strong alliance with Marlborough, but by the time he succeeded to the Crown, although Marlborough was still Commander-in-Chief, his influence was gone and ere long he became a chronic invalid.

King George's succession was the final step in the Protestant revolution of 1688, and the early stability of his crown may be gauged from the utter failure of the Jacobite rebellion of 1715.

The Founder of the House of Hanover was handicapped by the fact that he was totally ignorant of the English language, and that, as he was over fifty years of age when he succeeded, he was too old to adapt himself to his new environment. He allowed the executive power to pass into the hands of the Cabinet, which consisted of a body of men agreeing on all the main questions of the day and commanding the confidence of a majority in the House of Commons.

The personal power of the king was much cut down, but that of the Crown as exercised by the Cabinet grew greater and greater. The old constitution, unchanged in form, was practically replaced by a new unwritten constitution of understandings or conventions. Many of the legal powers of the Crown fell into complete disuse, and since the accession of George I no monarch has refused his consent to an Act of Parliament passed by the House of Commons.

The King's private life was darkened by his quarrels with

his wife and with the Prince of Wales, who was treated with a minimum of paternal affection. The Prince was born in Hanover before his father's accession to the Throne and therefore had to be naturalized as an Englishman by Act of Parliament.

The reign of George I was characterized by a great wave of speculation and risky ventures in trade. Peace had restored public confidence, and people were looking out for good profits for the money they were willing to lay out. In London the South Sea scheme, and in Paris the Mississippi scheme, started by a scheming Scotchman named Law, were thought to be the quickest ways to get rich. A contemporary ballad thus described the scramble for wealth in 'Change Alley, near St. Paul's:—

“In London stands a famous pile,  
And near that pile an alley,  
Where merry crowds for riches toil,  
And wisdom stoops to folly.  
Here stars and garters do appear,  
Among our lords the rabble,  
To buy and sell, to see and hear  
The Jews and Gentiles squabble.  
Here crafty courtiers are too wise  
For those who trust to fortune;  
'They see the cheat with clearer eyes  
Who peep behind the curtain.  
Our greatest ladies hither come  
And ply in chariots daily,  
Oft pawn their jewels for a sum  
To venture 't in the alley.  
The lucky rogues, like spaniel dogs,  
Leap into South Sea water,  
And there they fish for golden frog  
Not caring what comes after.”

The bursting of the South Sea Bubble gave English commerce a great shock, but public credit was soon restored by

Walpole's judicious measures. The directors of the South Sea Company were disgraced and ruined, to satisfy popular indignation. The State forgave nearly all the seven millions due to it from the Company, and this, along with the forfeited estates of the directors, enabled it to pay its debts. A long calm succeeded the storm.

The King was fortunate in being served by one of the greatest of our Peace Ministers, Walpole.

George II was the only son of his father, and as Earl of Cambridge was present at the battle of Oudenarde in 1708. He was a man of method, very economical and had a prodigious memory. Although he had been opposed to Walpole during the whole of his father's reign, he had the wisdom to appoint him as his Minister and during the earlier part of the King's reign the country enjoyed a great deal of prosperity.

Whig historians have endeavoured to belittle the services to his country of this gallant soldier King who was not only possessed of marked military skill but great personal courage. George II was the last English king to actually command troops in the field as at the head of British, German and Austrian forces he won the victory at Dettingen in 1743 against a French army commanded by Marshal Noailles.

George II played the part of a constitutional monarch and established the doctrine that the Sovereign has no power to change his Ministers and policies at will. To all soldiers the second George must always be a likeable Personage and all must admit that he did a great deal in placing the Crown above the sphere of politics.

George III, son of Frederick Prince of Wales, the "Poor Fred" referred to in Chapter XV, and grandson of George II, succeeded him in 1760. When the King came to the Throne the Whig oligarchy, which had risen to power on the death of Queen Anne, was everywhere supreme, and it has been well said that the policy of England was dictated by the great Whig families. This was the natural result of the

policy of the two first Georges who believed that all questions of a political character should be left in the hands of the politicians and that the King should only concern himself with affairs of State of a non-party character.

George III set himself to overthrow the Whig power and few people nowadays will blame him for it. Whigs have tried to make him responsible for the trouble with the American Colonies, but as a matter of fact King George was in favour of Rockingham's Repeal of the Stamp Act and of placating the colonists. When the War was actually embarked upon the King was loath to admit defeat but surely this was a truly British characteristic.

All admire his splendid stand against the "impious pre-eminence" of Napoleon. When during his reign an invasion seemed imminent, George was determined to head his forces. Should Kent have to meet the brunt of attack, the military would occupy Dartford, while the Cabinet withdrew to Worcester, to which town the Queen would travel also, together with the nation's treasure, under volunteer escort. The Tower was to offer safe storage to bank-books, and stores from Woolwich were to be securely hidden in the heart of England, to which they would be shifted by canal. It was also decreed that no news was to be published other than that supplied by the State to accredited news-writers. Such arrangements compare very favourably with those issued a hundred and twenty years later.

The Third George was a conservative man, very honest in his personal dealings and obstinately loyal to Lord North. His mistakes were due to the defects of his good qualities.

One thing is certain that throughout his long life King George III was personally very popular throughout the country. He had said at the beginning of his reign that he gloried in the name of Briton, and it was probably because his good and bad qualities were so essentially English that he

achieved the success he did. He was above all things a typical Englishman characterized by all the prejudices and all the virtues of the English nation of the eighteenth century. He wrote agricultural pamphlets and delighted in the name of "Farmer George." His family life was a model to the nation. Queen Charlotte bore him fifteen children, and, both as a young Prince and old King, he lived at Kew Palace where he has left the nation a great legacy of his love of the land in the beautiful gardens which gave him a claim to the title of "Gardener George."

George IV, the eldest son of George III, was brought up in the strictest seclusion and was an exceptionally gifted young Prince of remarkably handsome appearance. He was created Prince of Wales a few days after his birth and denied an outlet for his energies by being kept at Kew, tied to paternal "apron-strings" when the nation was struggling for its existence against the legions of Napoleon.

The good-looking young Prince became the leader of fashion and at twenty-one was spending £10,000 a year on his clothes!

His fame spread to the Continent and he became known as "The First Gentleman in Europe." He captivated the smart society with which he was surrounded, and it is small wonder that he had a love affair with an actress, but this escapade was followed by a sincere devotion to a lady who was only prevented from becoming Queen of England by the Royal Marriage Act. State necessity led to the King's marriage with Caroline of Brunswick. It is a sad story.

The Fourth George was the victim of a social system from which he struggled in vain to escape. If he had been allowed to serve his country in the field he might have rivalled his great forbear, Edward of Woodstock, as he was gifted with marvellous physique and boundless energy. When he was founding the fortunes of Brighton "he would drive down tandem with six horses, a small postillion astride one of the

leaders, drink his guests under the table, and return, taking the double journey in ten hours with one change of horses."

Most writers have devoted their pages to the failings rather than the good qualities of this handsome King. Members of the Older Faith should recall that he gave the Royal Assent to the Catholic Emancipation Act and it is good for men of letters to remember that he was the friend of Sir Walter Scott and the patron of Jane Austen.

We are inclined to regard our own days of depression as the worst the country has ever seen, but it is well to recall that when George IV passed in 1830, France was ripe for another revolution while continued agitation in Ireland, and bad trade and widespread discontent and misery among the working-classes threw a gloom over the whole country.

For nearly a hundred years the name of King George became unfamiliar on the lips of Englishmen.

The accession of the Fifth George brought a new type of ruler to the British Throne.

Against the background of his Four Namesakes, the character of George the Fifth stands out like a beautiful cameo.

The first four Georges, whatever their faults, had laid the foundations of a form of administration in which the Government of the country is carried on by responsible ministers.

This ministerial responsibility is of a twofold character.

In the first place it signifies the responsibility of Ministers to Parliament, or, their liability to lose their posts if they are unable to retain the confidence of the House of Commons.

This is a matter depending on the conventions of the constitution with which law has no direct concern but it is associated with a legal liability in the fullest sense. The doctrine that the King can do no wrong would be a vicious principle, had it not the corollary that the King can undertake no constitutional act without the advice of his ministers, and that every minister is personally responsible for every act of the Crown in which he takes part.

There is not to be found in the law of England, as there is in most foreign constitutions, an explicit statement that the acts of the monarch must always be done through a Minister, and that all orders given by the Crown must, when expressed in writing, as they generally are, be countersigned by a Minister. Practically, however, the rule exists and is strictly enforced.

In order that an act of the Crown may be recognised as an expression of the Royal Will and have any legal effect whatever, it must in general be done with the assent of, or through some Minister or Ministers who will be held responsible for it. The Royal Will can, speaking generally, be expressed only in one of three ways, viz. by order in Council; by order, commission, or warrant under the sign-manual; by proclamations, writs, patents, letters, or other documents under the Great Seal.

An Order in Council is made by the King "by and with the advice of his Privy Council"; and those persons who are present at the meeting of the Council at which the order is made, bear full responsibility for it.

The signature of the King on a State document is not sufficient to make it valid. A warrant, or other document to which the sign-manual is affixed, must bear the counter-signature of one or more responsible Ministers, and is usually further authenticated by one of the seals for the use of which a Secretary of State is responsible.

The Great Seal is usually affixed to a document on the responsibility of the Lord Chancellor, but often other persons, as well as the Chancellor, are made responsible for the use of the Great Seal.

The result of this doctrine is that at least one Minister, and often more, must take part in, and therefore be responsible for, any act of the Crown which has any legal effect, such as the making of a grant, the giving of an order, or the signing of a treaty.

A Minister of State or servant of the Crown cannot get rid of his liability by pleading that he acted in obedience to royal orders, and if an act in which he is concerned is illegal, he becomes at once liable to criminal or civil proceedings in a Court of Law.

Hence, indirectly but surely, the action of every servant of the Crown, and therefore, in effect, of the Crown itself, is brought under the supremacy of the law of the land. Behind Parliamentary responsibility lies legal liability, and the acts of Ministers, no less than the acts of subordinate officials, are subject to the rule of law.

This constitutional usage grew to full fruition during the long reign of Queen Victoria, and when King George ascended the throne his great office had been placed above the turmoil of domestic politics.

This doctrine of the responsibility of Ministers enables the Head of the State to stand above party, above controversy, and above argument—in fact, to stand for the Nation as a whole.

Ministers and Ministries may come and go, but the King remains, attracting the esteem and regard due to his high office, and accumulating a good will which radiates to the whole of his Family and kinsfolk and has steadily developed into a personal affection.

Loyal demonstrations at ceremonial and state functions and on numberless private occasions bear witness to the devotion of the British people to the whole House of Windsor.

In the early part of 1929 crowds waited for hours, day after day, outside Buckingham Palace to hear the latest news of the King's illness, and a vast throng was to be seen there again to welcome His Majesty home on his return after a period of convalescence at Bognor.

Cheering crowds line the streets and throng the entrances to the Palace of Westminster or of St. James's to greet Their

Majesties or a Royal Prince passing in state to the opening of Parliament or to hold a Drawing Room or Levée.

There was a time when the wearer of the Crown stood apart from the People and took little part in our national life. I can myself remember days not so far distant when it was the fashion "to blow off steam" against Royalty and all that it implied. Indeed, only the other day a former Socialist Minister in a speech in the House of Commons contrasted the jewelled splendour of the ceremony at the opening of the House of Lords with the squalor and poverty of Poplar.

But I doubt very much if he meant what he said, for if he had taken the King and his courtiers down to the East End of London, I am sure the welcome that they would have received would have delighted him in his heart of hearts.

Indeed, it is the enthusiasm and loyalty of the working classes in England, of those very people whose poverty is exploited by short-sighted foreigners and politicians, that are the surest foundation of the Throne of England.

Let him, or her, who has any doubts on the subject attend the Armistice Day Service at the Cenotaph.

No one privileged to be present can fail to appreciate the sentiment of interest, loyalty and affection which is plainly seen—aye! and even felt—when the King steps forward to lay his personal wreath on the Nation's War Memorial.

No one who has joined in it can doubt the genuineness of the emotion, the reality of the prayer which goes up to the King of Kings that their beloved Sovereign may long be spared to his devoted people.

"Long Live Our Noble King," they sing—and they mean it.

These are not rare incidents, these demonstrations of loyalty, nor are they confined to London or even Britain. They are part of the everyday life of a far-flung Empire

in which the members of the Royal Family each and all take so intimate a share.

Diligence and devotion in carrying out great responsibilities; readiness to espouse any good cause; acts of kindness and evidence of understanding—these are the factors which bring the Throne and the gallant gentlemen and gracious ladies who surround it into such close contact with the people.

I am quite certain that, whatever happens to the rest of the world, reason, sentiment and tradition will combine to fortify and strengthen—if that were possible—the bond of sympathy between the British people and the Crown.

Fortunately there is every reason to hope that the Fifth George will be long spared to reign over us, as writers on longevity have mostly overlooked the remarkably long-life record of the present ruling house of England.

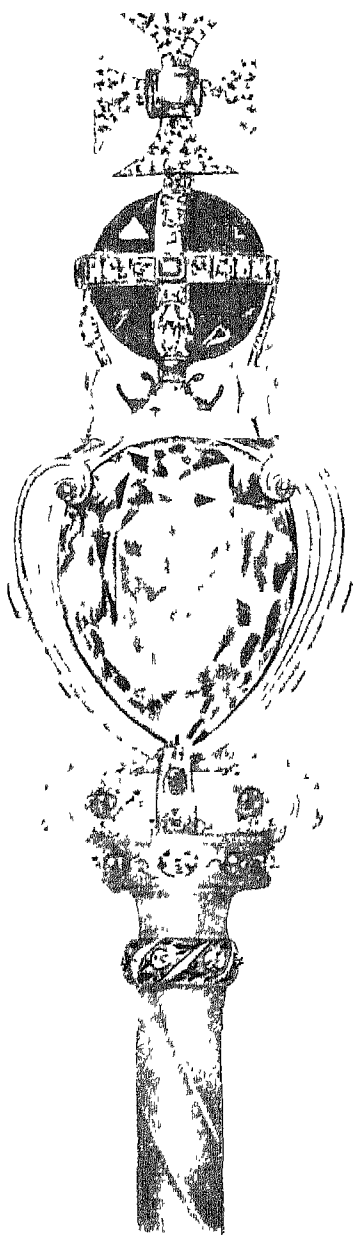
No ruling member of it has lived for less than 67 years.

George I was 67 when he died, George II was 77, George III 82, George IV 68, William IV 72, Queen Victoria 81, and King Edward 69. Our present King, whom may the Great Architect of the Universe long preserve, is 68.

His Majesty has made the name of George not merely glorious but part of our daily life.

During the War two 'Tommyes meeting for the first time always addressed each other by the name of George!

Whatever may be added to the titles of the first four bearers of his name, King George V will go down to history as "George the Well-beloved."



THE KING'S ROYAL SCEPTER

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## CHAPTER III

### A SAILOR KING

"The royal navy of England hath ever been its greatest defence and ornament; it is its ancient and natural strength, —the floating bulwark of our island."

SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE.

INDEED, our Royal Navy has been something more than even Blackstone claims for it; it has been the nursery of many great men. It has appealed to even that apostle of beauty, Ruskin. "Take it all in all," he writes, "a ship of the line is the most honourable thing that man, as a gregarious animal, has ever produced."

The Navy was destined to be the early training ground of King George V, as, after some opposition from his august grandmother which was overcome by the tact and firmness of his father, the future King was sent with his brother to the *Britannia* Training Ship.

From Dartmouth the young princes proceeded to a far greater adventure.

I can well remember how, as a schoolboy, I envied the young princes when they were appointed to the *Bacchante* to qualify as midshipmen.

For the younger at least of the two sailor princes, his first ship was a great experience which he often loves to recall. He was privileged to see the old wooden walls of Nelson's day merging into the mighty ironclads of Jellicoe and Beatty. The *Bacchante* was a cross between the famous frigates of the past and the modern cruiser. She had a muzzle-loading broadside but was fitted with more or less modern torpedo tubes.

The old ship was a sailing vessel with an auxiliary screw and eminently suited for giving a keen worker a real insight into seamanship.

It is difficult now to realize that so recently as the 'eighties of the last century the Admiralty authorities regarded the steam engines, with which all Men-of-War were equipped, as a sort of useful auxiliary to sail!

The ironclads were rigged as windjammers and the Queen's Regulations enjoined that sails were to be set on every possible occasion. This was bad enough, but its complement was worse, for it involved the retention of the complicated sail drill of the times of Trafalgar.

To all intents and purposes, therefore, the King commenced his career on a sailing ship, and as all sailors are still convinced that true seamanship can only be learnt under sail, he commenced his sea life under the most favoured conditions.

On their first voyage the sailor princes were obliged to keep a log of their experiences. This log is now a valuable historical document, and it is interesting to find that its pages glow with quiet enthusiasm which shows that the sea had gripped the youthful adventurers with its glammers.

They were certainly fortunate in being amongst the last to see the *oaken* and the *iron* walls of England tearing together through the black water.

It is good to read that this experience filled their young hearts "with a strength and joy which nothing else could give."

I well remember poring over with boyish interest the accounts which appeared of the traditional ceremonies when the young princes crossed the line on their journey to South America, and the excitement which prevailed when the Fleet of which the *Bacchante* was a member received orders for South Africa.

The first Boer War had broken out and the Royal midshipmen were to share to the full the excitement which

prevails when soldiers or sailors see a chance of active service.

In the hope that a Naval Brigade would be landed, the ships' companies prepared themselves for service ashore, so that the Royal midshipmen were destined to see a great deal more activity than is usually experienced on a naval cruise.

Their hopes of active service were dashed to the ground by the veto of Queen Victoria, but as it turned out, the Treaty of Majuba brought the campaign to an abrupt and inglorious conclusion.

From South Africa the *Bacchante* proceeded to Australia, so that when the younger of the two Royal Adventurers revisited Australia as Heir apparent, he was able to recall boyish reminiscences of that great Dominion.

From Australia the *Bacchante* went northward to Japan, which was seen at the most delightful period of the year. Boylike, however, the young princes seem to have been more smitten with the local skill in tattooing than with the scenery, and the King still bears a souvenir of his visit in the form of a dragon tattooed on his arm.

Turning homewards, the *Bacchante* called at Hong Kong, Colombo and Aden and gave the young princes a good taste of an Eastern "hot weather" as she passed through the Suez Canal in July.

The voyage ended by the *Bacchante* casting anchor in front of Osborne where Queen Victoria was in residence. The cruise must have been a wonderful experience for a healthy lad of sixteen, and certainly laid the foundation of the King's love of the sea.

The famous voyage of the *Bacchante* was designed to be merely an incident in the education of the elder prince, but was meant to lay the foundations of the future career of Prince George.

After the voyage, Prince Albert Victor was given a

commission in the 11th Hussars and turned seriously to the life of the junior service.

His brother was, however, destined to remain at sea and to make it his home for many years to come.

Prince George took to his profession very seriously, and his attitude of mind towards all naval matters was of an intensely practical character. He was the third Royal prince who in modern times has been a professional sailor. His ancestor, William IV, served as an "able seaman" at the Relief of Gibraltar in 1780, took part in the great Victory at St. Vincent in 1797 and saw an exceptional amount of sea service. His uncle, the Duke of Edinburgh, was an equally keen sailor, as he remained in the Navy although he was chosen by the whole Greek people to be their King. He was a great traveller, and the first British prince to visit India and Australia. It is recorded that the Duke showed complete mastery of his duties and unusual skill in naval tactics.

The bulk of the remainder of the Royal midshipman's service was spent on the North American Station under the command of that fine old sailor, Sir Edmund Commerell.

He was promoted lieutenant on his nineteenth birthday and returned to England to go through the specialist courses in the various great naval schools, which are essential for the promotion of naval officers. He was posted to Greenwich College for seamanship and to H.M.S. *Vernon* and H.M.S. *Excellent* for torpedo instruction and gunnery respectively.

On the *Excellent*, the future King was destined to meet "Jackie" Fisher, who was then Captain of the Gunnery School.

For the future First Lord and one of the most tempestuous of Admiralty authorities, the King appears to have formed a real attachment and to have put up with his eccentricities as he recognised his real and outstanding ability.

On passing out of the various naval schools, the Prince was sent to join the *Thunderer* in the Mediterranean, where

he came under the command of his uncle, the Duke of Edinburgh.

Sir George Arthur relates an amusing incident in connection with this period which reminds us of the bad old days when "coaling ship" in the Navy was a dirty job in which officers and men had to take part. The sailor prince was lending a hand in the coaling operations in a Turkish port when a high Court dignitary arrived.

"The Sultan had learned that a grandson of Queen Victoria was on board and had despatched a first class official to present his compliments. The Duke of Edinburgh promptly sent for the Prince, who arrived, his face black with coal dust, his hands grimed, his oldest clothes thickly powdered with black. The tact of the Oriental dignitary was perfect: he offered with deep obeisance his master's greetings, and nothing, he assured a quite unabashed Prince, would give the Sultan greater pleasure than to know that the descendant of so great a Sovereign was learning to be subject to the toils and pains common to humanity!"

From the *Thunderer*, Prince George passed to the *Dreadnought* and thence to the *Alexandra*, to which he was probably sent as a compliment to the Queen Mother, who followed her son's wanderings with a loving but often anxious heart. Then came a spell on an old ironclad, the *Northumberland*, followed in 1889 by the young Prince's first independent command—Torpedo Boat No. 79.

His ship took part in the naval manoeuvres of 1889 in some of the worst weather which has ever been experienced on our coasts.

Admiral Penrose Fitzgerald has brought to light an incident in these manoeuvres which shows that the King was not only a capable but a very plucky young sailor.

Three torpedo boats of which No. 79 was one, had a rendezvous with a senior officer in Lough Swilly. Prince George's little craft turned up in time, but had to report

the grave news that one of its companions had engine trouble and had been obliged to cast anchor close to the rugged Donegal coast. The commander of No. 79 reported that he had tried to tow the crippled torpedo boat but his towing gear had broken. There was nothing to be done except to leave her with the third torpedo boat standing by and report at the rendezvous for fresh hawsers.

The senior naval officer wanted to go to the rescue himself but with some misgivings gave way to the request of the plucky young commander of No. 79 to let him have another try.

A less conscientious commander might well have rested satisfied after spending the previous night trying to assist his consort, and leave to a less tired crew than his own the task of dealing with the situation. The future King was, however, made of sterner stuff, so, equipped with a new hawser, he put to sea again in the teeth of a heavy gale.

The work of rescuing the disabled torpedo boat was a job requiring not only courage and initiative, but skilful seamanship, and one of those proud moments which the King must love to recall is when he towed his helpless consort to safety.

This incident shows that the King was a master of his craft and really regarded the Navy as his vocation in life.

Indeed, he was never happier than when he was afloat, and the sea called to him far more strongly than social functions, as when invited to join the Royal Party at Goodwood on one occasion he succeeded in getting out of the invitation in order to go to sea for a naval exercise.

The Prince's efficient service as a torpedo boat commander was rewarded by promotion to the command of a gunboat, the *Thrush*, on the North American and West Indies station. A story is told of the Prince whilst in command of the *Thrush* which shows his kind heart and well-known love of helping a lame dog over a stile. A seaman who had committed a "military crime" was put on board his ship for conveyance

to detention. The Prince went into the man's case and made up his mind that, as Sir George Arthur puts it, the poor chap was not one of "the King's hard bargains" (an irreclaimable bad lot) but a devil-may-care blue-jacket who had slipped up. When the man was released the Prince asked for his transfer from the ship, in which he had gone wrong, to the *Thrush*. The admiral agreed, and when the delinquent joined, the 'skipper' spoke plain words to him: he offered him a clean sheet and a fresh start, gave him a sovereign and shore leave, and gave him at the same time his chance to go straight again. The result was that a sailor, who in other hands might have made a hopeless mess of things, ended up in the service with good rank, and a good pension.

In August 1891, Prince George was promoted Commander, a rank which all his messmates would admit had been well earned by a keen sailor who never spared himself and never missed an opportunity of improving his knowledge of the profession he loved so well. The next year the Prince commissioned the cruiser *Melampus* for the naval manoeuvres. This commission was designed to be the first of a series of important commands, but Fate had decreed that it was to be the last naval appointment of our Sovereign as Prince George.

In November of that fateful year, serious sickness very nearly put an end to the career of the young naval Commander.

In October the Prince went to the Curragh on a visit to his brother who was quartered there with his regiment, the 11th Hussars, and joined a small family party at Sandringham a month later. He developed fever soon after his arrival and King Edward hurried him off to London where the doctors diagnosed enteric fever, the disease to which his illustrious father had so nearly succumbed twenty years previously.

A vigorous and healthy constitution resisted the disease germs, but the convalescence was scarcely well established when an event occurred which altered the whole of the sailor prince's outlook on life.

Almost from his sick bed, the Prince was to hear of the death of his beloved brother and adored comrade—the Duke of Clarence.

The elder son of the Prince of Wales was undoubtedly very popular. He was extremely good-looking and had the reputation of being one of the best dressed young men of the 'eighties, but he had a very serious side to his character. He was a keen and competent cavalry soldier and adored not only by his brother officers but by the rank and file of his regiment. I know this from personal knowledge as I was in Ireland when the Prince was serving at the Curragh.

In addition to his military pre-occupations the Duke found time for the consideration of the social problems of the period. He was genuinely and deeply interested in the provision of clubs for poor boys and in the efforts being made at the end of the last century for the general uplift of the working classes.

He had followed in his father's footsteps by taking an interest in Freemasonry which for some reason or other never appealed to his younger brother, and he was the embodiment of princely courtesy and tact. It has been well said of him that he never said an unkind word of any one and was wholly incapable of an ungenerous action.

"A sob of sorrow seemed to shake the whole country and every mother mourned for a mother who was never quite to recover from the blow dealt to her in the death of her first-born son."

The death of his brother put an end to the professional career of Prince George, but he never ceased to be a sailor prince and is to-day a sailor King.

In 1898 he commanded H.M.S. *Crescent* as Captain so as to qualify in the ordinary way for advancement to the rank of Rear Admiral.

His Majesty can now proudly recall the fact that there has been no break in his service on the active list of the service he loves so well, and that no King of England has ever before

been so thoroughly familiar with every detail concerning the Senior Service. Never before were the Fleets of England more really and truly the King's Navy.

After King Edward's coronation, it was George, Prince of Wales who suggested an investiture on the Royal yacht, a forgotten incident of a great historic occasion. This innovation was repeated in 1917 on the *Queen Elizabeth* at Scapa, and in the following year, again afloat, the King presented decorations to the American admirals serving with the Grand Fleet.

It has not only been with our glorious fighting Navy that our sailor King has concerned himself. Great as the Royal Navy is and noble as are its traditions, there is another Navy which is perhaps still more important and is indeed the very life-blood of a maritime State.

In one of the King's early messages to the nation, he referred to "His Majesty's Merchant Navy."

This brought home to the country that the Merchant Navy was playing as big a part in the war as the fighting ships. Indeed, every ocean-going ship became more or less a fighting ship in the dark war days.

The King has striven to honour the Merchant Navy by appointing his eldest son to be Master of the Merchant and Fishing Fleets, and by appointing on his Staff an officer of the Royal Naval Reserve to be one of his Naval Aides-de-Camp.

The King commenced his career as a yachtsman at nine years of age when he sailed on the *Hildegarde* with his father to win the Queen's Cup at Cowes. He was frequently on the *Aline* also, but the building of the *Britannia* in 1892 must have been some little compensation to the sailor prince for leaving his beloved Navy.

For the last forty years he has constantly sailed on this beautiful craft, and of all the things which came to him on the death of his beloved father few can have given him greater pleasure than the possession of this fine craft.

The *Britannia* is just completing her fortieth season. She was launched on the Clyde in 1893. She has had one of the longest and most successful careers in the history of yachting as she has taken part in more than five hundred contests, and won over two hundred first prizes.

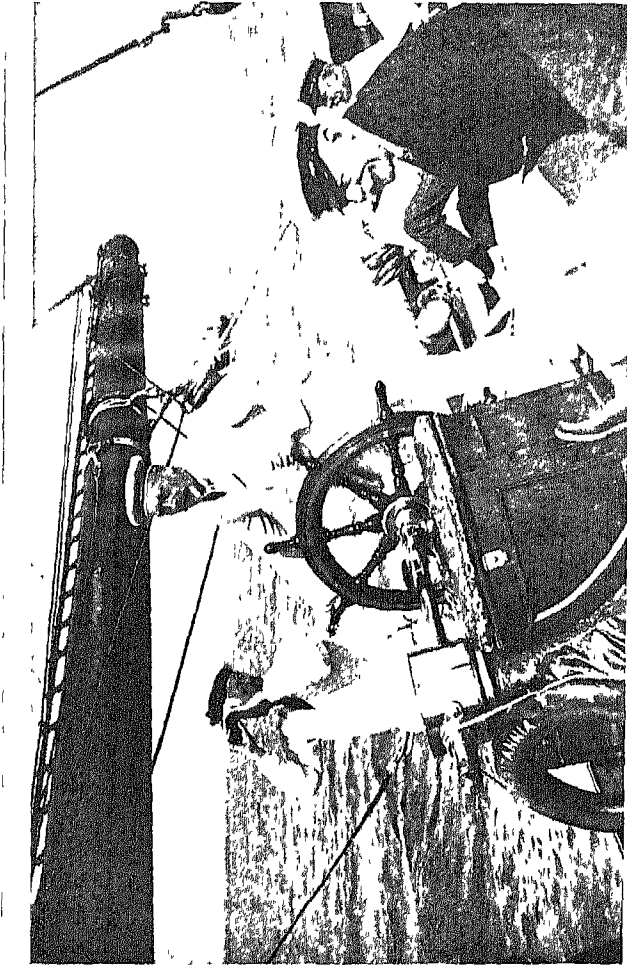
Yet even now, after being subjected to the killing strains of utmost effort, she is as good as the best of them still, and the standard by which others are measured.

John Scott Hughes says that there is no explanation for the remarkable career of the King's yacht. "Once or twice in a generation," he says, "a supreme artist gives us a *Cutty Sark*, a *Britannia*, or a *Mauretania*. He seldom repeats his masterpieces. Indeed, he cannot. Moreover, it is a most peculiar thing that even when exact models are made of the uniquely lovely or uniquely successful ships they cannot be guaranteed exactly to reproduce the qualities of the originals. And so I believe that shipwrights, too, 'sometimes do build better than they know.' "

The King takes his yachting very seriously, and a story is told of a professional photographer who succeeded in obtaining permission to go for a sail in the *Britannia* in order to obtain some pictures of the King at his favourite pastime.

Unfortunately for the camera man, it turned out a good yachting day with a real stiff breeze blowing.

Every hand was required at the ropes, so we are told "the artist spent his whole day pulling and hauling to the stern and vigorous orders of the King, with rueful side-glances at his own rapidly swelling hands, while the camera reposed in the saloon where he had deposited it when he came on board. The King had quite forgotten the unhappy individual's special mission, but as soon as he realised at the end of the race, that for a professional there had been a wasted day he promised another chance. The photographer was careful to choose his own sort of weather for his 'other chance'."



THE KING AT THE HELM  
From "Royal Yachts" published by Rich & Cowan, Ltd  
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## CHAPTER IV

### THE KING AND HIS DOMINIONS

“Never the lotos closes, never the wild-fowl wake,  
But a soul goes out on the East Wind that died for England’s  
sake—

Man or woman or suckling, mother or bride or maid—  
Because on the bones of the English the English flag is  
stayed.”

KIPLING.

KING GEORGE has a remarkable and outstanding advantage over his Royal predecessors.

He may be, as we shall see, comparatively unfamiliar with European capitals, but he has visited—sometimes not once but many times, and in various capacities—every part of his own dominions beyond the seas, and is personally known to thousands of his subjects who are never likely to visit his island kingdom or even the Eastern hemisphere.

The King, and the Queen too, have talked with lumbermen in the wild North-West of Canada, with Afrikanders on their native veldt, with Maori subjects in New Zealand, with Mussulman merchants in Madras, and with representatives of every section of the great Hindu Faith at Benares and Delhi.

They have seen for themselves the difficulties and dangers which our pioneer settlers have overcome, and the amazing achievements of our brethren who have carried the British flag and the love of England to the uttermost parts of the earth.

The first tour of the King and Queen owes its inception to the genius of King Edward. It was planned before the death of Queen Victoria and with her full approval, so that when the Great Queen passed away in January, 1901, it

was decided not to postpone a great historical event for which, of course, preparations had been in hand for months.

Moreover, the central feature of the tour was to be the inauguration of the Federal Parliament of Australia, and it was not desirable to postpone that ceremony.

Sickness as well as death did its best to upset the arrangements. The Duke of Cornwall and York, as King George then was, developed a febrile illness which prevented him from attending Queen Victoria's funeral.

Fortunately the disease turned out to be the mild malady known as German measles, and the Duke was sufficiently recovered to embark with the Duchess on March 16th, 1901.

This vast tour was in every sense an epoch-making occasion. For the first time in history the Heir to the Crown was to visit all parts of the far-flung British Empire. There had been Royal Progresses of Kings and Emperors in the past but never such an one as this.

The future King and Queen of the greatest Empire the world had ever seen were to show the people in the farthest part of the world that they were of as much interest to their King and Queen as their fellow subjects in the English counties.

It has been well said that the importance of their journey to the British race; its message to the nations of the world, friendly or envious; the definite result it had in drawing more closely together the separated units of the Empire; the assurance it carried to loyal colonists that their assistance had been gratefully accepted by the mother-country in her need; the proof it afforded that the heart of the Empire was not indifferent to the interests and concerns of its remote members, were only some of the benefits accruing from this remarkable tour. The effect upon those at home who followed it closely and learnt from the accounts of it something of the vast energy and enthusiasm of their brethren

beyond the sea, was not less than its effect upon the colonists themselves. For many people in England it rediscovered Greater Britain, opening their eyes to the magnitude of the work accomplished by Britons in far-off lands, and quickening their imagination—lifting them out of the rut of Little Englandism.

The journey was indeed a great adventure.

For nearly eight months the Royal couple sailed from port to port and travelled far inland to make themselves acquainted with every part of an Empire on which the sun never sets.

During the whole period the only country they visited which was not British was Egypt, but even here it is a matter of history that the country owes much of its modern development to British influence and British genius.

The journey extended for upwards of fifty thousand miles and embraced visits to no fewer than seventeen British possessions in five continents.

The Royal couple journeyed from cool northern latitudes to the sultry tropics and thence half round the globe to the Land of the Southern Cross, but wherever they went they found the same devotion to the Motherland. They must have felt the truth of Kipling's lines:

"From East to West the tested chain holds fast,  
The well-forged link rings true!"

For everywhere and in every vicissitude of climate, the Duke and Duchess found British people, or their descendants, carrying on the great traditions of our race.

Indeed they were to learn that of a population of nineteen millions, occupying over seven million square miles under the British Flag, no fewer than eleven millions looked back to the little islands in the Northern Seas as "Home."

To a professional sailor like the Duke the voyage must have been a real joy, but it must have been a very serious

undertaking for the gentle lady at his side, who, fond as she is,—or was,—of travelling, has no liking for “a life on the ocean wave.”

It was decided that as King Edward had been known so long as Prince of Wales the time was not opportune for conferring the title on another, so the Heir Apparent sailed as the Duke of Cornwall and York.

Prince George had been created Duke of York nine years previously by Queen Victoria and he succeeded to the title of Duke of Cornwall as the eldest surviving son of the King of England.

So the two titles were happily combined until his august father should exercise his right of making his Heir Prince of Wales.

The ship selected for the tour was the Orient liner, *Ophir*.

Sailing from Portsmouth on March 16th, the first port of call was Gibraltar where the Royal visitors were reminded that England is not the only place where rain can spoil attempts at pageantry.

It poured incessantly, and all functions had to be abandoned with the exception of a luncheon on the *Majestic*.

At Malta the Duke and Duchess found Sir John Fisher in command and a remarkable entertainment arranged for their amusement. A gigantic water carnival had been contrived and the harbour was peopled by sea monsters of every sort and kind designed and constructed by the handy men of the Fleet. The models were illuminated, and the historic home of the Knights of St. John blazed with fireworks when the Sailor Prince and his Princess said good-bye to the Navy he loved so well.

At Port Said greetings were exchanged with the representatives of the Khedive and after an uneventful passing through the Red Sea, Aden was reached.

Aden is one of the most sun-scorching and barren of outposts of the Empire, but she was not to be outdone by more

fertile settlements, and demonstrated that "where there's a will there's a way" by even producing bouquets—imported at great cost from Bombay—for the Royal Duchess.

Of vegetation there is hardly any at Aden, but its landing stage on this great occasion was converted into a palm-shaded pavilion and triumphal arches had been constructed all the way to the Crater and the Tanks in which are stored the precious water supply of this barren spot.

The palms, maize, and corn stalks with which the town was decorated were brought on camels from the interior at Yemen. This imported "vegetation" made a brave show during the day, and when night fell it was replaced by innumerable lanterns which lined the beach and the streets.

The address of welcome was read, not by a European official, but by a Parsee merchant whose father had enjoyed a similar privilege when King Edward had landed at Aden in 1875.

Amongst those who did homage to the Prince were the Sultans of Lahej and Abdali, sturdy supporters of the British influence in Southern Arabia.

King George had been familiar with the East since his boyhood, but this first glimpse of a British settlement with every evidence of Western civilization established by the genius of the British people on barren rocks and within easy reach of a restless and warlike people must have made a profound impression on our future Queen.

Ceylon was the next port of call and the beautiful town and harbour was *en fête* to welcome the Royal guests, who left almost immediately for Kandy, that delightful and ancient town.

The rail journey must have been a great experience for the Duchess. The panorama which unfolds itself as the train moves upwards is familiar to the writer.

At one moment, on the edge of a sheer precipice, we are gazing downwards some thousand feet below; at another we are looking upwards at a mighty crag a thousand feet above;

from the zigzags by which we climb the mountain sides fresh views appear at every turn; far-reaching valleys edged by the soft blue ranges of distant mountains and filled with luxuriant masses of dense forest, relieved here and there by the vivid green terraces of the rice fields; cascades of lovely flowering creepers, hanging in festoons from tree to tree and from crag to crag; above and below deep ravines and foaming waterfalls dashing their spray into mist as it falls into the verdurous abyss; fresh mountain peaks appearing in ever-changing grouping as we gently wind along the steep gradients; daring crossings from rock to rock, so startling as to unnerve the timid as we pass over gorges cleft in the mountain side and look upon the green depths below, so near the edge of the vertical precipice that a fall from the carriage would land us sheer sixteen hundred feet below; the lofty Talipot flourishing on either side; the scattered huts and gardens, and the quaint people about them, so primitive in their habits, which vary little from those of two thousand years ago—these were some of the features of interest which the Royal visitors saw on their way to Kandy.

From Ceylon, the *Ophir* steamed to Singapore where the Oriental love of presenting addresses was indulged in to the fullest extent.

In India no opportunity is lost of giving public men caskets containing scrolls congratulating them on some appointment or an honour or dignity conferred by the King Emperor or his Viceroy.

As a rule these presentations are reserved for governors and other high civil dignitaries, and mere soldiers of lesser rank than the Commander-in-Chief rarely receive them.

I have been fortunate in this direction; as the Honorary Secretary of a great Empire-wide organisation I received no less than four of these caskets when I was created a C.I.E. The scrolls are, in my case, hardly worthy of the caskets which are much admired by my visitors to the Temple.

A feature of the Singapore decorations was an enormous Union Jack with underneath it in huge letters Kipling's vivid verse:

“Take hold of the wings of the morning,  
And flop round the world till you're dead;  
But you won't get away from the tune that they play  
To the bloomin' old rag overhead.”

Queer words to address to Royal Visitors, but they conveyed the very essence of this great Empire tour. The Duke and Duchess were not carrying with them merely the Greetings of a Great King to his loyal subjects; they were conveying to the whole world the sense of unity and homogeneity of the British Empire.

From Singapore the little squadron headed for Melbourne, and once clear of the narrow seas the Sailor Prince signalled to his escort that Mr. and Mrs. Neptune intended to visit them on April 25th and that he hoped that their commanders would permit the visit as “there must be many young men on board your ships who have not yet had the honour of a personal introduction to this old Sea Dog.”

His Royal Highness expressed the hope that the ancient custom of the service would be carried out for the entertainment of the ship's company.

In due course the Sea King and his Consort boarded the *Ophir* and although the Duke had undergone his initiation years before and had “crossed the line” many times since, he insisted on going through the ceremony once more at the head of his ship's company.

Nothing could be more characteristic of a real People's King than the way the Heir to the Throne submitted himself to be shaved, doctored and ducked by humble jack tars in company with his brother officers and his crew.

His Majesty is so thoroughly English in all his thoughts and ideals that he appreciates that it is impossible for him

to lose dignity by joining in the harmless amusements of the Service he loves so well.

As the ceremony of initiation was drawing to a close, and the last novice was crawling amid cheers and laughter from his involuntary salt-water bath, the *Junno* signalled: "From Father Neptune to His Royal Highness the Duke of Cornwall and York. In compliance with your wish I have to-day mustered the officers and ship's company, and all those who have not previously crossed the line have duly been made freemen of the sea. The only thing of importance I noticed was that the main-brace of the *Junno* requires splicing."

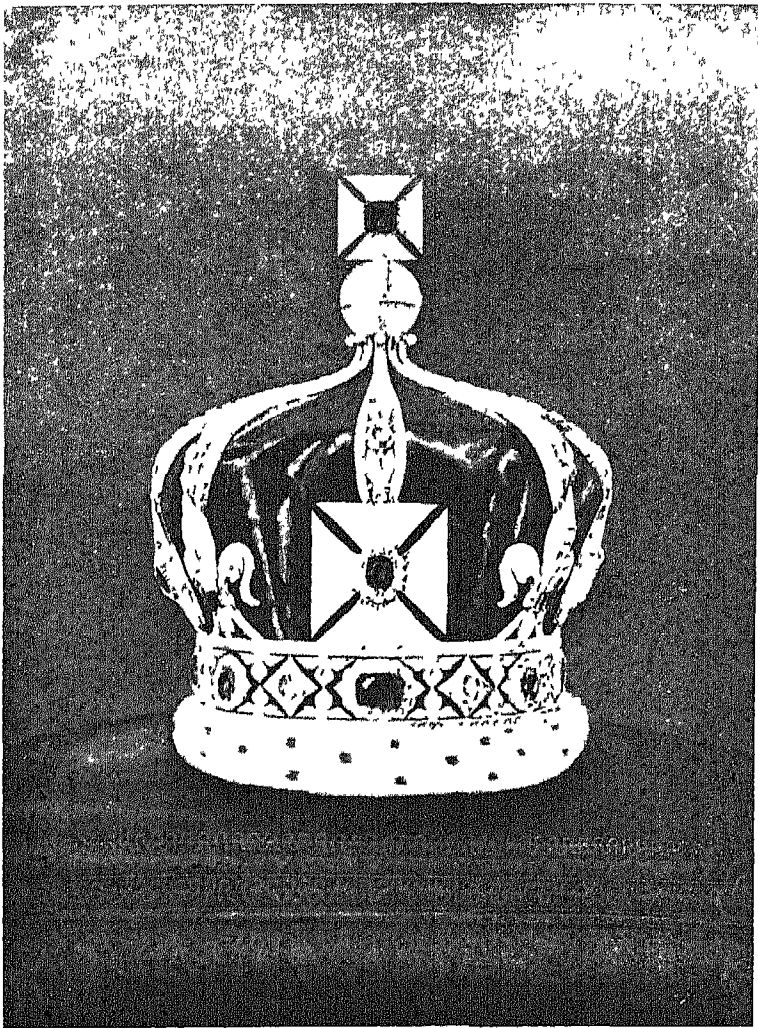
After consultation with the Duke, the captain of the *Ophir* signalled in reply: "His Royal Highness noticed that the main-braces of the *Ophir*, *Junno* and *St. George* require splicing, and hopes this may be done this evening."

To the uninitiated it may be pointed out that the Navy has little use for prohibition and that grog is the essential material required for "splicing" a "main-brace."

After this memorable celebration, the passage to Australia was without incident but the reception of the Royal Visitors to Melbourne must be a great memory with the King and Queen.

The City of Melbourne was packed with a million of loyal and enthusiastic sons of the South who had gathered from all parts of the Australian continent and New Zealand to do honour to the Royal Visitors, to acclaim their devotion to the Mother Country and to express their pleasure at the birth of a New Nation by the political union of the Australian States.

The decorations of the City were magnificent and were carried out on a scale surpassing even those of the Coronation in London, and as Australia was then at the height of its military enthusiasm a huge force of cavalry and infantry had been assembled, which formed a noble escort even for a Prince who was in later years to command one of the greatest Armies the world has ever seen.



THE IMPERIAL CROWN OF INDIA  
*Made specially for His Majesty King George V*



## CHAPTER V

### WHEN THE KING RODE TO DELHI

"Who, among millions, would not be the mightiest  
To sit in god-like state; to have all eyes  
Dazzled with admiration, and all tongues  
Shouting loud prayers; to rob every heart  
Of love; to have the strength of every arm  
A sovereign's name! Why, 'tis a sovereign's charm."

MARLOWE.

WHEN on the dull grey morning of June 22nd, 1911, King George rode forth from Buckingham Palace to be crowned with stately ceremonial at Westminster Abbey, he had conceived an idea which was alike original and daring.

The great functions in the greatest City of the Empire were but the preliminary steps leading up to a revival of the oriental splendours which had marked the accession of the Great Moghul Emperors at Delhi, "a city soon to be restored—though the secret of this was still locked in the King's bosom—to proud eminence among the capitals of the world."

Splendid indeed was the service in the Abbey Church and it was a happy concession to His Majesty's millions of loyal Roman Catholic subjects that for the first time since 1689 the Coronation Oath was shorn of a paragraph which had given them much unnecessary offence. The alteration had to be authorised by the Royal Declaration Act which did not slip through the House of Commons without divisions, but met with little opposition in the House of Lords. By authority of this Act of Parliament, King George was enabled to signify his adherence to the Protestant religion and pledge himself

to secure the Protestant succession in the simple terms: "I do solemnly and sincerely in the presence of God profess, testify and declare that I am a faithful member of the Protestant Reformed Church by law established in England, and I will, according to the true intent of the enactments which secure the Protestant Succession to the Throne of my Realm, uphold and maintain the said enactments, to the best of my powers, according to law."

The whole proceedings were magnificently "stage managed" and there was a complete absence of the minor delays and unfortunate hitches which had marred the Coronation of King Edward eight years previously.

Although three million visitors are believed to have visited London and sixty thousand troops lined the streets, it was possible to report after the greatest pageant in the greatest city of the world that not a single casualty had occurred, that every detail of the arrangements had worked according to plan and that the provision for the comfort of the huge naval and military contingents which had assembled to do honour to their Sovereign were worthy of the great soldier-statesman who was General Officer Commanding for the occasion—Lord Kitchener.

Neither on Coronation Day itself nor during the Royal Progress on the following day was a single accident reported amongst the vast multitude which had flocked into London to form the best part of every great occasion of state—happy, cheering, contented crowds.

The third day was celebrated by a review at Spithead of the most formidable fleet that had ever been assembled. It consisted of no fewer than a hundred and sixty-five war-ships, formed in even columns each nearly five miles in length.

The King and Queen, with the Princess Mary, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, together with the Royal guests, travelled by special train to Portsmouth and embarked

in the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, which steamed along the lines.

I was present on the ship chartered for Colonial Troops on this occasion. The steamer took us round the fleet and brought us back to Southampton. On our return the troops were allowed off the ship for a short time, which was rather a mistake. After dark we again left Southampton and proceeded to the Solent to see the illumination of the fleet. The Colonials were very tired, as they had been on duty in the processions the two previous days. Some of them went heavily asleep and would not be roused. Nothing would induce them to come on deck even to see the wonderful sight of the lighting up of the fleet by a signal from the Admiral's ship.

King George's decision to complete his Royal Progress by riding to Delhi was a bold resolution.

Never had a King of England journeyed so far from his accustomed sphere, and only one, over seven hundred years before, had ever set foot within the confines of Asia. India had suffered the advent of many alien emperors and kings, the European Alexander and the Asiatic Timur, but never yet had any monarch come on a peaceful errand of goodwill and favour.

The King was remarkably well qualified, however, to form this decision as no one else possessed the wide experience of the whole British Empire that he had gained in his various tours, and there was hardly an official—even in India—who had travelled more extensively in that country than the King himself.

The King knew that in Indian history royal progress and pageants, coronations and durbars, have filled the imagination of the people from the beginning of time.

He had doubtless read in the *Mahabharata* of a vast amphitheatre, shaded by canopies of brilliant colours and resounding with a thousand trumpets, erected on an auspicious

and level plain outside what is now the city of Delhi, where the princes and citizens took their seats on platforms to witness a ceremony of high state, and that the people

“From the confines of the Empire, North and South and West  
and East,  
Came to see the consecration and to share the royal feast.”

The King's travels had doubtless taught him that to the Indian attachment and devotion to the person of his Sovereign rise above the sphere of secular things.

To the Mussulman the monarch is “the shadow of God on earth, under whom all the oppressed of his creatures seek shelter.” To the Hindu he is not only the symbol of political power and authority, but is regarded also as intended in the economy of nature to “direct, mould and regulate such power and authority along channels conducive to the promotion of the highest interests of humanity.”

In this way loyalty to the Sovereign has a meaning almost incomprehensible to Western minds, as to the vast majority of the Indian people their ruler is still their “father and mother” as he was thousands of years ago.

The conception of an Empire in which both Europeans and Asiatics should be ruled by a monarch who was indifferent to the distinction between them and was looked on by all equally as their sovereign, had been formed some two and twenty centuries before by Alexander the Great, but it remained for the intuitive sympathies of a woman and the instinctive statesmanship of an English queen to achieve what had not been possible either for him or for any of the great leaders who followed him in succeeding centuries over the mountain passes into India.

The first Empress of India realised to the full her great responsibilities. Queen Victoria kept Indians always near her as a constant reminder of her obligations, and showed her sympathy with her Indian subjects by learning some of

their languages and customs. In the words of King George himself, "though never privileged to see her Indian subjects in their own countries, the first Empress seemed to have the peculiar power of being in touch and in sympathy with all classes" of the Indian continent.

The result was that when her long and glorious reign came to an end, India mourned her loss with a depth of feeling for which the world had no parallel.

King Edward as Prince of Wales visited India in 1876, and in 1905 he sent his son and heir with a message of goodwill to his distant subjects.

King George's first visit, as Prince of Wales, to India in 1905 was no tour of sport and pastime, but a voyage of strenuous duty, with but one idea throughout of friendship and affection. "I cannot help thinking, from all I have heard and seen," said the Prince on his return to England, "that the task of governing India will be made the easier if we, on our part, infuse into it a wider element of sympathy. I will venture to predict that to such sympathy there will be an ever-abundant and genuine response." These words were no mere empty precept, but the fruit of personal experience gained in all parts of India—among the famine-stricken villagers of Gwalior, and the prosperous peasants of Burma; on the barren rocks of the Afghan frontier, and in the crowded streets of wealthy Calcutta.

The announcement that India was to play its part in the Coronation ceremonies was hailed in India with the greatest enthusiasm, and special interest was given to the visit by the fact that the King Emperor would be accompanied by the Empress. It has been well said that the gracious visit of the Queen-Empress turned men's minds once more towards the Vedic golden age when queens and ladies were equal with their husbands in the eyes of gods and men, and enjoyed the same privileges; and, by emphasising the dignity and respect that all Englishmen attach to Her Majesty as a woman and

as the sharer of the Throne, it helped to bring a little nearer the more modern vision of the relumination of India by the uplifting of its womanhood.

The Royal voyage to India was made in the *Medina*, a new ship of the Peninsular and Oriental Line, the great Company which has maintained regular connection between England and the East for half a century. For the time being, she became a King's ship, and a third mast was stepped to enable His Majesty to fly all three flags which indicate the presence of the Sovereign—the Royal Standard at the main, the Admiralty flag at the fore, and the Union Jack at the mizen.

The voyage to India was, as might be expected, a triumphal progress.

On arrival at Bombay, the King had a great reception in a special amphitheatre erected for the purpose, and in replying to an address of welcome, the King-Emperor recalled the fact that Bombay was once the dowry of a British Queen. "As such," he said, "Humphrey Cook took it over two hundred and fifty years ago, a mere fishing village. You, gentlemen, and your forerunners have made it a jewel of the British Crown. I see again with joy the rich setting of its beautiful and stately buildings; I note also the less conspicuous but also more profitable improvements lately effected; but, above all, I recognise with pride your efforts to heighten what must always be the supreme lustre of such a jewel as this, the peace, happiness, and prosperity of all classes of the citizens."

With great imagination Delhi was chosen as the scene of the central pageant of the Imperial Visit. In the King's own words, "The traditions of Delhi invest it with a peculiar charm." These are wise words as Delhi is associated with every era in the history of India and its people, Hindu and Mohammedan alike. It has never ceased to be the pivot of Indian rule, and survived many upheavals throughout Indian history. Lake rode in triumph through its streets;

at its gates the destiny of the British in India was decided; its walls echoed the salute proclaiming the assumption of the Imperial title by Queen Victoria; it heard the guns announce the accession of the first British Emperor of all India.

The decision to hold the Durbar at Delhi involved the creation of an enormous camp unparalleled even in the history of oriental pageants.

The King Emperor's Camp surrounded the old Circuit House, and Provincial Governments, and Princes vied with one another in providing camps worthy of the greatest event in the long history of Delhi.

Splendid roads lighted by powerful lamps were constructed, a polo ground was made, and gardens resplendent with flowers sprang into being.

The Delhi of the Durbar was indeed a city of dreams.

The old city had seen many great days that will always be writ large on the pages of history, but never one to which it had looked forward with such eagerness as December 7th, 1911.

The King Emperor of all India was riding to Delhi for the first time direct from his own capital in England, and his first appearance had to be surrounded with fitting ceremonial. His Majesty decided to arrive mysteriously and in seclusion, so that he could issue forth from the great old fortress of his predecessors, the Moghul Emperors, and thus revive ancient memories.

Under a cloudless sky, on December 7th, His Imperial Majesty rode forth from the Delhi Gate, which had always been the portal of the Emperors, towards the great Camp and great amphitheatre which had been erected in his honour. He rode past the Jama Masjid, the great cathedral mosque, into the Silver Street of the great walled city. The road itself was the *Via Sacra* of the Moghuls, along which, in golden palanquins and screened from vulgar gaze by

surrounding noble footmen, they went on Fridays to their prayers. The old French traveller, Tavernier, records that he saw Aurungzeb pass along it with an escort of a thousand men, and with the Imperial insignia on elephants which led the way. With the stately fort on the one side and the gleaming domes of the mosque on the other, both softened in the gentle light of a Delhi winter morning, no finer setting for a great Imperial progress could have been devised.

Troops and civilians were early astir on that momentous morning. Many thousands of Indians and civilians had been pouring into the city and the camps for weeks. Thousands took their places before nightfall, and many slept in freezing cold beneath the stars. They came, with great confusion of tongues but with a single purpose, from all corners of the country, and many tales were told of lengthy pilgrimages. One holy man is said to have tramped four months without ceasing. After having seen the Emperor pass he started on his return journey, happy in having beheld "the shadow of God on earth."

The route was two miles long and was packed from end to end with dense masses of the populace, whose multi-coloured headgear was like a great mosaic, while the roofs and windows showed still brighter with the gay attire of the women.

A feature of the Emperor's escort was the presence of the retainers of various Indian Princes, wearing glistening coats of mail and steel armour which gave an almost medieval glamour to the scene.

The whole of the route was lined with troops, displaying a remarkable variety of race and colour. In one place were British and Indian cavalry, both with gleaming lances and waving pennons, but contrasting sharply in the brilliancy of their full dress uniforms. In another the British infantry showed the traditional scarlet, with here and there the more

sombre note of riflemen in their green jackets, and Highlanders in their gay tartans.

The Indian infantry were a magnificent display of the war-like races of Hindustan. There were Baluchis in cherry and green, Sikhs and Pathans in khaki, Frontiersmen in blue and grey, with a diversity of coloured turbans and flashing badges in gold and silver which dazzled the eye. Here was a battery of Horse Artillery in their historic jackets, there Mountain Artillery with their wonderful screw guns, and over all towered the Bikaner Camel Corps on their great "ships of the desert." All very different, but all alike in the perfection of their drill and bearing.

The whole body of troops on parade formed a magnificent army, 50,000 strong.

The King's procession was in itself an epitome of the Sovereignty of India. It was led by the heads of six provinces and the Governors of Madras and Bombay. Each of the Lieutenant-Governors had a military escort, but the Governors of Madras and Bombay recalled the time when their Presidencies were wellnigh separate Kingdoms. They had their own special Body Guards, magnificent horsemen, turned out in a way that would have done credit to any Royal Guards in Europe.

The Commander-in-Chief preceded His Majesty, and, as a reminder of the antiquity of British institutions, the chivalry of medieval times was recalled by the costumes of the two Imperial Heralds—an English General and an Indian Khan. These Heralds were accompanied by trumpeters and drummers, forming a glittering group in the same rich golden coats and tabards which tradition has prescribed for the King's Heralds and the State Trumpeters of England.

Then came the senior corps of the Indian Army, the Governor-General's Body Guard, raised in 1777 by Warren Hastings, a superbly mounted contingent drawn from the

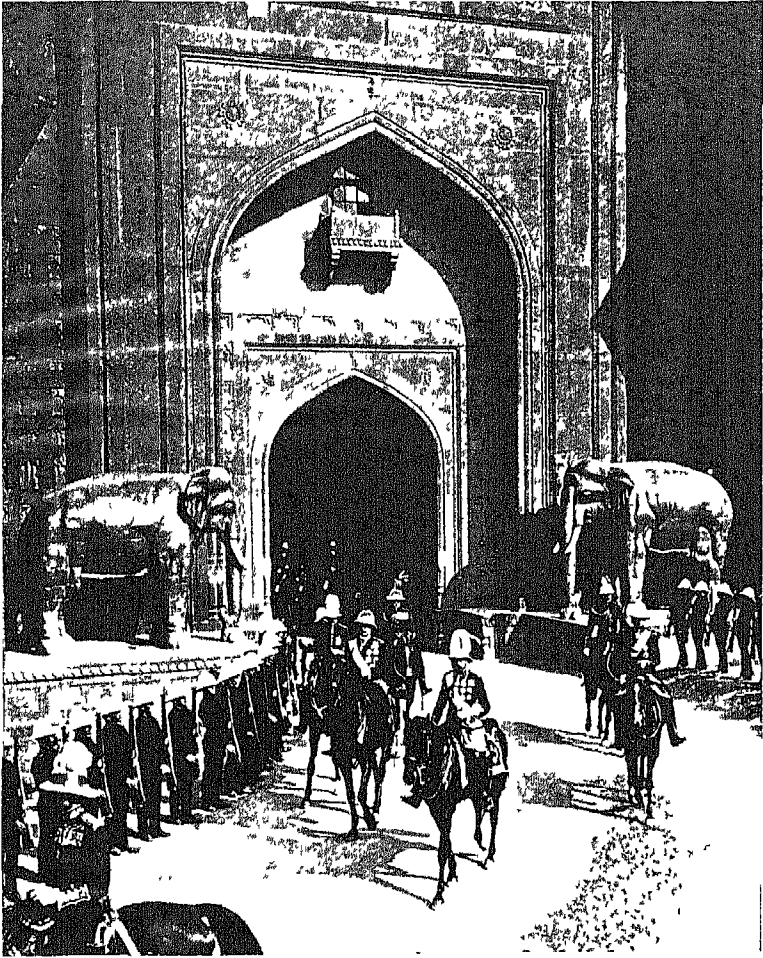
pick of the fighting races of India. It was separated from the Emperor by an escort of His Majesty's Life Guards and Royal Horse Guards, which had fittingly accompanied their Sovereign. Their glittering breastplates and plumed helmets gave them a special appeal, even in that dazzling array of gorgeous uniforms.

The King, as Commander-in-Chief of the Imperial Armies, wore the dress of Field-Marshal, and bestrode a magnificent dark brown Australian charger.

When the great Moghuls made Royal progresses they were sometimes on elephants with nobles surrounding them on horseback, sometimes in closed palanquins with nobles walking on each side, preceded and followed by standards and symbols and by drums to warn men standing by; always in a manner that was secluded and mysterious. But a far greater Emperor than them all came simply and in confidence, as near as possible to his people, for his one desire was to make himself more personally known, to see and to be seen by them.

Unfortunately, however, as the official history points out, the uniform of a Field-Marshal differs very little from that of other military commanders, and the white helmet which His Majesty was compelled to wear for protection from the fierce Indian sun, to some extent concealed his well-known features. The result was that many of the Indian throng, dazzled as they were by the long array before their eyes, and overawed by stately music and military salutes, failed till too late to distinguish him. There was, therefore, at some points of the route a sense of momentary disappointment both to His Majesty and the spectators, but the cheers which arose when the Sovereign was recognised left no doubt as to the cordiality of his welcome.

It was a wonderful and unforgettable scene when King George, surrounded by princes, nobles, soldiers and statesmen rode to Delhi.



[Photo I Brooks

THE KING EMPEROR PASSING OUT OF DELHI FORT

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The pageantry in the great amphitheatre when His Majesty held the actual Durbar was still more magnificent.

The gathering was a veritable microcosm of the Indian Empire. Their Majesties wore their crowns and Coronation robes, and sat on a special dais under a gorgeous canopy, whilst the Heralds read the Royal Proclamation with fanfare of trumpets and rolling of drums.

At one corner of the pavilion stood a solitary and striking figure. A British Grenadier, wearing the bearskin so familiar in Europe, but never seen in India.

The head-dress is not regarded as suitable for tropical skies, and there were many rumours that the Guardsman had been affected by his long vigil in the sun. As a matter of fact he was none the worse.

After the proclamation, their Majesties moved to another pavilion, where they received the homage first of the Viceroy and then of the Indian Princes. It is impossible to exaggerate the splendour of the scene.

The Princes wore magnificent robes and priceless jewels, and the ceremony of doing homage to their Emperor was an education in Indian customs.

One Prince, carrying a cane and simply dressed, would only bow, whilst another would lay his sword or a white scarf at the feet of their Majesties.

In addition to the great ceremonies of the State Entry and the Durbar there were a number of splendid functions, including a review.

Two of these must be mentioned.

The first was the re-enactment by their Majesties of the ancient ceremony of the *Darshan*, or personal appearance of the Emperor before his people.

This revival of a custom of the Moghul emperors, which had been abandoned for three hundred years, was a stroke of genius.

Their Majesties, wearing their crowns and robes, appeared

on a balcony of the ancient fort, and were greeted by an enormous concourse of their subjects assembled on the plain below.

This picturesque ceremony was followed by a garden party given by their Majesties in the fort. This garden had been restored to more than the magnificence of the Moghuls, and formed a splendid setting for a glittering gathering, which included eight thousand of the highest in the land.

All the Princes and Nobles of India mixed with the cream of *British Society*.

The gorgeous national costumes of the Chiefs, the brilliant uniforms of the officers, and the bright dresses of the ladies combined to form an unforgettable picture under the shady trees and against the background of the marble and gilded buildings.

The other incident occurred during His Majesty's Investiture, which took place in a magnificent tent supported by silver poles.

The occasion was made a ceremony of high state, and four thousand persons were present. As a holder of the Kaiser-i-Hind medal I had the honour to receive their Majesties' command to be present.

It was one of the most brilliant of all these notable spectacles.

The Queen entered in a stately procession with the King, and then retired to re-enter as a subject, and he invested, as G.C.S.I., with the robe worn by Queen Victoria.

It was a touching scene when Her Majesty kissed the hand of Her Sovereign.

In the course of the long ceremony the shriek of fire whistles was heard, and a great glare appeared at the entrance of the huge tent.

There was a moment's alarm, but the assemblage was reassured by the demeanour of the King-Emperor, who went on dubbing Knights with his sword as if nothing had happened.

It was found afterwards that Lord Crewe's private secretary's tent, which was quite close to the great Investiture Pavilion, had been burned down.

The personal disregard of danger of both the King and Queen on this occasion prevented panic, and was evidence of that personal courage which has with few exceptions been so characteristic of England's Kings and Queens.

It is impossible to trace the progress of Their Imperial Majesties through India.

It is sufficient to say that the Royal Visit was everywhere a triumphant success and that political prejudices were buried and forgotten for many a long day. The "unrest" which had manifested itself amongst certain classes of the community was stifled by a wave of enthusiastic loyalty and devotion to Throne and Person of the mighty successor to the Indian Emperors of bye-gone days.

In these days when a fraction of our Indian fellow subjects are clamouring for so-called "independence," it may be interesting to recall an incident which occurred after the troops had left the great Durbar amphitheatre at Delhi on that great day in December 1911.

The people surged across the vacant arena like a huge oncoming wave, which swelled up the steps of the pavilion to the place where the Sovereign had been sitting. Their demeanour was reverent and respectful, but this unexpected flood at first caused some alarm to the military guard of Highlanders that was stationed round the Thrones. The people were impelled by an irresistible impulse to approach the sacred places where the Emperor had been. They swarmed up the pavilion on every side, and men of all races and religions prostrated themselves before the empty Thrones or strained over one another's heads and shoulders, with an enthusiasm which no obstacles could hold, to touch just with the tips of their fingers the fringe of the carpet on which Their Majesties had stood. This extraordinary scene, which will remain

deeply rooted in the memory of those who witnessed it, was most impressively touching, a striking manifestation of the great spiritual idea underlying the respect and affection of Eastern peoples for their Sovereign. Eventually, with some difficulty, a regular queue was formed, the people passing up one side and down the other, and it was estimated that over two hundred thousand persons thus passed before the Thrones, to say nothing of the many more, especially of the humbler classes, who followed on succeeding days.

This unrehearsed, spontaneous act of loyalty and homage was certainly the crowning feature of the day. It showed to all the world and to the King-Emperor himself that his confidence and favour had met with a sure response in the warm hearts of his Indian subjects.

But it must not be imagined from my account of these splendid happenings that King George gave India only a pageant. He gave it something far greater, the Watchword of Hope. "It is my wish," he said, "that the homes of my Indian subjects may be brightened and their labour sweetened by the spread of knowledge, with all that follows in its train—a higher level of thought, of comfort, and of health. It is through education that my wish will be fulfilled, and the cause of education in India will ever be very close to my heart."

## CHAPTER VI

### GRIM-VISAGED WAR

“On Fame’s eternal camping ground  
Their silent tents are spread,  
And Glory guards with solemn round  
The bivouac of the dead.”

THEODORE O’HARA.

THE last two kings of England have ascended the Throne at stormy periods in the history of our country.

The South African War was in progress when King Edward succeeded after the longest, and, in many respects, the most notable reign in the history of the British realm.

When King George was proclaimed the political atmosphere was charged with thunder, and war clouds were already hovering on the horizon.

It must have embittered the last hours of Edward the Peacemaker to know as he did—none better—that the relations between Britain and Germany were gradually getting more and more strained in spite of various attempts to promote understanding between the two countries.

The Kaiser came to London for the funeral of his uncle, and, in addition, the Emperor and Empress of Germany paid a state visit to this country for the unveiling of the national memorial to the Kaiser’s grandmother, Queen Victoria.

In his speech at the Unveiling Ceremony, King George expressed the deep satisfaction felt by the Royal Family and himself at the presence of “his dear cousin” and the Empress. His Majesty referred to the natural affection of the Kaiser for his illustrious grandmother and to the strong

living ties of kinship and friendship which united the thrones of Britain and Germany.

Alas! for the frailty of human things; these living ties had very little influence later on.

When, in July 1914, the acute crisis developed between the Austrian and Serbian Governments with reference to the assassination of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand and the controversy involved the Central European powers and their neighbours, Prince Henry of Prussia visited this country and discussed the situation with the King, who expressed his earnest wishes for the maintenance of peace and his intention to do everything in his power to maintain it.

The Prussian Prince, only too ready to believe that Britain would not take the field in any circumstances, read into his conversations with his cousin a great deal more than was intended. He formed the impression that England would remain neutral whatever happened, and conveyed this impression to the Kaiser. Of course King George could not have pledged his Government even if he had desired to do so. He was far too constitutional a monarch to take such an important matter into his own hands. The misunderstanding, however, does appear to have arisen but it was soon cleared up by a note from Sir Edward Grey to the German Ambassador.

The assassin's bullet fired in the streets of Sarajevo had done a great deal more than murder an Austrian Archduke. It had started a conflagration which was destined to involve the whole civilized world.

There seems to be very little doubt that the action of Russia in mobilizing her army was regarded by Germany as such an urgent danger that she had to follow suit.

On August 1st, the British Ambassador at Petrograd handed to the Czar a personal message from the King which embodied a statement received from the German

Government to the effect that the Government was unable to remain inactive in view of Russian mobilization on the German Frontier, and that Russia had been informed that unless she was prepared to suspend within twelve hours the warlike measure against Germany and Austria, they would be obliged to mobilize, and this would mean war.

The King's message concluded with the words: "I cannot help thinking that some misunderstanding has produced this deadlock. I am most anxious not to miss any possibility of avoiding the terrible calamity which at present threatens the whole world. I, therefore, make a personal appeal to you to remove the misapprehension which I feel must have occurred, and to leave still open grounds for negotiation and possible peace. If you think I can in any way contribute to that all-important purpose, I will do everything in my power to assist in re-opening the interrupted conversations between the Powers concerned. I feel confident that you are as anxious as I am that all that is possible should be done to secure the peace of the world."

This elicited a reply from the Czar in which he said that ever since the presentation of the Ultimatum at Belgrade, Russia had devoted all her efforts to finding some pacific solution of the question raised by Austria's action.

The doomed Czar declared that Austria's declaration of war on Serbia had forced him "to order a partial mobilization," though in view of the threatening situation, his military advisers had strongly advised a general mobilization owing to the quickness with which Germany could mobilize in comparison with Russia. He told our King that he was eventually compelled to take this course in consequence of complete Austrian mobilization, of the bombardment of Belgrade, of concentration of Austrian troops in Galicia, and of secret military preparations being made in Germany. "That I was justified in doing so," he added, "is proved by Germany's sudden declaration of war, which was quite

unexpected by me, as I have given most categorical assurance to the Emperor William that my troops would not move so long as mediation negotiations continued."

On August 1st, in reply to a letter from M. Poincaré, the French President, King George sent an autograph letter assuring him that he was personally using his best endeavours with the Emperors of Russia and of Germany towards finding some solution by which actual military operations might at any rate be postponed, and time be thus given for calm discussion between the Powers. To use the King's own words, he declared that he intended "to prosecute these efforts without intermission so long as any hope remains of an amicable settlement."

This letter was referred to when the King at the head of his troops met the President four months later within the sound of the German guns. In his Memoirs M. Poincaré tells us that the King wrote to him in the following terms: "I have always thought myself that England ought to take the field against Germany if Germany should attack France, but I was obliged to be very careful in my reply to your letter, because my Government had not made up its mind on the matter, and because public opinion was not prepared for any intervention on our part. I told Grey that it was for him to let the country know the rights and wrongs of the situation, and the people would then certainly understand that England could not remain aloof; as a matter of fact, Grey had very little difficulty in opening the eyes of a large majority of our people."

It is a matter of history that the King's personal efforts to maintain peace were doomed to failure and that when war became inevitable the King devoted himself heart and soul to encouraging his armies in the field and inspiring his people at home by his example.

He showed himself willing and anxious to share every privation, risk and loss to which his subjects were exposed,

and only demurred when one of his Ministers suggested that if Buckingham Palace were to be bombed by German aircraft it would, anyhow, have a very stimulating effect upon the people. "Yes, but rather a depressing effect on me," was the mild rejoinder.

As befitted a Sailor King, the King took a keen personal interest in the work of the senior service. He visited the Grand Fleet at frequent intervals and we are told that on many naval matters his advice was eagerly sought; no trouble was too great for him to take if any benefit could accrue to the seafaring man: from the beginning to the end of hostilities no naval manoeuvre or move was outside his knowledge, and few took place without their being the subject of his well-judged comments.

With regard to his Army, the King was not possessed of the same high degree of technical knowledge but every new invention and nearly every new suggestion for the arming or equipment or comfort of the men in the line and the precise field strength in each theatre of war were subjects on which he demanded close and constant information.

He was a frequent visitor at Aldershot and other military training centres and personally welcomed contingents from the Dominions. When troops were proceeding overseas they carried with them the King's parting message:

"I have implicit confidence in you, my soldiers. Duty is your watchword, and I know your duty will be nobly done.

"I shall follow your every movement with deepest interest and mark with eager satisfaction your daily progress; indeed, your welfare will never be absent from my thoughts.

"I pray God to bless you and guard you and bring you back victorious."

I can personally vouch for the feelings of personal loyalty and affection which this Royal promise—so faithfully kept, inspired in all ranks.

From 1914 onwards, the King was frequently with his legions in France and Belgium.

After his first visit he issued the following message to his troops:

“Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers, and Men:—

“I am very glad to have been able to see my Army in the Field.

“I much wished to do so, in order to gain a slight experience of the life you are leading.

“I wish I could have spoken to you all, to express my admiration of the splendid manner in which you have fought and are still fighting against a powerful and relentless enemy.

“By your discipline, pluck, and endurance, inspired by the indomitable regimental spirit, you have not only upheld the tradition of the British Army, but added fresh lustre to its history.

“I was particularly impressed by your soldierly, healthy, cheerful appearance.

“I cannot share in your trials, dangers, and successes; but I can assure you of the proud confidence and gratitude of myself and of your fellow-countrymen.

“We follow you in our daily thoughts on your certain road to victory.”

The King's visit in 1915 was marred by an accident when His Majesty's charger—an animal borrowed from Sir Douglas Haig—reared and fell back on its royal rider.

Fortunately no serious damage was done and the King was back again with his armies during the Battle of the Somme. I have carefully preserved the General Order to the Army which was issued at the termination of the King's visit in 1916.

It runs:

“Officers, N.C.O.'s and Men;

It has been a great pleasure and satisfaction to me to

be with my Armies during the past week. I have been able to judge for myself of their splendid condition for war and of the spirit of cheerful confidence which animates all ranks, united in loyal co-operation to their Chiefs, and to one another.

"Since my last visit to the Front there has been almost uninterrupted fighting on parts of our line. The offensive recently begun has since been resolutely maintained by day and by night. I have had opportunities of visiting some of the scenes of the later desperate struggles, and of appreciating to a slight extent the demands made upon your courage and physical endurance in order to assail and capture positions prepared during the past two years and stoutly defended to the last.

"I have realized not only the splendid work which has been done in immediate touch with the enemy—in the air, under ground, as well as on the ground—but also the vast organizations behind the fighting line, honourable alike to the genius of the initiators and to the heart and hand of the workers. Everywhere there is proof that all men and women are playing their part, and I rejoice to think their noble efforts are being heartily seconded by all classes at home.

"The happy relations maintained by my Armies and those of our French Allies were equally noticeable between my troops and the inhabitants of the districts in which they are quartered, and from whom they have received a cordial welcome ever since their first arrival in France.

"Do not think that I and your fellow-countrymen forget the heavy sacrifices which the Armies have made and the bravery and endurance they have displayed during the past two years of bitter conflict. These sacrifices have not been in vain; the arms of the Allies will never be laid down until our cause has triumphed.

"I return home more than ever proud of you. May God guide you to victory."

At Christmas in the same year came to us again the King's message that confident in its Armies the Empire "remains determined to win."

After the terrific German onslaught in 1918, the King paid another visit and as the result of his experiences wrote to Sir Douglas Haig:

"I feel that the whole Empire will join me in expressing the gratitude due to you and your Army for the skilful, unswerving manner in which this formidable attack has been, and continues to be, dealt with.

"Though for the moment our troops have been obliged by sheer weight of numbers to give some ground, the impression left on my mind is that no Army could be in better heart, braver, or more confident, than that which you have the honour to command.

"Anyone privileged to share these experiences would feel with me proud of the British race and of that unconquerable spirit which will, please God, bring us through our present trials."

He came out again in August and told the Commander-in-Chief that he returned home "with feelings of profound admiration of our Armies, convinced that, in union with those of our Allied nations, we shall, with God's help, secure a victorious peace worthy of the noble sacrifices made—a peace which must be a surety to coming generations against sufferings such as the present world has endured throughout these years of relentless war."

Lastly came the King's Victory Message which concluded: "I desire to thank every officer, soldier, and woman of the Army, for services nobly rendered, for sacrifices cheerfully given; and I pray that God, Who has been pleased to grant a victorious end to this great crusade for justice and right, will prosper and bless our efforts in the immediate future to secure for generations to come the hard-won blessings of freedom and peace."

Such were the messages of the King to his Armies, but the Sailor King was equally inspiring to his Navy which played a less spectacular but not less important part in the struggle. In 1915 he told the Grand Fleet that he had not the slightest doubt that it would uphold its great traditions, and in 1916 he was able to assure it that at the Battle of Jutland it had "added another page to the glorious traditions of the British Navy."

In 1917 he congratulated Admiral Beatty and the Grand Fleet on its high standard of preparedness. "Never," he said "has the British Navy stood higher in the estimation of friend or foe. You can assure all ranks and ratings under your command that their brothers throughout the Empire rely upon them with pride and confidence to defend our shores and commerce.

"I thank you for your patient endurance that keeps the British Navy ever ready to enhance the glories of its historic traditions and which secures to us and our Allies the ocean highways of the world.

"May God's blessing rest upon you all and upon your work."

On Armistice Day the King sent his Victory Message to the Service he loves so well. "Ever since that fateful Fourth of August 1914," he said, "I have remained steadfast in my confidence that, whether fortune frowned or smiled, the Royal Navy would once more prove the sure shield of the British Empire in the hour of need.

"Never in its history has the Royal Navy, with God's help, done greater things for us, nor better sustained its old glories and the chivalry of the seas.

"With full and grateful hearts the peoples of the British Empire salute the White, the Red, and the Blue Ensigns and those who have given their lives for the flag.

"I am proud to have served in the Navy. I am prouder still to be its Head on this memorable day."

Nor was the Third great Arm of Defence forgotten. In the supreme hour of victory the King sent "greetings and heart-felt congratulations to all Ranks of the Royal Air Force.

"Our aircraft have been ever in the forefront of the battle; pilots and observers have consistently maintained the offensive throughout the ever-changing fortunes of the day; and in the war zones our gallant dead have lain always beyond the enemies' line or far out to sea.

"Our far-flung squadrons have flown over home waters and foreign seas, the Western and Italian battle-lines, Rhineland, the mountains of Macedonia, Gallipoli, Palestine, the plains of Mesopotamia, the forests and swamps of East Africa, the North-West frontier of India, and the deserts of Arabia, Sinai, and Darfur.

"The birth of the Royal Air Force, with its wonderful expansion and development, will ever remain one of the most remarkable achievements of the Great War.

"Everywhere, by God's help, officers, men, and women of our Royal Air Force have splendidly maintained our just cause, and the value of their assistance to the Navy, the Army, and to Home Defence has been incalculable."

So, throughout the campaign, the King was a real Head not only to his Army and his Navy but to the new Force which was born under war auspices in April 1918.

The messages which I have recalled in these pages were eagerly scanned by all ranks of all three Services, and their intimate character brought a sense of close association and inspired a feeling in all ranks that they were serving not merely their country and their flag but rendering personal service to their Sovereign himself.

## CHAPTER VII

### THE KING AND THE CONTINENT

"Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam  
His first best country ever is at home."

GOLDSMITH.

IN the long line of English Kings and Queens no monarch has ascended the throne with such a wide experience of foreign countries as King George.

Long before he became Heir Apparent, as an officer of the Navy he had sailed the Seven Seas and served half over the world

King Edward, with comparatively little experience of far-off lands, was a familiar figure in most European capitals.

The Parisian public hailed him as one of themselves, songs were sung about him in the streets of Paris, and his personal influence did a great deal to help the *Entente Cordiale* which gradually developed into a sort of unofficial Treaty.

King George, with twice his great father's knowledge of his own overseas dominions, has a much less intimate acquaintance with the various countries on the European mainland.

In conjunction with the Queen, His Majesty has however carried out a number of official visits to the continent. The earliest of these ceremonial visits was to the Court of the Emperor of Austria in 1904. It was followed by a mission to Stuttgart in order to present the King of Würtemberg with the Order of the Garter.

On their return from India, the Prince and Princess of Wales had to represent King Edward at the marriage of his niece—Princess Ena of Battenberg to the King of Spain.

The marriage took place on the 31st May and was characterized by a dastardly outrage which led to the death of a number of soldiers and spectators. An anarchist threw a bomb hidden in a bouquet into the Calle Major and so nearly attained his fiendish purpose that one of the horses drawing the Royal carriage was killed and the wedding dress of the young Queen splashed with blood.

The behaviour of both King Alfonso and his British bride was characterized with the greatest coolness and sangfroid which won the admiration of the warm-hearted Spanish people.

Alas! both the King and his beautiful queen have fallen from their high estate, but at the time of the marriage and indeed until quite recently, Queen Victoria, at any rate, was the darling of the Spanish populace.

The historical events which led up to the Revolution, which ended in the establishment of the Spanish Republic, have no place in these pages, but it was largely due to King Alfonso's consideration for his subjects that the upheaval took place without bloodshed, and it is worth remembering that the deposed monarch left his country without renouncing any of his rights, so who knows what the future may have in store for the so-called "outlaw" and the Royal Family of Spain.

One of the most picturesque of the continental visits of the King and Queen was to Norway to attend the coronation of King Haakon and Queen Maud. The ceremony took place at the ancient cathedral of Trondjeim and was celebrated with a dignity and splendour worthy of the revival of the ancient Kingdom of Norway. The occasion was almost a family gathering as the new King was the future King of England's cousin and the new Queen was his sister.

There is so much in common between the Norwegian people and ourselves that it is but fitting that the Royal Houses of the two countries should be linked so closely by blood and affection.

In 1908, the Prince and Princess of Wales spent one of their few real holidays abroad.

They went to Paris travelling incognito as Lord and Lady Killarney and might, indeed, have been a less exalted couple, as, whereas King Edward was well known in French social circles, it is doubtful if his son ever visited a French club or stayed in a French mansion prior to the War.

The result was that Lord and Lady Killarney escaped with the very minimum of official visits, and as Paris knows how to treat Royalty "on leave" better than most other capitals, except of course London, they seem to have enjoyed a round of sight-seeing, race-going, theatres and other amusements as much as any other pair of interested tourists

The Queen indulged her artistic tastes by a visit to Chartres, and already displayed her dislike of broad forms of public entertainment by going to the Opera when the Prince was induced to visit a less classical entertainment in one of the theatres on the boulevards.

This holiday visit before their Accession was the only private sojourn of Their Majesties in the French capital, so it was to a somewhat unfamiliar city that the King and Queen paid a State Visit in April 1914.

It was designed to be the first of those visits to friendly nations in which King Edward had delighted and which the present King would also have favoured if circumstances had permitted, but from King George's Coronation onwards the political atmosphere in Europe had not tended to encourage international courtesies of the kind.

The visit to Paris was fixed for April 21st, and King George and Queen Mary arrived at Porte Dauphine station on one of those glorious spring mornings when Paris looks her best and brightest. The reception given by the French people to the King and Queen was overwhelmingly cordial. President Poincaré, who was singularly well adapted to represent the warm-hearted French people, devoted special

attention to the arrangements, and in his speech at the State Banquet at the Élysée reminded his distinguished guests that King Edward's foresight was largely responsible for the agreement which had settled the differences between the two countries and led up to the understanding typified by the visit of England's King and Queen.

One of the features of the King's visit which, but for His Majesty's express desire to do honour to the French Army, might have been omitted, was a military review at Vincennes.

It was, I think, the last great function of its kind in which the pre-war French Army took part. The King and President in an open carriage drove between the lines of gallant fellows wearing the old dark blue coats and red trousers. The inspection was followed by the usual march past and a spectacular infantry charge.

Little did King or President realize that in less than four months those same troops would be no longer carrying out spectacular charges but standing firm as rocks against wave after wave of grey-clad invaders.

The appreciation of the King and Queen of the reception they received is perhaps best expressed in the King's own words.

In addressing the British Chamber of Commerce, the King said: "I am touched by the references made by the Chamber of Commerce to the trust committed to its representatives ten years ago by my Father, King Edward VII, whose personality and influence largely contributed towards the understanding arrived at between this country and our own, which has since developed into those friendly relations so conducive to the general peace.

"My Father loved Paris, where he was always made to feel at home and could count upon a warm and sympathetic reception. If only for his sake, I felt confident that the same spirit of friendship and good-will would on this

occasion be extended to his son. The enthusiastic welcome which Paris has given us is a proof that my confidence was not over-estimated."

At the Hôtel de Ville the King touched a happy note when he declared: "I am glad to be in a city for which my beloved Father had ever a special liking, and I can assure you that I wholly share the affection which he always felt for it and for your land."

The King was destined to visit France on several occasions during the War, but it was not till November 1918 that he again paid a State Visit accompanied by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York. His Majesty was then able to say: "In the life-and-death conflict in which our nations have been together engaged for civilization and for right against methods of barbarism and the forces of destruction, the French and British peoples have learnt, in unity of purpose, to appreciate each other and their respective ideals. They have created a union of hearts and an identity of interests that I trust will ever grow closer, and contribute materially to the consolidation of peace and to the advancement of civilization. . . .

"My soldiers have fought during all these years of relentless war side by side with the soldiers of France, whose valiant deeds have added fresh lustre to their immortal tradition. The sailors of our two Navies have together kept the seas in a comradeship and mutual trust which the length of the war itself has only served more and more to foster and to strengthen." His Majesty was able to add to this message by sending a telegram to M. Poincaré which ran:

"I leave you, convinced once again that the ties which unite our two nations are henceforth indissoluble, and will enable them to enjoy in full security the benefits of peace which the victory of our Fleets and our land and air Armies has assured us."

Since the War the King has shown less and less desire to leave the shores of his island Kingdom.

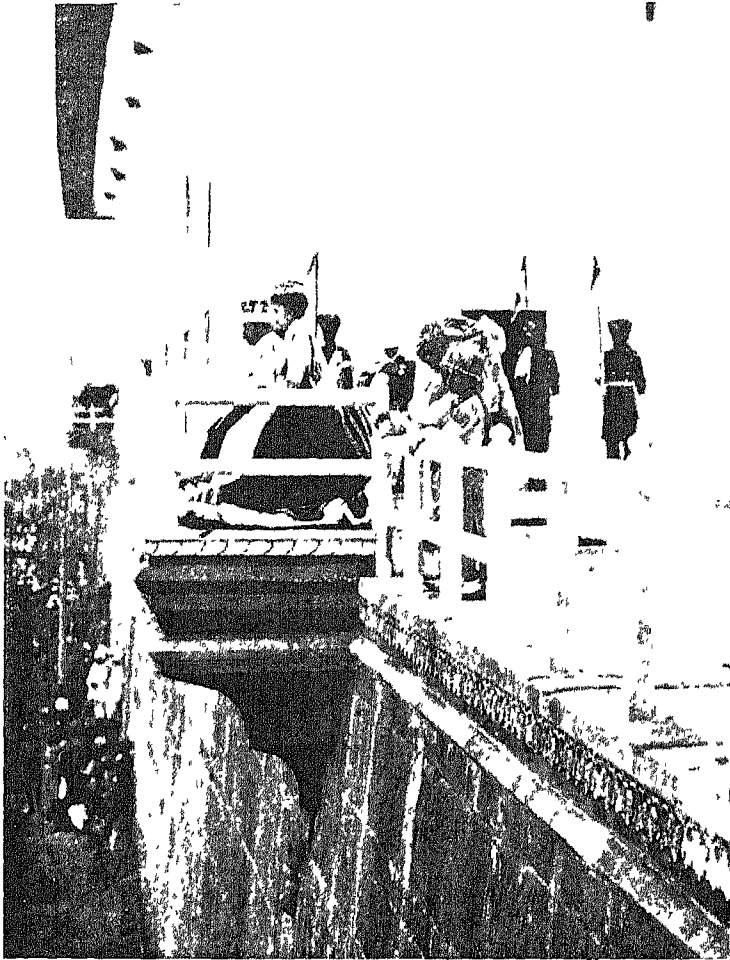
He has been pleased to hand over the rôle of international ambassador to his Heir Apparent, who, as we shall see, is pre-eminently fitted for the task.

It seems indeed that the King's wide experience of foreign countries has only tended to increase his love for his native land. He is tireless in his praise of the magnificent scenery in India, Canada, Australia and South Africa, but after what he has seen in his own dominions the Swiss valleys and Italian snowpeaks have few attractions for him.

It has been well said that this truly English king finds the Avon more lovely than the Arno and the Severn more stately than the Seine.

The King has had his domestic troubles like his subjects. The loss of a favourite son, and, more recently, a severe illness have been borne with Christian fortitude.

The King's love of England was never better displayed than during his convalescence. This occurred during the winter when most members of the favoured classes would have sought the sunshine of the Southern Skies. Not so the King. He insisted on remaining in England, and his complete recovery in his own land demonstrated the value of English health resorts.



THEIR IMPERIAL MAJESTIES BEFORE THE PEOPLE  
Delhi Fort

[Face page 74



## CHAPTER VIII

### THE KING'S OTHER KINGDOMS

"Kings are like stars,—they rise and set, they have  
The worship of the world, but no repose"

SHELLEY.

NONE of King George's ancestors ever took such a wide and varied interest in the Homeland as he, and few have fulfilled so conscientiously their duties to their other kingdoms—Scotland and Ireland.

It is a fact that for more than two hundred years no British Sovereign went north of the Tweed.

It was Queen Victoria who first realised this injustice to Bonny Scotland, and whatever may have been her feelings with regard to the sister island, there is no doubt that the Great Little Lady had a very warm corner in her heart for the "Land o' Cakes."

King George has followed his illustrious grandmother's example by spending part of most years of his reign in Scotland.

Indeed, the restoration of Holyrood Palace to some of its ancient splendour has been a special interest of Queen Mary. As a matter of fact, Their Majesties were residing at Holyrood a few weeks before the War and looking forward to making frequent visits to the medieval palace of the Kings of Scotland, when, to use the King's own words, "the startling events which plunged us into the World War dispelled those hopes."

After the Armistice, the King's first visit out of London was to the ancient capital of Scotland where he attended a Thanksgiving Service in St. Giles' Cathedral.

His main object in going north, however, was to place on record his "admiration of the splendid response made by Scotsmen, not only from the homeland, but from our Dominions across the seas, to the nation's call. Their ready willingness, their zeal and determination to maintain contributions to the fighting strength of the Empire have filled me with increasing admiration. Every theatre of war testifies to the valour and unconquerable spirit of the Scottish troops. The deeds of the 9th and 15th (Scottish), the 51st (Highland), and 52nd (Lowland) Divisions will live for ever in the honoured pages of history. The seamen of Scotland have played their part in the glorious achievements of the Royal Navy, while the patriotism and endurance of the Scottish merchant service and the fishermen of the East and West Coast have rendered work of the highest order in the protection of our shores and of our commerce."

The King concluded an eloquent speech at Usher Hall in November 1918 by saying: "As the sons of Scotland rallied to the battle-cry, so her daughters keenly centred their efforts upon the tasks of providing those munitions of war which have enabled our armies to meet and defeat an enemy equipped to perfection. The Scottish medical units and nurses at home and abroad, by their self-sacrificial work of mercy, have gained the gratitude and esteem of the world. Truly all classes of the people of Scotland, professional, industrial, and agricultural, have united in upholding the glory and honour of the Empire."

If the English sovereigns neglected Scotland for more than two centuries, what is to be said of the treatment of Ireland so recently as the long and glorious reign of Queen Victoria?

For nearly sixty years, a Queen famous for her interest in all parts of her Dominions never crossed the Irish Sea, and during a reign which was characterized by the development of the Imperial idea and the consolidation of what were

then called the Colonies, the Queen allowed an important part of her Home territory to regard itself as neglected.

Uninformed persons have often deplored the fact that no attempt was made to bring the Crown of England into closer union with the old Kingdom of Ireland by establishing a Royal residence in the country.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Gladstone as far back as 1871 was anxious to replace the political office of Lord Lieutenant—who went in and out with each Government—by a Royal Viceroy, and suggested the Prince of Wales as a popular representative of Royalty in Ireland. The Queen vetoed the scheme, and it was current gossip when I was a boy in Ireland that her embargo was not really due to any fears for the safety of her son's Royal person.

Indeed in the year 1871, which was characterized by the dynamite outrages of Irish American desperadoes, the Prince and Princess of Wales carried out an extensive tour in Ireland.

The Queen demurred to this visit, but withdrew her objections when Mr. Disraeli reminded her that the English sovereigns had only spent three weeks in Ireland in two hundred years!

Queen Victoria must, I fear, be blamed for opposing tooth and nail a scheme which, as I suggest elsewhere, might have altered the whole trend of political events in Ireland.

King George had happy boyhood days in Ireland as a midshipman, and with his brother took part in the Jubilee Celebrations in Dublin in 1887.

This particular year was marked by a great deal of political bitterness. In April the greatest of English newspapers published a series of letters which caused consternation, not only in Ireland, but throughout the world.

These letters purported to be signed by Mr. Parnell, and condoned the murders of Lord Frederick Cavendish and

Mr. Burke in Phoenix Park—an outrage which had shocked Europe five years previously.

The letters would have been recognised as stupid forgeries by any one not blinded with prejudice, as Parnell was no mere demagogue but a member of an old Anglo-Irish family and a cultured gentleman, but the epistles which appeared over his signature contained absurd errors in spelling!

*The Times* had purchased these precious documents from a man called Piggott, who had been a hanger-on of the Irish Nationalist Party, but had in recent years drifted into a discreditable life as a writer of begging letters.

Members of Trinity College had been so foolish and so blinded as to play a part in the introduction of Piggott to the editorial department of *The Times*, so that feeling ran high against this Institution in Nationalist quarters in Dublin.

Referring to the famous statues at the main entrance to the College, one of the Irish newspapers lampooned Trinity in the following lines:

“With the stronghold of traitor and bigot,  
Their souls can have no affinity,  
With their backs to the backers of Piggott,  
Burke and Goldsmith stand before Trinity.”

During the summer of this year England was celebrating with stately ceremony the fiftieth year of the reign of Queen Victoria, but the event passed almost unnoticed in Ireland, which was far more concerned with the Piggott letters and the new Coercion Act which had just been passed by Lord Salisbury's Government.

The King must indeed have somewhat mixed memories with regard to his visits to Ireland.

It was on a visit to his brother at the Curragh that, as I have already mentioned, he contracted an attack of enteric fever which very nearly carried him off.

As Duke of York, he visited Ireland again in 1897 and his reception was well-nigh as cordial as that which had been accorded to his father and mother some twelve years previously.

In the light of recent events, His Majesty must recall—with perhaps a wry smile—how Irish affairs reflected themselves in social life during his days as *Heir Apparent*.

As a rule, political differences have not been allowed to interfere with the social intercourse of the great, but—just as in 1878 when Society hostesses were unable to get anyone to meet Mr. Gladstone—so when Mr. Asquith placed Home Rule on the Statute Book there were equally strong feelings between the Tory “Last Ditchers” and the official champions of reform.

A striking proof of the King and Queen's outstanding interest in Ireland is the fact that Their Majesties paid their very first official visit—after their Coronation—to Dublin. They were received with immense enthusiasm and the number of loyal addresses was so great that it was impossible to make individual replies to them.

The King made a collective reply to these addresses in which he said: “During past years I have spent many happy days in Ireland, and I hope to enjoy many more in the years that lie before me. I am glad to be told of the increasing prosperity and well-being of my Irish people in all four Provinces, and to be able to observe signs of reviving activity in many of the arts and crafts, sciences and callings which contribute so much to build up the character of a people and to provide outlets for their abundant energy.

“I notice with filial pride and pleasure that in almost every one of your addresses reference is made to the deep affection my beloved Father entertained for your country, and to the influence he exerted to procure its advancement and prosperity. It is, I do assure you, my intention to follow in my Father's footsteps in the same direction, and to do

everything that lies within my power to promote the happiness and general well-being of the Irish people. I pray that God's blessing may attend all your laborious efforts for the health, wealth, and happiness of Ireland."

The streets and parks of Dublin were packed with cheering crowds, of smiling faces, and rousing cheers at all points of their route gave the King and Queen a truly Irish welcome.

It looked as if a new era had dawned in the relations between Ireland and England.

Alas, within three years of the Royal Visit political differences had become so acute that Ireland was moving rapidly in the direction of civil war.

The people of Ulster replied to the Home Rule Bill by openly arming and declaring their intention to resist any attempt by the British Government to force them to form part of a separate Irish State.

An amazing situation arose. What is now and had hitherto been the most loyal and law abiding portion of the King's Dominions indulged in wholesale gun running, and organized a Volunteer Army not to fight against rebel forces but to oppose any attempt by His Majesty's Government to enforce the will of Parliament!

Troops at the Curragh—the Irish Aldershot—were ordered to Northern Ireland and a number of distinguished officers resigned their commissions rather than take part in a military demonstration against the Ulster leaders.

The situation was complicated by the fact that a great soldier with strong Ulster sympathies—Sir Henry Wilson—was Director of Military Operations at the War Office and was almost open in his sympathies with his Ulster compatriots.

He seems to have conveyed the impression to the officers who were embarrassing the Government at the Curragh that their action received the approbation of the Opposition and if their resignations were accepted by Mr. Asquith's

Government they would be reinstated when the Conservatives returned to power.

The King saw the danger of the situation and took a bold step.

He summoned a Conference of all the opposing parties at Buckingham Palace.

By this action, King George showed great courage, as he well knew that he was creating a dangerous precedent.

Needless to say, he consulted the Prime Minister of the moment, but the Conference was entirely the King's own idea and was not inspired by the Government or any of the conflicting parties. The assembly was presided over by the Speaker of the House of Commons, and consisted of eight remarkable personalities of which only three survive to-day.

Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George represented the Government, Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Bonar Law the Opposition, Mr. John Redmond and Mr. Dillon the Irish Nationalists and Sir Edward Carson and Captain Craig the Ulster Volunteers.

The King opened the Conference with a speech which was published soon afterwards and created something of a political sensation, which, however, subsided when Mr. Asquith accepted full responsibility for His Majesty's actions.

The King, after thanking the delegates for their presence and expressing his pleasure that the Speaker had consented to preside over their meetings, said: "My intervention at this moment may be regarded as a new departure. But the exceptional circumstances under which you are brought together justify my action.

"For months we have watched with deep misgivings the course of events in Ireland. The trend has been surely and steadily towards an appeal to force, and to-day the cry of Civil War is on the lips of the most responsible and sober-minded of my people.

"We have in the past endeavoured to act as a civilizing example to the world, and to me it is unthinkable, as it must be to you, that we should be brought to the brink of fratricidal strife upon issues apparently so capable of adjustment as those you are now asked to consider, if handled in a spirit of generous compromise.

"My apprehension in contemplating such a dire calamity is intensified by my feelings of attachment to Ireland and of sympathy with her people, who have always welcomed me with warm-hearted affection.

"Gentlemen, you represent in one form or another the vast majority of my subjects at home. You also have a deep interest in my Dominions overseas, who are scarcely less concerned in a prompt and friendly settlement of this question.

"I regard you then in this matter as trustees for the honour and peace of all.

"Your responsibilities are indeed great. The time is short. You will, I know, employ it to the fullest advantage, and be patient, earnest, and conciliatory, in view of the magnitude of the interests at stake. I pray that God in His infinite wisdom may guide your deliberations so that they may result in the joy of peace and honourable settlement."

Unfortunately the Conference failed to come to any agreement, but a fortnight later the fears of civil war in Ireland faded into insignificance as a shot fired in the streets of Sarajevo caused an upheaval in which the Irish troubles were a mere ripple on the surface.

At first the Irish leaders threw their influence into the scales in support of England and her Allies, and Irishmen volunteered freely for the new armies, but alas! the fire of unrest was only smouldering and it was destined to blaze up again during the War years.

The Irish Nationalists with their modest and constitutional aims and growing friendliness to England went out of favour in war time and were replaced by a revolutionary organization

which aimed at nothing short of the complete independence of the Country. England's extremity became Ireland's opportunity, and faced with the great struggle of the Somme Battle on the Western Front and world-wide war pre-occupations elsewhere, Britain had to quell an ugly little Irish rebellion in April 1916.

The English Government had not, alas! the courage to enforce Conscription in Ireland, and the result was that when England was bled white by four and a half years of war, Ireland had thousands of youngsters infected by the blood lust which a World War had created who were spoiling for a fight.

The Irish Republican Army came into existence and inaugurated a ruthless guerilla campaign against the existing form of government, and it must be admitted that all ranks showed a fine disregard for personal danger and remarkable instances of self-sacrifice.

Those Irishmen who found their way into prison went on hunger strike, and the action of one of these gentry led the nephew of John Redmond to adopt the unfair method of dragging the King once more into Irish political controversy by asking him to intervene.

With his usual tact the King instructed his Private Secretary to reply that, recognising the services rendered and the personal sacrifices made by Mr. Redmond's family in the cause of Irish peace, his appeal would receive special attention.

Inspired by this kindly reply to his Irish petitioner, a London Member of Parliament supported Mr. Redmond's request, but this was too much for a Constitutional Monarch and a reply was sent that: "Even if the King were in favour of such a course it could only be effected by the Sovereign's personal action in the face of the advice of his Ministers and with the presumable result of their resignation, also the further risk that the country at large might regard the price

paid as too high for the object attained, and blame His Majesty for creating a grave political crisis at a time of special national stress and anxiety."

The King's efforts to secure Irish peace were not, however, to end here.

A new Home Rule Act in 1921 set up two Parliaments in Ireland, one for Ulster and the other for the rest of the country.

Meanwhile, the Sinn Feiners had established a form of government and Courts of Law of their own, and, in defiance of the Imperial Government, were carrying on the administration of the country except in the six counties of Antrim, Armagh, Down, Fermanagh, Londonderry and Tyrone.

The Sinn Fein military organization, to which I have referred, constituted a ruthless and invisible army which was in constant conflict with a very large force of regular troops and an imperial gendarmerie which gained unenviable notoriety as "The Black and Tans."

Wanton acts of violence led to reprisals and the whole country was plunged in the worst and bitterest form of civil war when again King George intervened.

An Ulster Parliament came into being, and with fine courage, King George accompanied by the Queen crossed the Irish Sea and declared it open in person.

The King seized the opportunity of making a plea for peace in Ireland which was so eloquent and so apt that it went to the hearts of even the Sinn Feiners themselves.

The King said: "For all who love Ireland, as I do with all my heart, this is a profoundly moving occasion in Irish history. My memories of the Irish people date back to the time when I spent many happy days in Ireland as a midshipman. My affection for the Irish people has been deepened by successive visits since that time, and I have watched with constant sympathy the course of their affairs. I could not have allowed myself to give Ireland by deputy alone

my earnest prayers and good wishes in the new era which opens with this ceremony, and I have therefore come in person, as the Head of the Empire, to inaugurate this Parliament on Irish soil. I inaugurate it with deep-felt hope, and I feel assured that you will do your utmost to make it an instrument of happiness and good government for all parts of the community which you represent.

"This is a great and critical occasion in the history of the Six Counties, but not for the Six Counties alone, for everything which interests them touches Ireland, and everything which touches Ireland finds an echo in the remotest parts of the Empire. Few things are more earnestly desired throughout the English-speaking world than a satisfactory solution of the age-long Irish problems which for generations embarrassed our forefathers, as they now weigh heavily upon us. Most certainly there is no wish nearer my own heart than that every man of Irish birth, whatever be his creed and whatever be his home, should work in loyal co-operation with the free communities on which the British Empire is based.

"I am confident that the important matters entrusted to the control and guidance of the Northern Parliament will be managed with wisdom and with moderation, with fairness and due regard to every faith and interest, and with no abatement of that patriotic devotion to the Empire which you proved so gallantly in the Great War. Full partnership in the United Kingdom and religious freedom Ireland has long enjoyed. She now has conferred upon her the duty of dealing with all the essential tasks of domestic legislation and government, and I feel no misgivings as to the spirit in which you who stand here to-day will carry out the all-important functions entrusted to your care.

"My hope is broader still. The eyes of the whole Empire are on Ireland to-day—that Empire in which so many nations and races have come together in spite of ancient feuds, and

in which new nations have come to birth within the lifetime of the youngest in this Hall. I am emboldened by that thought to look beyond the sorrow and the anxiety which have clouded of late my vision of Irish affairs. I speak from a full heart when I pray that my coming to Ireland to-day may prove to be the first step towards an end of strife amongst her people, whatever their race or creed.

"In that hope I appeal to all Irishmen to pause, to stretch out the hand of forbearance and conciliation, to forgive and to forget, and to join in making for the land which they love a new era of peace, contentment, and goodwill. It is my earnest desire that in Southern Ireland, too, there may ere long take place a parallel to what is now passing in this Hall; that there a similar occasion may present itself and a similar ceremony be performed.

"For this the Parliament of the United Kingdom has in the fullest measure provided the powers; for this the Parliament of Ulster is pointing the way. The future lies in the hands of my Irish people themselves. May this historic gathering be the prelude of a day in which the Irish people, North and South, under one Parliament or two, as those Parliaments may themselves decide, shall work together in common love for Ireland upon the sure foundation of mutual justice and respect."

It is significant that negotiations between the Irish leaders and the British Government commenced almost immediately after this appeal from the People's King and in due course the Irish Free State emerged as a Dominion of the British Empire.

Even although the King realized that no welcome would have awaited him had he come in person to open the Parliament in Dublin, his interest in Irish affairs never flagged and he sent to his first representative in the Free State, that old agitator, Tim Healy, a cordial Royal message praying that God's blessing might rest on the Governor General and the

Ministers of the Irish Free State in carrying out the difficult task submitted to their charge.

Alas! much further estrangement between the British people and their Irish neighbours has occurred within the last few years.

The King must view recent developments with regret, but no one can say that King George has not shown the deepest concern for the interests of a country which so many of his Royal ancestors neglected.

It is certainly from no lack of affection on the part of the King that so large a slice of the land seems doomed to become a Lost Dominion.

## CHAPTER IX

### THE PEOPLE'S KING

“Forgiving, humble, bounteous, just and kind:  
His conversation, wits and parts,  
His knowledge in the noblest useful arts,  
Were such dead authors could not give,  
But habitudes of those who live. . . .  
His apprehension quick, his judgment true;  
That the most learn'd, with shame, confess  
His knowledge more, his reading only less.”

DRYDEN.

“ALBERT EDWARD, Prince of Wales, knows everything except what is written in books,” is a saying of Mr. Gladstone's which has frequently been quoted.

It was not spoken in any derogatory sense by the great statesman who adored the King's Royal Father, but to emphasize the fact that King Edward drew his amazingly accurate knowledge of men and affairs from a larger world than the world of books.

King George is a big game hunter, a keen yachtsman, and he was placed at one time amongst the first five shots of the Kingdom. His prowess with the rifle is almost equalled by his accuracy with the shot gun.

But unlike his Royal Father, King George does not rely on his vast and varied experience for his well-known reputation of being one of the best-informed statesmen in Europe. The King is an omnivorous reader, and Lord Oxford, in his *Reminiscences*, clearly shows us that we have in our beloved Sovereign not only a man of action but a studious King.

Indeed, the King's knowledge of statecraft is so profound that Cabinet Ministers best qualified to judge have asserted

that if he had not been born to be the Ruler of his country, His Majesty's qualities are such that he would assuredly have risen to be its Prime Minister.

King George is a great example to his people, a devoted husband, a model father and happiest, perhaps, on his country estate at Sandringham living the life of a country gentleman. He takes a great interest in his farms and in the breeding of pedigree cattle.

As becomes such a splendid shot, the King has studied carefully and systematically the best methods of preserving game, and takes an active personal interest in the work of his gamekeeper.

The King's interest in the science of stamp collecting has given a great impetus to the development on intellectual lines of the pastime. He is not only a Patron of the Royal Philatelic Society but a real authority on the subject.

The most prized possession of the Congress of Philatelists of Great Britain is the Roll of Distinguished Philatelists, on which are placed the names of those who have by writing or research advanced the hobby. On the institution of the Roll, the King allowed his name to be placed on it, and signed it at the head.

The King commenced collecting stamps as quite a young boy, and has now a collection so remarkable for its size and value that its only rivals are those of the late Earl of Crawford and Mr. Topling, which latter is in the British Museum. Many specimens in the possession of the King are unique, and a fortunate Knight holds the enviable post of Keeper of the King's Stamps.

The King preserves the historic associations of the Royal House with the Sport of Kings. Horse racing owes its position as pre-eminently the national pastime to the favour of King George's Stuart ancestors. Like his illustrious father, the King is looked upon as one of the most enthusiastic

supporters of the turf, and His Majesty has been successful in winning classic races on more than one occasion.

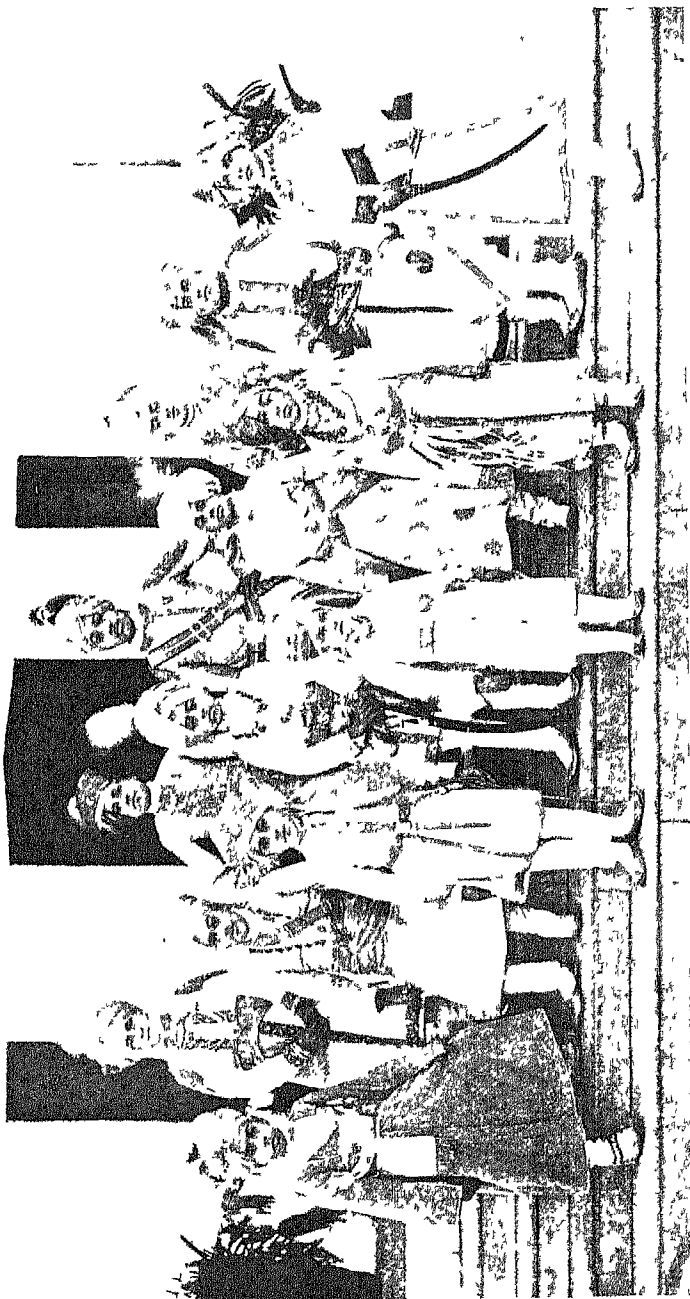
No "Derby" is complete without the Royal Standard flying over the Royal Box, and the stately progress of the King and Queen to the Royal Enclosure at Ascot gives that Race Meeting a social pre-eminence which is not enjoyed by any other race meeting in any part of the world.

The enthusiasm shown when the Royal colours are carried to victory indicates that the patrons of the turf yield to none of His Majesty's subjects in the matter of loyalty.

The King has always shown a great interest in games and is a regular attendant at Cup Ties, Wimbledon, and all sporting events, but he has not become a devotee of any particular pastime. He has always loved a good horse and is an accomplished horseman and relies on his regular daily rides and his shooting tramps for providing him with the necessary exercise to keep fit.

Nothing is more characteristic of King George than his broad outlook on life. He realizes that great as are his responsibilities as King of England, his interests are now of a world-wide character and far greater than those of any of his illustrious predecessors. It was the King himself who first proposed the toast of "The British Dominions Beyond the Seas," and he follows with close attention the trend of events not only in his own Dominions but throughout the world.

The King is a devout and constant attendant at the services of the Established Church, but he is ever mindful that he is the Ruler of a mighty Empire which embraces members of all the great religions of the world. He realizes that he rules over more Hindus and Mohammedans than any ruler the world has ever seen, and regarding all sects with a tolerant view, has delighted his Roman Catholic subjects by his visits to the Pope and St. Patrick College, Maynooth, and members of the Free Churches by the honours he has



[Photo Bismarck]

THE INDIAN PAGES OF THE KING EMPEROR

[Face page 90]



conferred on eminent Free Church clergymen. The witty lines penned by Rochester about the Merry Monarch apply equally to King George:

“Never was such a Faith’s Defender,  
He like a politick prince and pious,  
Gives liberty to conscience tender  
And doth to no religion tie us.  
Jews, Turks, Christians, Papists, he’ll please us  
With Moses, Mahomet or Jesus.”

Nothing brought home more to the Nation the personal attachment of the people to their Sovereign than his illness which started in the middle of November 1928. The King appears to have neglected a chill which he had contracted at Sandringham and was obliged to take to his bed. An announcement was made that the King was suffering from a severe cold, and beyond the usual loyal concern in any case of illness affecting the Head of the State, the news aroused little comment.

When, however, a bulletin was published that there was some congestion of the lungs public anxiety was really aroused, and the general concern became intense when the Court physicians announced that their royal patient had a high temperature and there was a decline in the strength of the heart. This public anxiety soon developed into alarm, and, as already mentioned, huge crowds collected outside Buckingham Palace waiting for information.

One morning between two and three thousand people gathered in front of the Palace waiting for the doctor’s report. When it was posted the pressure to get close enough to read it was so great that the police had to ask the crowd to form a queue. This was done, and men and women filed past the railings all that day until darkness came.

The King’s illness brought home to his people the very important part which a constitutional Sovereign plays in the

administrative affairs of the country, and it became evident that some arrangement would have to be made to carry on the affairs of the State during His Majesty's illness.

Accordingly, the Prime Minister announced in the House of Commons the nomination of Councillors of State for the summoning and holding of the Privy Council and the general transaction of State business on behalf of the Sovereign.

The Council of State was composed of the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor and the Prime Minister and was brought into being by an Order in Council signed by the King himself.

In fact, the King was well enough to hold a Privy Council in his bedroom, giving the impression that he was better than he really was.

The public concern, however, grew as time went on.

A number of very pretty stories are told with regard to expressions of sympathy by some of the King's humbler subjects. It is related that a little girl brought to the gates of the Palace a bunch of violets which she desired to present to the King, and that a farmer sent a gift of eggs that he thought might be useful to his beloved Sovereign.

There can now be no sort of doubt that the King's life was in danger for many weeks and during its course His Majesty had to undergo more than one severe operation. It was an anxious time for the whole Empire and if the King's popularity was ever in doubt, no doubts could survive the affectionate sympathy with which high and low, rich and poor, followed every phase of the royal patient's illness.

But if it was a trying time for the whole of His Majesty's subjects, it must have been a period of acute anxiety for his own immediate family by whom the King is revered and adored. Most of his family were around him but his beloved Heir was absent and was sadly missed.

Indeed, there can be little doubt that in his fine fight

against his illness the King was greatly cheered by hearing of the very surprising journey by which the Prince of Wales managed to reach his Royal Father's bedside in a remarkably short space of time.

The Prince was in East Africa when he received news of his Father's illness and started for the coast immediately where H.M.S. *Enterprise* had been sent to take him as far as Brindisi. The Prince embarked on Sunday, December 2nd, and reached Aden in the afternoon of the 5th. He made a record journey as far as Brindisi where a special train awaited him and conveyed him across half Europe, in a remarkably short space of time.

The arrival of the Prince at Buckingham Palace after his historic hustle had a splendid effect on the King, and indeed the date of the Prince's home-coming marked the turning point in his Father's illness.

The King's successful battle against the grave infection from which he had suffered was evidence of a very fine constitution which had not been abused by any excesses. During the whole period His Majesty—except for a few days—kept in close contact with the outside world and read the newspapers regularly.

His consideration for his subjects was evidenced by his express wish that Christmas festivities should not be restricted on account of his illness, and his message from Bognor on his happy recovery showed that His Majesty's thoughts had run in channels of international sympathy and good-will during his long illness.

The King said, "In looking back on my long illness and recovery, my heart is full of thankfulness of far deeper origin than any mere sense of relief.

"I have been brought back from the danger and weariness of the past months by the wonderful skill and devotion of my doctors, surgeons, and nurses. And help has come from another source of strength; as month after month went by I

learned of the widespread and loving solicitude with which the Queen and I were surrounded. I was able to picture to myself the crowds of friends waiting and watching at my gates, and to think of the still greater number of those who, in every part of the Empire, were remembering me with prayers and good wishes. The realization of this has been among the most vivid experiences of my life.

"It was an encouragement beyond description to feel that my constant and earnest desire had been granted—the desire to gain the confidence and affection of my People. My thoughts have carried me even farther than this. I cannot dwell upon the generous sympathy shown to me by unknown friends in many other countries without a new and moving hope: I long to believe it possible that experiences such as mine may soon appear no longer exceptional; when the national anxieties of all the Peoples of the world shall be felt as a common source of human sympathy and a common claim on human friendship. . . .

"I look forward on some appointed day to joining with my People at home and overseas in thanking Almighty God, not merely for my own recovery, but for the new evidences of a growing kindness significant of the true nature of Men and Nations.

"In the meantime I hope that this message may reach all those, even in the remotest corners of the world, from whom I have received words of sympathy and good-will."

The days are far distant when princes of the Royal House made impassioned speeches in the House of Lords and even the King himself did not hesitate to associate himself with one or other particular party.

King George has no politics, but if he had any they would be strongly tinged with Christian Socialism, using that word in the sense of the application of Christian precepts to ordinary life.

King George learnt when a lad that the misery of the lives of the poor in great cities is not, as many people of that day believed, a necessary and inevitable thing. When, as we have seen, he visited Australia as a mere lad during his first voyage on the *Bacchante*, he discovered a land where general prosperity prevailed. "Few things have struck us more than the absence of all signs of poverty and distress in Australia," he and his brother wrote in their diary. "The existence of miles and miles of streets made up of dens of squalid tenements, hardly fit for an animal to dwell in, such as we have passed over in the railway going out of London, are impossible here."

The active philanthropy of King George and Queen Mary found ample expression both before and during the war. When peace came, the King began what in men of lesser rank would be called a Crusade for social betterment. Time after time when face to face with vast assemblies in the Midlands and the North, and also when replying to deputations, he urged the need of wide-reaching changes. This, it should be noted, was at a time when a spirit of great optimism prevailed and when the overwhelming majority of people believed that we had a time of unbroken prosperity ahead.

There is hardly a facet of social welfare with which the King has not associated himself. Take the question of housing.

Here are His Majesty's views on the subject: "It is not too much to say that an adequate solution of the housing question is the foundation of all social progress. Health and housing are indissolubly connected. If this country is to be the country we desire to see it become, a great offensive must be undertaken against disease and crime, and the first point at which the attack must be delivered is the unhealthy, ugly, overcrowded house in the mean street, which we all of us know too well.

"If a healthy race is to be reared, it can be reared only in healthy homes; if infant mortality is to be reduced and tuberculosis to be stamped out, the first essential is the improvement of housing conditions; if drink and crime are to be successfully combated, decent, sanitary houses must be provided; if 'unrest' is to be converted into contentment, the provision of good houses may prove one of the most potent agents in that conversion."

Has any social reformer ever expressed himself in clearer or more emphatic terms?

Similarly, in addressing the World Monetary and Economic Conference, the King used words of equal magnetism.

His Majesty said, "It cannot be beyond the power of man so to use the vast resources of the world as to ensure the material progress of civilization. No diminution in those resources has taken place. On the contrary, discovery, invention, and organization have multiplied their possibilities to such an extent that abundance of production has itself created new problems. And together with this amazing material progress, there has come a new recognition of the interdependence of nations and of the value of collaboration between them. Now is the opportunity to harness this new consciousness of common interests to the service of mankind."

There has never been a monarch in these Islands or elsewhere who could more fittingly be described as the People's King.

## CHAPTER X

### ENGLISH QUEENS OF ENGLAND

"England's queens have come to her from many lands—Flanders, France, Spain, Germany, Portugal and Denmark.

"Some have been sent, as mere children, to wed unknown husbands, and have come to us knowing little of our language and less of our customs, to play their difficult parts in a searching light; yet few have failed to live with dignity and courage."

E. THORNTON COOK.

THE story of these courageous young brides has been told in a delightful way by Mrs. Thornton Cook who recaptures the romance and colour which the ladies from over the seas have added to our island story.

I purpose to refer only to the Queens who have been born in England since the seventeenth century.

Anne Hyde stands out as perhaps the only subject in Stuart times, who, if she had lived, would have become Queen of England.

Anne was a Maid of Honour of the Princess of Orange and she captured the fancy of the Duke of York when the two met in Paris. Anne was the daughter of Sir Edward Hyde, Lord Chancellor, and he realised that an imprudent marriage of this kind might endanger the Duke's succession to the throne. He made his daughter a prisoner in his own house and actually offered to introduce a Bill into Parliament under which poor Anne could be beheaded for the enormous offence of marrying the man she loved. "Stain and dishonour to the crown," declared this deserving Chancellor, "could not be tolerated!"

Poor Anne was the victim of a horrible conspiracy as when her first child was expected, Sir Charles Berkeley was produced who asserted that the child was his and that he wished to make an honest woman of Anne by marrying her at once.

Characteristically, the Duke actually believed this fellow, but Anne stood to her guns and as she was very ill when the infant was born and believed to be *in extremis* she made a dying declaration that her baby was the Duke's offspring and she herself was his lawful wife.

When Henrietta came to England she was met at Calais by the Duke of York as Lord High Admiral and escorted across the Channel. On meeting her brother-in-law, the Queen expressed her dissatisfaction at his foolish marriage and the unworthy Duke apologised for having placed his affections so low. He added that "he had already been punished by the unworthiness of the object to which he had given his love, and had received such evidence that he had resolved never to see her again, nor own her as his wife."

Sometime after the birth of Anne's child, the Princess of Orange felt remorseful for her attitude to her Maid of Honour and her infant and she used her influence with the King and the Duke, so that later on Sir Charles Berkeley confessed that his tale had been fabricated in the hope of getting Anne for himself and saving his master from an imprudent marriage, with the result that Anne was restored to favour and was recognised by Queen Henrietta.

Though in some ways unattractive and not beautiful, she was a woman of exceptional talents and accomplishments and gifted with discretion and tact, together with a certain innate grandeur of both manner and spirit.

Anne's first daughter, Mary, was born in 1662 and Anne three years later. The unfortunate lady who had passed through such a trying result of placing her affections too close to the Throne died shortly after the birth of her second child, and by so doing put an end to one of the most romantic

stories in connection with the Consorts of the Kings of England.

The two children of Anne Hyde were destined to become the sister Queens of England.

They were strikingly unlike in appearance and character.

Mary, the elder, was a typical Stuart, with the dark hair and eyes of her father's family.

Anne, the younger, was more like her mother. She was of the middle size, and well-proportioned. Her hair was of a dark-brown colour, her complexion ruddy; her features were regular, her countenance was rather round than oval, and her aspect more comely than majestic.

Mary Stuart developed into a lovely girl, and it was the Duke of York himself who advocated her marriage with William of Orange, who was her cousin.

The Dutch Prince was not very keen on the match, but eventually came to England and received the approval of Charles II who decided that he was an honest man "so he should have his niece."

The early days of the married life of the young couple were not exciting. The English girl settled down in Holland and seems to have occupied herself with the simple pursuits of a young lady of leisure, romping in the woods with her maids, sketching, doing embroidery and playing cards. The greatest sin registered against her in all her eleven years in Holland was that occasionally she played cards on a Sunday!

As the years passed, the beautiful Stuart girl learned to love her silent but strong-minded husband.

She feared and admired him, but grew to regard him as the "deliverer of her country," and her sole sorrow was that he had to deliver England from her own father.

James, however, went from foolishness to foolishness and even his own daughters did not regard the ill-starred infant who was to become the Old Pretender as really their step-brother.

In letters from her sister Anne, Mary of Orange learnt before the birth of the brat that no one would believe it the child of Mary of Modena unless it was a girl!

In due course, Holland became an asylum for her father's enemies and at last William was summoned to deliver England.

He landed at Brixham, James the Faint-hearted fled and the Throne of England was declared vacant.

Then difficulties arose as to whether Mary should be Queen Regnant or merely the Consort of William.

The matter was referred to her and she declared that she had no desire in regal or in other matters to be other than obedient to her husband in all things.

Then William declared himself. He said that he had come over, "as invited, to save the nation, and he would not be regent: if any persisted in that design they must find another for the post. He understood that a party wished to place the princess separately upon the throne. No man could esteem a woman more than he did the princess, but he would not think of holding anything by her apron strings. He would not oppose them if that was their desire; indeed, he would go back to Holland and meddle no more in their affairs."

A compromise was arrived at and the Crown was conferred jointly on the Prince and Princess of Orange.

There were great public rejoicings, and at the Coronation ceremony the daughter of a fugitive king and her husband were invested with equal rights and carried the Sword of State between them.

During the successful campaign in Ireland Mary carried on the affairs of State, and her devotion to her husband is evidenced by a letter which she wrote him for receiving news of his return. "Every hour makes me more anxious to hear from you and everything I hear stir I think brings me a letter. . . . Adieu. . . . Do but love me and I can bear anything!"

William showed little appreciation of her affection, and his gruffness became such a matter of public comment that a ballad was sung in the streets which ran:

“Then bespoke Mary, our most royal queen,  
My gracious King William where are you going?  
He answered her quickly, I count him no man,  
That telleth his secret unto a woman!  
The queen with her modest behaviour replied,  
I trust that kind Providence may be thy guide!”

William, however, really deeply loved his beautiful bride, and when she fell ill of a virulent form of small-pox moved his pallet into her dressing-room and would hardly leave her side, and when she died declared: “If I could believe that ever mortal man could be born without the contamination of sin, I would believe it of the Queen.”

Fate decreed that the last of the Stuarts should be the daughter of an Englishwoman.

The name of Anne is familiar in the story of England's Queens as it had been held by two Queens Consort, Anne of Bohemia and Anne Boleyn, but the younger daughter of James II was destined to be the first Queen Regnant with this title.

Anne was sought in marriage by Prince George of Hanover but preferred George of Denmark, a good-looking young soldier of whom her father remarked when he was told that his daughter and her husband had deserted him: “What, has ‘*Est-il-possible*’ gone too? Well, a good trooper would have been a greater loss!”

Anne was dominated through almost the whole of her life by her old playfellow, Sarah Jennings, who married John Churchill and became Duchess of Marlborough.

When Anne succeeded to the throne she was only thirty-seven but so fat and infirm that “she had to be carried into Westminster Hall in a low chair and required support when

it was absolutely necessary for her to stand during the ceremony."

Her physical troubles were indeed immense, and when she was staying at Windsor the modern lift was anticipated by a chair worked with pulleys which hoisted the corpulent Royal lady from one floor to another.

We may pass by the wives of the four Georges with but a passing reference to the long-suffering Caroline of Anspach. She acted as Regent so often and so effectively that a street song said of George II:

"You may strut, dapper George, but 'twill all be in vain,  
We know 'tis Queen Caroline, and not you, that reign!"

George, Prince Regent, afterwards George IV, had one daughter, the Princess Charlotte, who was born in 1796 and married the Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg in 1816. The death in childbirth of this popular Princess made Edward, Duke of Kent, next in succession to his brother the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV, as King William's two daughters predeceased him. The Duke of Kent was a keen professional soldier and one of the first Royal Princes to take an active interest in Freemasonry.

The Duke of Kent married during the Regency, and for motives of economy settled in Leinigen. "When the birth of a child was anticipated, the Duke borrowed money for the journey, hired a travelling carriage, mounted the box and started to drive the duchess through Germany and France to the coast. Having crossed the Channel, the drive was continued from Dover to Kensington, where, in a wing of the Palace which was then cut off from London by country lanes and market gardens, was born the princess, who, then fifth in succession from the throne of England, was ultimately to become 'Victoria', the 'Great White Queen' as her Indian subjects named her."

Almost from the cradle the little Princess was marked out for greatness. Her father died before her first birthday, but her devoted mother settled in England and set to work preparing her little daughter for her great destiny.

The girl Queen commanded immediate popularity, but it received a rude shock when the famous controversy known as the "Bedchamber Question" created great excitement throughout the country. Sir Robert Peel declined to take office whilst two of the wives of his political opponents were in the closest attendance on Her Majesty. There can be little doubt that this great statesman failed to appreciate the novelty of the young Sovereign's position and that the matter should have been settled by sensible compromise, as was done later on.

Three years after her accession, the Queen's marriage to her cousin Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha brought to the girl Queen what she has herself described as "a safe haven" which lasted twenty-one years.

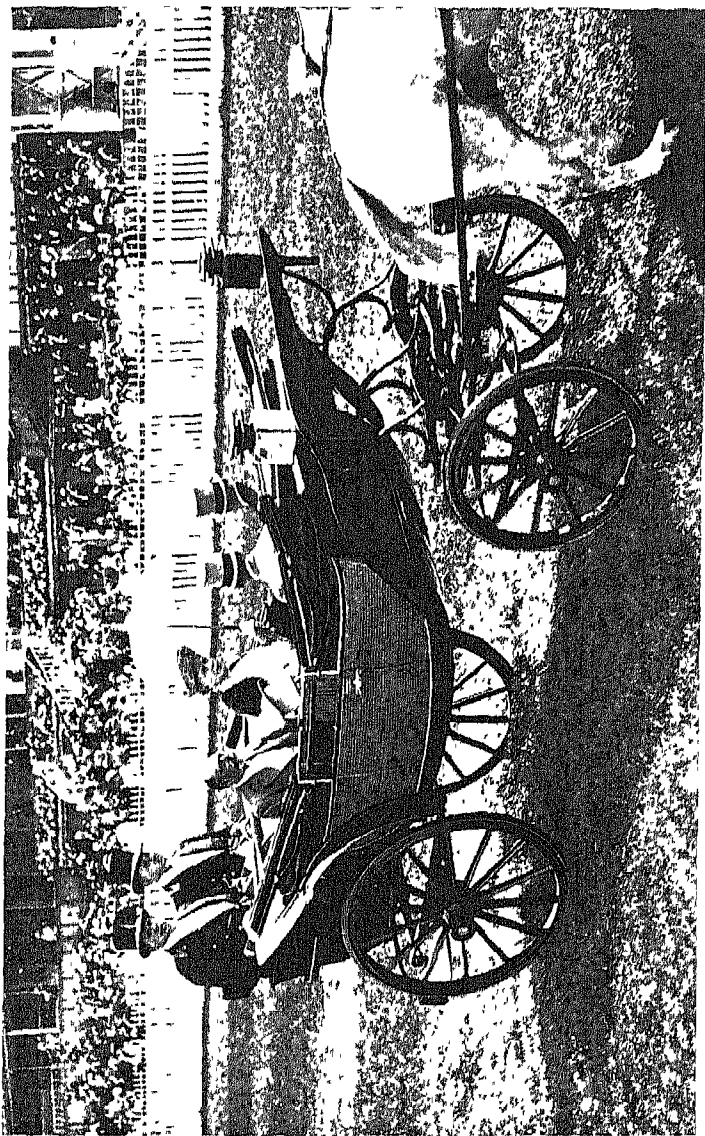
The Queen's choice was certainly a good and wise one and it might well be said of her husband that "a princelier-looking man never slept thro' a prince's hall."

Prince Albert was a young man to win the heart of any girl. He was singularly handsome, graceful and gifted. In princes, as we know, a small measure of beauty and accomplishment suffices to throw courtiers and court ladies into transports of admiration; but had Prince Albert been the son of a farmer or a butler, he must have been admired for his singular personal attractions. He had had a sound and varied education. He had been brought up as if he were to be a professional musician, a professional chemist or botanist, or a professor of history and *belles lettres* and the fine arts. The scientific and the literary were remarkably blended in his bringing-up. He had begun to study the constitutional history of States, and was preparing himself to take an interest in politics. There was much of the

practical and business-like about him, as he showed in after-life; he loved farming, and took a deep interest in machinery and in the growth of industrial science. His tastes were for a quiet, domestic and unostentatious life—a life of refined culture, of happy calm evenings, of art and poetry and genial communion with Nature. He was made happy by the songs of birds, and delighted in sitting alone and playing the organ. But there was in him, too, a great deal of the political philosopher. He loved to hear political and other questions well argued out, and once observed that a false argument jarred on his nerves as much as a false note in music. He seems to have had from his youth an all-pervading sense of duty. He appears to have been absolutely free from the ordinary follies, not to say sins, of youth. Young as he was when he married the Queen, he devoted himself at once to what he conscientiously believed to be the duties of his station with a self-control and self-devotion rare even among the aged, and almost unknown in youth. He gave up every habit, however familiar and dear, every predilection, no matter how sweet, every indulgence of sentiment and amusement, that in any way threatened to interfere with the steadfast performance of the part he had assigned to himself. No man ever devoted himself more faithfully to the difficult duties of a high and new situation, or kept more strictly to his resolve. It was no task to him to be a tender husband and a loving father. This was a part of his sweet, pure and affectionate nature. It may well be doubted whether any other queen ever had a married life so happy as that of Queen Victoria.

It cannot be claimed, however, that he ever attained the popularity he genuinely deserved.

He "had not the ways of an Englishman, and the tendency of Englishmen, then as now, was to assume that to have manners other than those of an Englishman was to be so far unworthy of confidence. He was not made to shine in



THE KING AND QUEEN AT ASCOT

*Photo Sport and General Press Agency*



commonplace society. He could talk admirably about something, but he had not the gift of talking about nothing, and probably would not have cared much to cultivate such a faculty. He was fond of suggesting small innovations and improvements in established systems, to the annoyance of men with set ideas, who liked their own ways best. Thus it happened that he remained for many years, if not exactly unappreciated, yet not thoroughly appreciated, and that a considerable and very influential section of society was always ready to cavil at what he said, and find motives for suspicion in most things that he did. Perhaps he was best understood and most cordially appreciated among the poorer classes of his wife's subjects. He found also more cordial approval generally among the Radicals than among the Tories, or even the Whigs."

Prince Albert was a model husband but his unpopularity amongst a section of society came to a head during the Crimean War when "the most absurd ideas, the most cruel and baseless calumnies, were in circulation about him. He was accused of having out of some inscrutable motive made use of all his secret influence to prevent the success of the campaign. He was charged with being in a conspiracy with Prussia, with Russia, with no one knew exactly whom, to weaken the strength of England, and secure a triumph for her enemies. Stories were actually told at one time of his having been arrested for high treason. The charges which sprang of this heated and unjust temper on the part of the public did not indeed long prevail against the Prince Consort. When once the subject came to be taken up in Parliament it was shown immediately that there was not the slightest ground or excuse for any of the absurd surmises and cruel suspicions which had been creating so much agitation. The agitation collapsed in a moment. But while it lasted it was both vehement and intense, and gave much pain to the Prince, and far more pain still to the Queen his wife."

It was little wonder that when the Queen took her last look at his beloved face she asked bitterly, "Will they do him justice now?"

Her question has been met in the affirmative, and after his untimely death the nation realized too late how entirely disinterested and faithful his life had been and how loyally he had sacrificed every personal consideration in the service of his Sovereign and of the land of his adoption.

The grief of his royal widow was so great that it led to her practical retirement from all public ceremonies.

Few sovereigns and fewer husbands have ever been mourned more than the Prince Consort. For nearly forty years the Prince's rooms were kept exactly as he had left them and night after night his evening dress was laid out on his bed, and in every room in which the Queen slept a photograph of the Prince Albert surrounded by immortelles was hung over the right-hand pillow. When her ministers came to see her they were received by the Queen with her Consort's bust on a pedestal in front of her.

Indeed, the seclusion into which the once active Queen passed after her bereavement in 1861 lasted almost till 1887, when the Jubilee of her accession was celebrated with pomp and ceremony which had never been surpassed and which made known to the world the immense expansion of the Empire during her long reign.

When the "Great White Queen" came to the throne her territory was a bare eight million square miles, with a population of ninety-six millions. When she died her subjects numbered nearly three hundred millions and the acreage of her Empire had been enormously increased.

## CHAPTER XI

### A LADY OF LONDON TOWN

"For nearly a thousand years, ever since the daughters of St. Margaret of Scotland fled south to find a temporary refuge in a Hampshire Convent, the name 'Mary' has appeared and re-appeared in the annals of our royal line. . . .

"Some of these princesses have been 'ladies of great beauty and eminent virtue,' others, 'discreet and debonaire.' Hardly one but has lived romantic days and shown both character and courage"

E. THORNTON COOK.

GEORGE III was proud to boast that he was born a Briton. His granddaughter may claim with equal satisfaction that she is a Londoner born and bred.

Queen Mary is descended from Adolphus, Duke of Cambridge, the seventh son of George III, who married the Princess Augusta, the daughter of the Landgrave of Hesse. The Queen's mother, the Princess Marie Adelaide, was the second daughter of the Duke of Cambridge and therefore the cousin and a contemporary of Queen Victoria, but some fourteen years her junior.

As Princess Mary of Cambridge, the mother of our beloved Queen, was a most popular figure in Society and became the darling of the people by refusing the hand of the Emperor of the French and making a love match with Prince Francis of Teck, the only son of Duke Alexander of Würtemberg, a state in South Western Germany whose charming capital, Stuttgart, is situated on that beautiful tributary of the Rhine, the Neckar.

Prince Francis got on friendly terms with King Edward, then Prince of Wales, during one of the latter's frequent trips to the Continent and received an invitation to this country.

Here he made the acquaintance of the popular princess who was thirty-three, an almost advanced age for a spinster in Victorian days.

The grave young Prince, who was some four years her junior, captured the heart which a descendant of Napoleon had besieged in vain, and fortunately that inveterate match-maker, Queen Victoria, not only gave her august consent to the marriage, but allotted the young couple quarters in Kensington Palace.

Here Queen Mary first saw the light in a room in the Palace which had been the nursery of Queen Victoria. The future queen was soon joined by three brothers, but what we would now call a financial crisis arose in the Teck family. The family were obliged to economise and first Kensington Palace was given up and finally a period of exile in Italy was found necessary. For some eighteen months the Princess May studied in Florence under an Italian governess and had lessons from a painting-master.

The first half of the nineteenth century was marked by something in the way of a revolution with regard to the education of women, and the young Princess came under its influence. She came to the conclusion that her knowledge of literature was hopelessly inadequate, and, aided and abetted by her Alsatian governess, Madame Bricka, she set herself a very serious course of reading. This resolution was made in 1886, the year when she made her appearance as a *débutante*.

It took a great deal of self-denial to stick to the self-appointed task of reading six hours a day, as the young Princess was going out a great deal, and it is remarkable evidence of character that she managed to do it.

Curiously enough, although her mother used to ask to her house many literary and artistic celebrities, the Princess does not appear to have made the acquaintance of many of the literary giants of her early years.

She went to St. Moritz every summer with her mother and there made the acquaintance of Browning, but he seems to have been the only man of letters she really got to know although Tennyson was still going strong and Ruskin was still basking in the sunshine of the adulation of thousands of admirers.

Browning possessed the power to draw her out, and she delighted him by her knowledge of his poem *The Faultless Painter*, which, dealing as it does with the life of Andrea del Sarto, had made a special appeal to her whilst studying the works of that great artist in Italy.

It was to Browning that she shyly confessed her wish to know more of "everything." The poet gave her characteristic advice. "Read," he said, "read all you can, for though books will never give you the education life itself bestows, they make an excellent preparation, and," he added, "perhaps later on, you may not have so much leisure."

Amongst actors and actresses the future Queen got to know Sir Charles and Lady Wyndham, who were frequently fellow guests in her hotel in Switzerland, and Henry Irving and Ellen Terry who were at their prime in her girlhood.

With the genial Wyndhams the young Princess got on really friendly terms and she joined in that truly Victorian pastime of acting in charades got up by the famous actor and his talented wife. It is related that on one occasion the future Queen was cast for the part of the Sleeping Beauty, but alas! when the Prince stooped over to awaken her both he and the audience were startled by the sleeper giving a loud sneeze. The embarrassed explanation was that a fly had tickled the nose of the poor Princess!

This failure to extend her early circle of acquaintances may be due to the fact that all her life the Queen has not made friends easily. One of her best informed biographers says: "In a less exalted circle, with fewer opportunities of coming into contact with every possible variety of temperament, she would probably have been a very lonely woman, but once she makes a friend the friendship is a steadfast and enduring affection; she does not invite confidences, but in time of trouble she is a staunch and loyal supporter of those who have claims upon her."

The truth of the matter seems to be that the Queen, like most seriously minded people, has little taste for "making conversation." It is sheer gossip to accuse our Gracious Queen of shyness and to support such statements by the story that when she was presented to Queen Victoria for the first time she celebrated the occasion by bursting into tears, much to the annoyance of her parents who were particularly anxious that she should create a good first impression.

Besides her course of serious reading, the future Queen studied music under Tosti who found her an apt and amenable pupil. Her voice was a sweet but light soprano, which was unfortunately never heard outside the family circle.

Queen Mary was her distinguished mother's "right hand man" in dealing with the countless charities in which the Duchess was interested. This staff work gave the young Princess considerable insight into the life of the so-called working classes, and the foundation of the Queen's remarkable knowledge of factory and workshop conditions was undoubtedly laid when she accompanied her popular mother on various charitable expeditions.

Although Princess May undoubtedly enjoyed her social life as a member of King Edward's brilliant Court, she was remarkably seriously minded and especially attracted by the problems of social reform which were coming into prominence in the 'eighties. At the age of nineteen her

attention was attracted by the evidence given before the Select Commission appointed by the House of Lords to consider the question of sweated labour.

"A diligent study of the newspapers was part of Princess May's reading course, and among the other news she learned of the Select Commission. Her imagination was stirred, her heart was touched, and without realising the horrors that would be revealed, she resolved to follow the work of the Commission to the end. But she was not restricted to the bare newspaper reports, harrowing though they were. The Chairman of the Commission, Lord Dunraven, was a near neighbour of hers at Richmond, as well as an old friend of her mother's, and during the whole time the Commission was at work he went to White Lodge two or three times a week, to obey the Princess's request to tell her details the Press had considered too sordid for the public.

"Perhaps the strongest emotion, after pity, the sorry business roused in the Princess, was her impotent rage that she personally could do nothing to abolish the abuses of which she was hearing and reading. She could and did read every detail published in the papers, and in such Parliamentary papers as were available, and she could and did persuade Lord Dunraven to supplement that knowledge with his own, but all the time she was possessed by a longing to take some practical action towards reform."

These early studies have been of the greatest value and have enabled Her Majesty to understand the social problems with which she was to come in contact later on.

Both Queen Victoria and the Princess of Wales developed a great affection and profound admiration for the reserved and beautiful daughter of the gay and debonair Duchess of Teck. She seemed marked out for greatness, and her engagement to the Duke of Clarence, the second in succession to the Throne, was received with no surprise and indeed immense public enthusiasm. But alas! this engagement was

fated to be the cause of the future Queen's first great sorrow.

The untimely death of the handsome young Prince was looked on as a national calamity and must have been a great shock to his affianced bride who was taken to France by her mother to get over the blow.

Time, however, soon heals wounds in young hearts, and it was with genuine pleasure that the public learnt that the Duke of York was paying court to the popular Princess.

The *Times* expressed the popular feeling by saying: We have the satisfaction of making the announcement for which the public will not be wholly unprepared. The understanding so long reported to exist between the Duke of York and Princess May has now taken the form of a definite betrothal, which has received the ready sanction of Her Majesty the Queen. We are certain that this intelligence will be received with sincere gratification. In the peculiar circumstances attending such a union, there must perforce be present in every mind a certain conflict of emotion. But the predominant feeling, now that a sufficient interval has elapsed since the melancholy death of the Duke of Clarence, will be that this betrothal accords with the fitness of things, and, so far from offending any legitimate sentiment, is the most appropriate and delicate medicament for a wound, in its nature, never wholly ineffaceable. There is even ground for hoping that a union rooted in painful memories may prove happy beyond the common lot. The persons of both parties are such as to attract sympathy. On the one hand, the Duke of York enjoys not only the popularity attaching to the Navy, but also a personal good will, founded on his own frank and manly bearing on the occasions when he has come before the public. The Princess May is endeared to the public by her personal charm and her amiable disposition, by the memory of her bereavement and still more by the devotion she displayed at that trying juncture.

The wedding ceremony was a splendid affair at the Chapel Royal, St. James's. Queen Victoria attended in full state and every nation in the world sent either its monarch or heir to the throne to do honour to the future King and Queen of England.

The young couple spent their honeymoon and indeed all their early married life at York Cottage, a house built as an annexe to Sandringham and originally used for King Edward's bachelor guests. Here during the early years of her marriage the young Duchess must often have been glad of those lessons in economy she received before her marriage as money was far from plentiful, but the future queen was a good manager.

Though small, and for a Royal residence modest in the extreme, York Cottage is a very charming little domain and one to which both the King and Queen are deeply attached, as in one of its bedrooms five of the Queen's six children were born.

At York Cottage the Royal couple spent a "Darby and Joan" existence broken only by King Edward's house and shooting parties at Sandringham. To the Duchess of York, the Royal shooting parties meant little, as King Edward did not approve of women going out with the guns and only smiled on their presence at luncheon. The Duke of York was, of course, a popular addition to all shoots as I have already referred to his prowess with both shot gun and rifle.

Naturally at this period of her life with a family growing up about her, a family moreover to whom she gave as much attention as many a mother with no other claims upon her time, the Duchess of York could not keep up that six hours of daily reading upon which she had embarked when Princess May, but she still devoted as much leisure to her books as possible, and before her Empire tour she studied not only the geography of the countries she was about to visit, but their history, and the history of their great men, and it was

largely owing to this study that she was found prepared for every happening during the tour, and why no presentation found her at a loss.

The Duchess was in every sense a model mother and did her utmost to implant in her children her own love of reading and serious interest in art and literature. The Duke of York, however, seems to be the only one of her children who really developed the studious habits of his mother.

Her other boys seem to have inherited the gay and vivacious characteristics of their grandmother rather than the quiet tastes of their own beloved parent.

In one particular her family take after the Queen more than their august father.

It may be doubted if the King is ever so happy at Buckingham Palace as he is on his country estates, but the Queen is a real lover of London.

The theatres, art galleries, exhibitions and concerts and even the gay life of the streets make a strong appeal to her, and she is far from immune from the feminine love of shopping.

Indeed, there are few of Her Majesty's subjects who can more justly claim to be a Lady of London Town.

## CHAPTER XII

### THE KING'S COMPANION

"Man's best possession is a sympathetic wife."

EURIPIDES.

THE Queen has been in all the varied interests of his career the King's constant companion; indeed, his guide, philosopher, and friend.

She has accompanied him on all his overseas visits from the great Imperial tour which involved separation from her young children for eight months—the great Colonial Odyssey of 1901. Again she was by the King's side on his first visit to India which was followed by visits to Egypt, Athens, Madrid and Norway.

Wherever she went, whether as Duchess, Princess or Queen, Her Majesty won golden opinions and endeared herself to the varied peoples with whom she came in contact.

The influences of her first great voyage have, indeed, stayed with her all her life and have had the happiest effects in her later contact with visitors from our overseas Dominions. She is endowed with a retentive brain and the really Royal gift of a remarkable memory for faces—a trait which, by the way, she has passed on to the Prince of Wales—and she has again and again astonished people presented to her by her vivid recollection of events and of places seen over thirty years ago.

Queen Mary has indeed always been a highly observant traveller, with a faculty for noting important if non-spectacular incidents. The Queen often says nothing at the time but later on astonishes and often confuses her companions

by referring to some amusing or interesting episode which they thought had escaped her notice.

Himself a man of simple tastes, the King is blessed with a wife who is a model to many of her subjects in the quietness of her tastes.

Money was none too plentiful for her exalted rank when the Princess May became Duchess of York.

As Princess of Wales, her income was of course larger, but the Royal lady has always inclined to economy and Buckingham Palace set a splendid example to the nation with regard to the rationing schemes during the War.

Even in the matter of her clothes the Queen shows no love of extravagance or display. Her toilettes are always elegant and adapted to the occasion on which they are worn, but, where possible, they always incline to simplicity.

Even as Princess of Wales we are told that she always asked for the dressmaker's estimate before giving the order. Indeed, it is related that one firm having sent in its estimate and received the order when submitting its bill added a considerable sum for "extras." The bill was settled without question, but that firm had to wait in vain for another order.

The King is fortunate in having a wife who, unlike some of her less exalted subjects, keeps regular accounts of all income and expenditure. As Duchess of York she did this unaided but since that period she has had an official who looks after her personal exchequer; but even to-day, when the demands upon her time are most exacting, the Queen looks through each account before it is passed for payment.

There is another matter with regard to which the King is to be envied by most husbands. I am sure the Queen never keeps the King waiting. *Au contraire*, she has a great dislike of unpunctuality and is always on time for her countless engagements and appointments. Indeed, the proverb that "Punctuality is the courtesy of Kings" has been adopted as one of the mottoes of the House of Windsor.

The Royal Family are models in this relation to less important personages. Too many public men and women are guilty of turning up late, or—what is far worse—too early for their engagements.

It is otherwise with the Royal Family.

For all engagements, minor and major, as the clock strikes in walks the Royal personage always urbane and never flurried.

This is easy to understand in the case of the King and the Royal princes, as they have served in the Army and Navy and learnt that to be late on parade is a heinous military offence.

And after all, is not the Queen a sailor's wife and descended from a long line of soldier princes?

Queen Mary has not permitted her State duties to interfere with her home life. When they were younger, one day a week was set aside for her children, and they are even now constant visitors wherever the King and Queen are staying.

It has been well said that the Royal Family is all that a typical English family should be.

The King is always the head of his own household as he is Head of the State, and his word "goes" amongst his family who regard him with deep affection tinged with an element of awe. The Queen has, on the other hand, been described as the "liaison officer" of the Royal Circle.

Her children consult her on all their interests and welcome her shrewd advice on their respective spheres of activities.

Whether it be the Prince of Wales in relation to his wide interests of an United Empire and the welfare of ex-Service men, or the Duke of York in regard to his equally important labours connected with industrial welfare and the happiness and training of the British boy, they bring their troubles to their Royal mother and are sure of sympathetic interest and helpful criticism.

The King and Queen have been happily described as a Royal "Darby and Joan," and their quiet domestic happiness recalls the halcyon days of the eighteenth century when the King's great-great grandfather and Queen Charlotte played at being Farmer George and his Missus in their little cottage at Kew.

Since their popular sons, and the equally popular Princess Royal, have been able to relieve them of a large proportion of their evening engagements, the King and Queen have usually dined quietly together six days a week and contented themselves with the wireless and their books and magazines as their sole form of after-dinner entertainment—just like the humblest of their devoted subjects.

The Queen does not share the craze for exercise which dominates so many women nowadays. Indeed, in her heart of hearts the Queen only approves of the mildest athletics for girls. Her Majesty is not, however, hide-bound by her own Victorian upbringing when women's sport was restricted to croquet and very mild tennis, and she has permitted her only daughter to go in for physical culture exercises and even to attend special classes in Swedish drill and gymnastics.

Whilst the companionship of her husband and family undoubtedly gives the Queen her happiest hours, Her Majesty appears to enjoy thoroughly the social and Court functions connected with her exalted position.

The Queen is ever a regal figure beside the Sovereign, obviously his helpmate in all things. Small talk she has never excelled in, but she has a happy knack of making those with whom she comes in contact appreciate that her sympathy with her subjects is a real force and that her interest in their welfare is unbounded.

On a number of occasions when the King has been indisposed the Queen has been obliged to undertake various state functions single-handed.

On such occasions Her Majesty has always said and done the right thing and by her regal urbanity and gracious condescension almost made up for the absence of a King, who, unlike his Stuart ancestor, has not only never said a foolish thing but never done anything that was not wise.

The King is indeed a fortunate sovereign.

He has four sons who vie with each other in serving their country each in his own particular sphere, and are rivals only in their claims on the affectionate devotion of rich and poor alike throughout a world-wide Empire.

But above all he has a Consort who not only inherits all the best qualities of the many Royal Marys who have graced the English Court but who is, above all else, a loving and devoted wife and in every sense of the word the King's Companion.

## CHAPTER XIII

### A QUEEN'S DAY

"Count that day lost whose low descending sun  
Views from thy hand no worthy action done."

THE Queen thoroughly agrees with the anonymous writer of these lines and commences each day not later than eight o'clock when tea is brought to her in her bedroom, which, according to where the Court is in residence, overlooks the beautiful gardens of Buckingham Palace, of Windsor Castle, of Sandringham or of Balmoral Castle.

Having sipped her tea, the Queen usually glances through some of her personal letters and, having dressed, passes into her private sitting-room and attends to a good deal of correspondence before breakfast.

The Queen's postbag is a curious collection of all sorts of missives from all sorts of people.

Many of her correspondents are quite ordinary people, but they are nearly always women, often working class women or wives, who consult the Queen on their private affairs just as if she was a personal mistress or respected friend.

Usually her humble correspondents have looked up in some book of reference the correct form of address and begin their letters, "May it Please Your Majesty," ending with the formal "I remain, with the profoundest veneration, Your Majesty's most faithful and devoted servant."

As often as not, however, the writer is a woman whom the Queen has greatly flattered by speaking to her at some visit to a charitable institution. In such cases, the poor

creature is in too great a hurry to make her confidence to her Royal friend to find out how she should be addressed, so her letter begins "Mrs. Queen," or "Mrs. Majesty!"

Sometimes the correspondent has neither favour nor advice to ask for and merely writes to Queen Mary with reference to some kindly action of herself or the King, or to congratulate her on her birthday or that of one of the Royal princes. Often these letters make solicitous but very sympathetic references to any little indisposition in the Royal household.

Where the petitioner asks for help, it is never lightly refused and never lightly given. Each appeal is carefully considered and if it is a genuine case help is always forthcoming.

Indeed the Queen will go to infinite pains to get to the bottom of any personal appeal, and if she is satisfied that the need exists, will do her utmost to help her petitioner out of her troubles.

One thing is certain—that a genuine letter will receive a prompt reply. Indeed the secretarial organization in the Royal palaces would put to shame any Government Department, and even some of the best business houses.

Letters are never kept pending and are usually answered the same day.

Needless to say, a large amount of the Queen's correspondence deals with charities of various kinds.

The Queen, and indeed all the members of the Royal family, are good friends to a vast number of charitable institutions, and she has brought up Princess Mary and her brothers not only to subscribe to good causes and to take an active interest in them but to *work* for them. During their childhood each member of the Queen's family had to spend one hour each weekday in making some article of practical use for poorer children, and on their own birthdays each of the Royal children had to give six of his toys to a poor child of his own age.

The Queen is nothing if she is not practical and she has wisely decided to restrict her chief activities to matters which concern her sister women, and in this relation the subject of infant and child welfare has made a strong appeal to her as a wife and mother. As germane to this subject, the Fresh Air Fund has found her a regular contributor, and the Happy Evenings Association and Invalid Children's Aid Society have received her consistent support.

Indeed, the movement to improve the health and well-being of children owes much to the Queen's activities in her own nursery which have given her a knowledge of all things pertaining to child life and an insight into the child mind which have surprised and sometimes embarrassed directors of institutions who have expected to find her like so many great ladies in a bit of a hurry and willing to accept the "whitewash," which characterizes so many official inspections.

On one occasion the Queen announced her intention of visiting a children's institution at short notice. The matron, flustered, poor woman, at the Royal visit, selected six of the brightest and prettiest youngsters, dressed them in their best, like the Head Mistress in *Children in Uniform*, and put them on show to welcome the Royal visitor. But the English Queen was very different from the German "Highness" in the play. She devoted her whole attention to the little ones who had not been dressed up for her and almost ignored the parade got up for her benefit. This incident is typical of the Queen, who, in the homely phrase, has no patience for "eye wash," and can "see through a brick wall" as far, or indeed a great deal further, than most of the great personages who have to inspect public institutions.

Of course hospitals form a very large part of the Queen's interests and there are now a large number of institutions which bear her name and in which she has a close personal interest.

Here again the Queen shows her devotion to her own sex and her keen desire to help and uplift women and children in the poorer districts of the metropolis.

Her Majesty keeps a specially warm corner in her heart for Queen Mary's Hospital for the East End which has been working for the suffering poor since 1861 and was incorporated by Royal Charter in 1917.

Another favoured institution is The Queen's Hospital for Children in the Hackney Road which has in connection with it The "Little Folks" Home at Bexhill-on-Sea. The Duke of York is President of these admirable establishments.

As might be expected from a model mother, the National Baby Week Council owes much of its success to the Queen's support. When the organization was founded in 1917, the Queen opened an Exhibition at Caxton Hall in connection with the movement, which has been founded to cultivate sound public opinion on questions relative to the welfare of mothers and babies and children under five. The Council organizes a National Baby Week during the first week in July yearly and local Baby Weeks at various times during the year. It also undertakes special propaganda by means of lectures, cinema films, leaflets and competitions.

Queen Mary is keenly interested in the movements for the provision of Clubs for working girls, which have lately received considerable impetus. Her insight into social problems has given her a good idea of the evils that result from the lack of suitable means of recreation for young girls, who, at work all day, have in their scanty leisure no alternative between roaming the streets, with their obvious dangers, or sitting alone in dreary lodgings.

All these varied interests mean a great deal more than granting the use of her name as Patron and paying occasional visits. They imply hours of solid work at her writing desk day in, day out.

Having dealt with the most interesting part of her personal correspondence, the Queen breakfasts with the King at 9.30. When at Buckingham Palace, this meal is usually laid in the Chinese Room.

After breakfast the King, like any other man of business, goes to his office and the Queen, like any other chatelaine, devotes a portion of her morning to the direction of her domestic establishment.

This duty does not occupy as much time as might be supposed as the Queen is a great organiser, and thanks to her gifts as a housewife everything in the Royal Palaces proceeds on greased wheels. The Royal servants are carefully chosen and often various offices descend from father or mother to son or daughter. The Queen is a good and indulgent mistress but will not suffer fools gladly. Efficient service is always rewarded by a pleasant smile or a kind word, but any failure to carry out the duties allotted to individual servants, or the making of excuses for bad work is met with a direct and uncompromising reprimand.

Her household duties disposed of, the Queen has often to give audiences to distinguished visitors from foreign countries or our overseas dominions.

Such audiences or a visit to a hospital or other institution occupy very fully the time to luncheon where the Queen has often to receive important guests who have been honoured by an invitation to luncheon after an official audience with the King.

After luncheon the Queen has often to accompany the King to some State function but of late years these engagements have been much fewer as they are generally undertaken by the Prince of Wales or one of his brothers or by the Princess Royal.

When no affairs of State occupy her and she has discharged her duties in connection with her thousand and



*Photo The Central News Ltd*

THE KING AND QUEEN WITH A MEMBER OF THE FIRST  
LABOUR ADMINISTRATION



one charitable interests, the Queen is by no means averse to "going shopping" like her humbler subjects.

Indeed, she keenly enjoys her shopping expeditions and takes a very real interest in the shops of her beloved London. In her shopping, as in all else, the King is a lucky husband; Her Majesty is a very shrewd buyer, with all the ordinary woman's love of a bargain.

She hates waste of money, and she is more economical in her wardrobe than many society women. She does not discard a perfectly good dress merely because she has worn it once or twice before.

If she has any extravagance at all it lies in buying presents. She loves to give things to her children and her friends, but only such articles which she knows they will appreciate.

Indeed for every purchase she makes for herself, the Queen makes two or three for friends and relatives and has a *genius for giving presents that will please*. Again and again she has surprised her children and her intimate friends by anticipating some of their wants.

It would be a dangerous topic to discuss the Queen's dresses, but one thing seems certain and that is that the Queen dresses to please her husband quite as much as to please herself, and that the King has decided notions about what is—or is not—suitable wear for his wife and daughter.

The Queen certainly does not approve of extremes of toilette, but it is a mistake to suppose that she is old-fashioned.

When, for example, there was so much talk about long or short skirts, Her Majesty said explicitly that she thought reasonably short skirts were "a most sensible fashion" for all workaday purposes.

No one is more alive to the value of her patronage with regard to national business interests than the Queen.

She was a firm supporter of home industries long before the slogan of "Buy British" was coined. Her trousseau

and her Coronation robe were both made entirely by British labour, and there has hardly been an exhibition of home manufactured goods in London since her marriage which the Royal lady has not visited, and where she had not made extensive purchases.

Her afternoon engagements finished, the Queen spends the time from tea to dinner either with her books or her needle until it is time to dress for dinner.

After a meal which, in the absence of guests, is for a royal palace almost frugal, the Queen returns to her books or her needle and so to bed.

Surely no one of her subjects spends his or her time more worthily. Let us pray for the Royal lady that each

“Night shall be filled with music,  
And the cares that infest the day  
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away.”

## CHAPTER XIV

### A WOMAN'S WOMAN

"Remember that life is made up of loyalty, loyalty to your friends; loyalty to things beautiful and good; loyalty to the country in which you live; loyalty to your King, and above all, for this holds all other loyalties together, loyalty to God."

*Speech of Queen Mary.*

LIKE Queen Victoria, Her Gracious Majesty Queen Mary is a woman first, last and all the time. She is keenly interested in the higher education of women and has given her support to women's colleges at Oxford, and elsewhere, and contributed handsomely to their funds.

Her interest in the uplift of her sex has been shown in a thousand ways, and she is untiring in her encouragement of societies, organizations and institutions for promoting the welfare of the young.

Indeed, it has been said that there is hardly a branch of women's activities—mothercraft, housecraft, sick nursing, or industrial welfare work—where the Queen has not made her influence felt and left the status of her sex higher than she has found it.

The Queen clings to the so-called old-fashioned view "that most women find their highest expression in wifehood and motherhood," but she realizes that many modern women seek for wider fields to conquer and she rejoices to see members of her sex coming to the fore in political and professional careers.

The profession of medicine was first made available to women during the long reign of the "Great White Queen,"

not without great misgivings on the part of the Head of the State. The post war years saw an end of the futile opposition to the claims of women to equal rights with men in every walk of life, so that Queen Mary was the first Sovereign to see the Inns of Court thrown open to women and the great profession of the Law made accessible to both sexes on level terms.

Her Majesty has by no means confined her interest in her sex to the women of our own islands.

Just as the King has a wider personal knowledge of the Empire than most of his ministers, so the Queen has a wider knowledge of the conditions of women's life and work in all parts of the world than any lady of her Court as she has carefully studied this important subject during her world wide travels. During her two visits to India, for example, she seized every opportunity of getting to know her Indian women subjects.

The grateful homage of Indian women was shown during her last visit by the presentation of a loyal address—the first of its kind to be presented to an Empress of India—by her subject sisters.

"We fully appreciate," ran this interesting document, "the unique honour which Your Imperial Majesty has done us by graciously according permission to present this humble address voicing the sentiments of millions of our sisters in India. Your Imperial Majesty's visit to this country again affords another proof, if proof were required, of that gracious solicitude for the welfare of your Indian subjects which Your Imperial Majesty has deigned to show in so many tangible ways.

"It is generally, though not quite correctly, assumed that the inmates of the *purdah* are strangers to that mighty process of evolution which manifests itself beyond the limits of its four walls. But we venture to assure Your Imperial Majesty that the echoes of the enlightened and benevolent

rule of the great English nation have penetrated the veil and called forth all that is highest and best in the hearts of Indian women. 'The establishment of unbroken peace over this ancient land has secured honour and justice to our sex, and has proved now, as it always has, even in the remotest ages, that the ideals of righteousness and justice are the firmest basis on which rests unshaken the security of States and the welfare and devotion of the people.'

Accompanying this unique address was an equally unique present which consisted of a large square emerald of historic interest engraved and set in diamonds, also a necklace and pendant of emeralds set in rosettes of diamonds.

In reply to this tribute the Queen made a happy speech saying, "I desire to assure you all of my ever-increasing solicitude for the happiness and welfare of those who live 'within the walls.'

"The pages of history have set forth what splendid influences for good can be brought to bear in their homes by the women of India, and the annals of its noble races are coloured by acts of devotion, fealty, and magnificent service, as fruits of the lessons instilled by mothers in the hearts and minds of their children.

"I have learnt with deep satisfaction the evolution which is gradually but surely taking place among the inmates of the *purdah*, and I am convinced that you all desire to encourage education amongst your children, so that they may grow up fitted to become useful and cultivated companions to their husbands.

"The jewel you have given me will ever be very precious in my eyes, and whenever I wear it, though thousands of miles of land and sea separate us, my thoughts will fly to the homes of India and create again and again this happy meeting and recall the love your tender hearts have yielded me.

"Your jewel shall pass to future generations as an Imperial heirloom, and always stand as a token of the first meeting of an English Queen with the ladies of India "

But Her Majesty has been far from confining her interest to great ladies who could give magnificent presents. She has visited *incognito* the slum areas of our great cities at home and overseas and studied at first hand the conditions of her poorer subjects, but it was the Great War which brought to Queen Mary an opportunity of displaying her real gifts of organization. The Royal table was never lavish, but during the War the Queen set a splendid example to her humbler subjects. The strictest economy was enforced in the Royal Palaces. Only one meat meal a day with the plainest of puddings was permitted and only war bread was eaten. Economy was exercised in fuel as well as in food. Only one fire was allowed in the Royal suite of apartments, but what was far harder only one bath a week was permitted to each member of the Royal household!

Her first great war activity was the inauguration as early as August, 1914, of the Queen's Work for Women Fund which established workrooms for women displaced by the outbreak of War.

Her second was the re-organization of the Queen Mary Needlework Guild.

This body had been founded by Lady Wolverton, a friend of the Queen's mother, as far back as the 'eighties.

Now the Queen is devoted to that most feminine of all accomplishments, the art of needlework.

Indeed, it has been said that fond as she is of her books the Queen's real source of pleasure is her needle. She is an accomplished needlewoman and has encouraged the revival of the art of embroidery in which she personally excels.

She has gone further and has honoured the City Guild most associated with the craft of the seamstress by becoming one of its honoured members.

The Guild in question is the Worshipful Company of Needlemakers with which her family has long been associated.

Her Majesty's father, the Duke of Teck, was Master of the Company as far back as 1887 and her eldest brother was admitted to the Freedom and Livery in 1910.

At Her Majesty's coronation, the Fraternity's Royal Free-woman was so good as to accept a beautiful needlecase as a memento of her association with the ancient craft of Needlemakers.

The Queen showed great imagination by organizing the Needlework Guild under a Central Committee to provide mufflers, socks, bandages, and similar necessities for the Fighting Forces, all of which had to be produced by voluntary labour.

The early efforts of this admirable body required courageous handling. Its members were found to be making useless and sometimes even ridiculous articles, such as pyjama cases embroidered with patriotic emblems!

This may seem incredible to-day, but I can confirm it from my own experience in India where the St. John Gifts' Depot at Bombay became a dumping ground for any one who had stuff to get rid of and wanted to get credit in the eyes of his neighbours by presenting it to the Red Cross. The railways carried parcels and boxes of any size or sort to Bombay from any part of India free of all charges, so that all the donors had to do was to put their goods on rail and notify the local branch of the Association that they had sent off Red Cross gifts to the value of a certain amount.

They got postcards or letters of thanks in due course, as the branches had not time to investigate the actual contents of parcels despatched direct to Bombay. These documents were used by a few humbugs to show what generous fellows they were, although they had only got rid of rubbish!

Some of the Red Cross gifts were really amusing. We

received, *inter alia*, a large consignment of corsets, which had suffered considerably by storage during hot weather, a large packet of ladies' kid gloves similarly damaged, quantities of babies' wool shoes and shawls badly moth-eaten, and numerous boxes of badly-soiled ladies' evening shoes!

One enterprising Indian quack sent us a large batch of his Fever Cure, and a Kashmir merchant several hundreds of sheep and goat skins.

The Queen soon put a stop to this sort of thing and to the output of useless articles. She turned the activities of the Guild into channels which made it one of the most valuable of the many similar institutions which did so much for the comfort of the fighting men on sea and land.

Perhaps the Queen's greatest War service, however, was rendered in connection with the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps—the famous “Waacs.” This body was at first rather a laughing stock and did not enjoy the fine reputation it earned later on. Indeed, it seems certain that some of the young women who joined up looked on their uniforms as passports not merely to liberty but to licence. The Queen became Commandant-in-Chief when the Corps was most discredited but by her influence soon enabled it to live down the scandals of its earlier career. Her Majesty did more than lend her name; she visited the headquarters regularly and saw to it that slanders were promptly contradicted and justice done to the work of the Corps by Press and public.

In the War years the people of our world-wide Empire saw their Queen “revealed, not merely as a national figure-head, useful and ornamental to be seen in State ceremonies, regally gowned, conventionally gracious, but as a woman who could do things, who had a real grip upon realities, and who possessed, or who would set about acquiring, not a surface but an inside knowledge of the vital problems of the time, and the revelation increased her popularity a hundred-fold.”

Naturally a large part of the interests of the Queen was centred in the work of the medical services.

Her Majesty inherits the mantle of Queen Alexandra with regard to the military and naval nursing services. Both the Army Nursing Service and the Royal Naval Nursing Service bear Queen Alexandra's name, and the work of the beautiful Consort of King Edward in the provision of efficient nurses for the great Fighting Forces of the Crown will ever be remembered.

Her Majesty is nothing, however, if she is not original, and not content with the splendid General Hospitals with brilliant staffs which sprang into existence all over the country, she saw the need for special institutions to provide scope for the amazing advances of modern surgery.

In this relation, as early as 1915, Her Majesty was largely responsible for the starting of Queen Mary's Hospital at Roehampton for men who had lost limbs in the War and who were in need of artificial legs and arms. To this fine institution, which is still carrying on its useful work, the Queen sent £7,000 from the sum subscribed as a gift to the King and herself on the occasion of their Silver Wedding.

Her Majesty was also instrumental in obtaining large sums of money for the Queen Mary's Hospital at Sidcup, the first clinic in the Empire designed for the treatment of men with facial injuries, a wonderful workshop where wizards of surgery performed miracles of plastic surgery.

The Queen was constant in her visits to military hospitals, and countless stories are told of her encounters with wounded men.

One of the best chronicles is the visit of Her Majesty to the bedside of an elderly Irishman, who, like so many patriotic old chaps in the early days of the War, dyed his hair, which took ten years off his age and succeeded in getting sent to the Front, where he was wounded during his first tour in the trenches. An Irishman's native wit

seldom deserts him, and even the loss of a leg did not quench it in this gallant old countryman of mine.

"I am sorry you were wounded so quickly," said the Queen. "Ah, Yer Majesty," came the courtly reply, "I was in a terrible hurry to get here to have the plishure of spakin' to ye."

Not content with visits to the Home Hospitals, the Queen was anxious to see the arrangements overseas and was able to gratify her wishes by spending nearly a fortnight in France in 1917 visiting hospitals, convalescent camps and the various depots where women were employed as nurses, V.A.D.'s, ambulance drivers and Waacs. The visit was kept a profound secret and the Queen was accompanied by only one lady-in-waiting and General Sir Arthur Sloggett, the Director-General of the Army Medical Service.

Next to the War hospitals came the munition factories, and needless to say the Queen was a frequent visitor to these important features of ruthless modern war.

She was intensely proud of the splendid part women played as workers in these invaluable institutions, and her sympathetic interest did much to encourage her sisters in the dirty, dangerous and exhausting work which they undertook so bravely for the help of the men in the trenches and on the wild North Seas.

When Peace came, the Queen sent a message to the women of the Empire in which she declared that: "They have risen to the great opportunity, and have proved their great courage, steadfastness, and ability. My heart is full of gratitude and admiration for what I have seen. A new era is dawning upon the world, bringing with it many difficulties, fresh responsibilities, and serious problems to be faced.

"To-day, more than ever, the Empire needs her daughters, for in the larger world of public and industrial work, women are taking a more important place.

"As we have been united in our work, whether of head or

hands, in a real sisterhood of suffering and service, let us go on working together, with the same unity of purpose, for the settlement and reconstruction of our country."

Since the War, the Queen has continued to lead her people in all schemes for the reconstruction of our national life shattered by long years of war.

Even with regard to minor matters of personal purchases, it is claimed that Trade follows the Queen. At the British Industries Fair the Queen's choice in tea sets, a modern design of hydrangeas on a grey ground, was promptly bought up for display in every considerable town from Aberdeen to Plymouth.

It has indeed been well said that by arousing interest in British goods, the Queen has created employment and done a notable service to workers throughout the country.

Her Royal lead has been taken up on the Continent as well as at home. Norwegian firms have created a demand for copies of a dinner set in mauve, black and pink, purchased by the Queen, whilst Paris, Lithuania, and Rumania have all ordered her bridge table in jade green and chromium.

Mention of Her Majesty's bridge table reminds one that cards are not very popular in the Royal palaces.

The King plays a good game of billiards but has not inherited the keenness for card games which was almost a passion with King Edward.

The interest that the Royal Family has always shown in music has been shown in connection with the Jubilee of the Royal College of Music.

The College was opened by King Edward when he was Prince of Wales, and was founded as the outcome of a suggestion of the Prince Consort. The Prince Consort had exceptional musical appreciation, and some of his own compositions showed real distinction.

The taste for music in the present Royal Family would seem to have originated with George III, who was a devoted

admirer of Handel. His children were all musical, and his youngest son—Queen Mary's grandfather—was an excellent violinist.

With regard to other forms of art, Queen Mary's girlhood stay in Italy no doubt developed a natural taste for pictures. In her younger days she was very fond of sketching, and her continued interest in brush and pencil is shown by the fact that she rarely misses an opportunity of visiting public or private art exhibitions.

Her Majesty is very fond of her gardens, and has very decided opinions as to how they should be laid out.

The Queen shares with most members of her sex a passion for arranging and re-arranging furniture, but she adds to this feminine failing—for all men hate having the furniture of their rooms moved—a really profound knowledge of old furniture, china and glass.

Indeed, the Queen's most absorbing hobby is the collection of antiques and she has all the collector's love of a bargain.

She indulges in this expensive pastime, however, with discretion and often a dealer will find that the stately grey-haired lady who visits his shop has a wider knowledge than his own.

The Queen takes a very real interest in the elegant and artistic craft of the fanmaker.

The fan is no longer the weapon it used to be in the hands of the Court beauty, but the Queen can recall Victorian days when it was still an important adjunct to a great lady's evening toilette.

Her Majesty possesses an interesting collection of fans, which, if it does not rival the splendid collection in the Victoria and Albert Museum, has great personal interest as it includes a fan presented to the Queen's grandmother, the Duchess of Cambridge, by her brother-in-law, William IV.

The Queen has received many presentation fans herself,



[Photo *The Evening Standard*]  
THE KING AND QUEEN AT BOGNOR  
After the King's Illness



but the finest of these is a beautiful tortoiseshell creation made by a Freeman of the Company and presented to the Queen on her Coronation by Sir Homewood Crawford and the late Oscar Berry on behalf of the Worshipful Company of Fanmakers.

The last of the very feminine interests of the Queen for which I have space to refer is that truly royal textile—hand-made lace. The Queen has made a special study of English varieties and is an excellent judge of the fabric. Here again the Queen turns her interest in practical directions as she has done everything in her power to promote the British lace-making industry.

Enough has been said to show that this Royal Lady lives up to the code of loyalty laid down in the extract from a speech which I have placed at the head of this Chapter. Her whole life has been made up of loyalties, but perhaps above all else she has been loyal to her sex.

In the proudest and best meaning of the term, Queen Mary is a "Woman's Woman."

## CHAPTER XV

### KINGS IN THE MAKING

"God gives not Kings the style of Gods in veine  
For on the throne His sceptre do they show,  
Observe the statutes of your Heavenly King  
And from His laws make all your laws to spring."  
JAMES I (to his son).

If we include Edward III, who is omitted from most lists, the present Prince of Wales is the twentieth holder of the title. Ten of his predecessors have been born sons of Sovereigns, and little more than half, twelve to be exact, have succeeded to the Throne.

The Princes of Wales have been born under widely different circumstances.

One Prince of Wales was born in France, two in Scotland, two in Hanover, one had actually to be naturalised by Act of Parliament and only two were born in the principality of Wales itself.

The illustrious soldier, Henry of Monmouth, who became Henry V, was "so far distant from the throne that a fee of two pounds was considered sufficient emolument for the 'wise woman' who officiated at his birth." But his humble birth was grandeur compared to that of Edward of York, *the son of Edward IV, who was born, as we shall see, in the Sanctuary at Westminster when his father was in exile.* His mother was dependent on charity for her daily bread, and as the old historian says, the young Prince was "christened and baptised with small pomp like a poor man's child."

In the early eighteenth century, there was a real Prince in England recognised by Parliament and the people, and, on the other side of the Channel, a bogus claimant, James Francis Edward Stuart, whose authenticity as the son of James II was seriously challenged as he was said to have been introduced into the Queen's bed in a warming-pan.

Since the days of Henry Tudor, four centuries ago, the present holder of the title is the first Prince of Wales whose father and mother are both of British blood.

The gallant little country from which the First Gentleman of England takes his title, has had a romantic history. More than a thousand years ago when, after the Saxon invasion of Britain, tribe after tribe came under the domination of the foreigner, Cymru, a district which the invaders contemptuously called Wales—a word which signifies a strange and unknown land, became a stronghold where stout-hearted Britons could maintain the ancient traditions of their race. Those Britons of old loved their land which their descendants to-day apostrophise as:

“Thou Eden of bards and birthplace of song,  
The sons of thy mountains are valiant and strong.”

A nation was organised and its Chiefs were generally known as Princes of Wales.

About the *ninth century*, the land which had hitherto been governed by one sovereign was divided up amongst three, and there was a good deal of internal strife prior to the *twelfth century* when Giffith ap Conan rendered homage to William the Conqueror for all Wales.

The constant quarrels amongst the different tribes made the Welsh very unpleasant neighbours for the English kings, but the accession of the Third Llewellyn brought about some sort of unity as he succeeded in obtaining domination over his brother chieftains.

In reward for his support as Prince of Wales, Llewellyn was promised the hand of Simon de Montfort's daughter who was in a nunnery in France. On her way to her marriage, this lady was captured by some sharp-witted Bristolians and retained by the English king as a sort of hostage for the good behaviour of her fiancé.

Llewellyn came to London to seek his bride accompanied by a number of his followers. The Welsh princes and their retainers were wild and proud fellows, and they were regarded with some suspicion by the English Court, so they were not permitted to remain in Westminster but were sent out to Islington—a remote and perilous district at that time, with little about it to remind them of their distant home, save the hill to the north, the thieves in Hornsey Wood, and the pastures covered by cows yielding a milk for which Islington was long famous.

The cows, however, could not yield sufficient to satisfy the appetites of the thirsty retainers of Llewellyn; and at the ale supplied to them they turned up their noses in scorn, mindful as they were of the more soft and sparkling beverage of their own happier country. Of mead there was not a drop, a melancholy fact which must have passed for a proof of barbarism, in the minds of men at the court of whose Prince the Maker of Mead took precedence of the Physician. The wine of London was no compensation to them for the lack of mead; and the English bread sat uneasily on their proud stomachs. This is the more singular, as in those days the making and baking of bread formed a process strictly watched and artistically accomplished. Carte, the historian, quotes from the Mostyn manuscripts concerning the excitement caused by these Snowdon barons and their serfs. The Cockneys ridiculed the outlandish strangers as they passed through the streets and highways; while the angry, queer-spoken, and quaintly-dressed Welshmen vented inexplicable epithets of wrath in return. To this account other writers

add that the wild Cymri replied to the rude people who took them for savages, in fierce but tuneful choruses, implying that when they again visited Islington it would only be in the character of conquerors.

Llewellyn himself seems to have behaved better than his followers and he was eventually married to the lady of his love at Worcester Cathedral, Edward himself giving away the bride.

At length Llewellyn, perplexed by treason at home and oppression from the English, went into the field for the last time. The Prince was killed, and there is a prophecy that the Ancient Britons will not recover their freedom till they have brought back the bones of their ancient king which repose in Italy. This prophecy is not likely, however, to disturb the peace of the wearer of the crown of England, nor of his heir who bears the proud old title of Llewellyn—Prince of Wales. "It would be as difficult to discover the bones of Cadwallader, as it would be to select a number of pure-blooded Britons sufficient to carry anything that remains of that monarch of blessed but sorrowful memory."

After the conquest of Wales, the Welshmen are reported to have longed for a native prince as vicegerent for their royal conqueror.

On the 25th April, 1284, a son was born to Edward I at Carnarvon Castle and the King conferred on the city of Carnarvon the first English Charter of rights and privileges granted in Wales and assembled there certain of the Welsh leaders who clamoured for a native prince.

If the legend be true, they were not very acute Welshmen to be caught in the trap laid for them by the King, who, after receiving from them the expression of their willingness to submit to a prince born within the country, of blameless life and free from prejudices, proceeded to the Queen's chamber, and, taking the infant prince in his arms, brought him to the Welsh chieftains, claiming their allegiance to him according to promise.

A local tradition states that when Edward, with the infant in his arms, approached the Welshmen, "he presented to them his new-born son, exclaiming in broken Welsh, '*Eich Dyn!*' that is, 'This is your man!'" It is claimed that these words have been corrupted into *Ich Dien*, but the verbal translation is simply "Your Man!"

The first English Prince of Wales in due course succeeded his great father, the English Justinian, but he was a poor sort of person. Robert Bruce is reported to have said of him: "I am more afraid of the bones of the father dead than of the living son; and by all the saints, it was more difficult to get a foot of land from the old King, than a whole kingdom from the son." Edward himself ridiculed the unwarlike disposition of the Prince of Wales for wishing to confer territory on a worthless favourite that he was incapable of conquering.

The Prince was very extravagant, and at his father's death his debts were so substantial that he was obliged, among one of his first acts as King, to draw a very heavy bill on the Exchequer in order to discharge them, thus beginning his reign with an impoverished treasury.

The first Prince of Wales came to the throne as Edward II in 1307 and reigned for twenty miserable years with but few days of either joy or calm. His marriage with Isabelle was a brilliant affair, but the treasury was unable to meet the cost of his extravagance and luxury. A revolt of the barons soon dispersed all hope of inglorious ease. Then followed the humiliating story of the Battle of Bannockburn, one of the few military disasters experienced by the English armies of the fourteenth century.

The end to this unhappy reign came at Berkeley Castle when the horrors of the scene contrasted strongly with the joyous shouts that hailed Edward's birth at Carnarvon. Gay and gallant groups of nobles, priests and ladies had surrounded his cradle; at his death-bed there were only a

couple of murderers and their assistants. His own shrieks heralded his death and they were heard far over the village near the castle where the startled inhabitants listened in terror and prayed for the poor soul that was passing away in such torture.

Thus the first English Prince of Wales was the first King of England who was deposed and murdered.

He was succeeded by Edward III who ascended the throne at the age of fifteen and reigned for half a century. He was a noble prince who triumphed over his enemies both in France and Scotland, was victor by sea and conqueror by land, and brought home kings as his prisoners and guests. His memory is cherished by the Livery Companies of London as he was the first Sovereign to take not only an interest in their welfare but to become a liveryman himself. He became a Merchant Taylor, and in Vintners' Hall they still proudly recall that five kings, Edward III, King David of Scotland, King John of France, the King of Denmark and the King of Cyprus, were all entertained on the same occasion by a former Master of the Company.

Great as were his own achievements, Edward III, as King of England, owed much of his glory to the valour and virtues of the third Prince of Wales, the celebrated Black Prince.

The praises of this valiant Knight have been sung by writers of all nations who have been unable to detect a flaw in his character, judged from the point of view of the morals of his time. He died at the early age of forty-six, and his most redoubtable foe, the King of France, had funeral services celebrated in his honour at Paris.

Even his enemies admired his noble qualities and mourned the passing of a valiant but courteous antagonist with whose name are for ever linked the outstanding victories of Crécy and Portiers.

The Black Prince was succeeded by his son who was only Prince of Wales for seven months and succeeded his

grandfather as Richard II. After a fitful reign of twenty-two years, he was deposed in 1399 and murdered six months later.

The fourth Prince of Wales was Henry of Monmouth, the son of Henry IV. This Prince of Wales rivals the Black Prince in medieval song and story. The glory with which the British arms were covered at Agincourt will always be associated with this warrior king who was only thirty-five when he was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey.

The fifth Prince of Wales was Edward, the son of Henry VI, a gallant soldier who laid down his life at the Battle of Tewkesbury.

In November, 1470, a lady with three young daughters and a scanty retinue sought in hot haste a refuge in the Sanctuary at Westminster. That lady was the Queen of England. Her husband, Edward IV, had come to the throne nine years previously, but when his terrified consort was knocking at the gates of the Sanctuary at Westminster her friends and relatives were trying hastily to shelter themselves at shrines in other churches, the King himself was in flight, the priests at Paul's Cross were preaching his people into rebellion and the terrible Warwick was pursuing him into the eastern counties and driving him over the stormy sea beyond which he at last found a resting-place in Holland and Burgundy.

Under these unhappy circumstances was born the most luckless of our Princes of Wales, the boy who was smothered in the Tower of London in 1483.

Edward, the only son of Richard III, was another luckless Prince of Wales, as he died a year before his father was killed at the battle of Bosworth Field.

We then come, for the first but not the last time, to two brothers who were in succession Princes of Wales. Arthur, the elder son of Henry VII, was the only English prince to bear the name of the famous British king up till our own time when it has been borne with such distinction by the

Duke of Connaught and the Duke of York. His career was brief as he died at the age of sixteen, and was succeeded by Henry Tudor who eventually became Henry VIII.

These two sons of Henry VII were the only scions of the House of Tudor to carry the triple Feathers, as Edward VI, though Duke of Cornwall, was never Prince of Wales. We have to pass to Stuart times for the revival of the title.

When James I was joined in London by his consort, Anne of Denmark, she brought with her two of her children, Henry and Elizabeth, and left behind a poor weakly lad who bore the name of Charles.

It was thought that he could not possibly live and was far too delicate to undertake the long journey to England.

In view of the fate that lay before him, Providence would have been kinder if poor Baby Charlie had fulfilled the prophecies of his physicians and died in childhood.

His elder brother, young Henry Stuart, was a fine up-standing lad who fired the imagination of the English people to such an extent that his crochety father became furiously jealous of him.

Ben Jonson hoped for a hero in the boy and sang his praises in the lines:

"Shine bright and fixed as the Arctic star,  
And when slow time hath made you fit for war,  
Look over the salt ocean, and think where  
You may but lead us forth who grow up here,  
Against a day when our officious swords  
Shall speak our actions better than our words."

Everyone declared the "hope in God that Henry should follow the footsteps of the Prince of Wales, King Edward III's son."

The young Prince appears to have taken a great interest in the Navy and he was deputed to go to Woolwich and inspect the progress made in shipbuilding and the state of

the navy. "It was no casual tour, for Henry went armed with a notebook, but the most joyful moment came when, all unsuspecting, the Prince stood on the poop of the largest ship, and the Master Gunner of England discharged the whole volley of thirty brass cannon which had been brought from the Tower for the occasion. So impressed was the Prince that he asked for a repeat volley, but this was considered too great a risk to run a second time, so Phineas Pett persuaded his master to descend into his barge, whence, in greater safety, he could signal with his handkerchief when the cannon should be fired."

Prince and mariner had formed a friendship, and when later on Pett was accused of misappropriating naval funds Henry stood by his side during the trial, and, judgment being delivered in his protégé's favour, declared that "the accusers deserved hanging."

Henry was taken suddenly ill when dining with the Prince Palatine at Whitehall. We learn that Ralceigh sent him a draught which would effect a cure and that the Prince took it. The Queen seems to have suspected poison but the autopsy of the body produced a medical certificate to the effect that the Prince died from natural causes. Historians have pointed out that no tests were tried to prove the absence of poison, and it has been hinted that his own father may have destroyed the young rival who had acquired the popularity which his parent coveted and never achieved. It has also been hinted that, as the youth of nineteen was already such a squire of dames, Somerset feared him as a rival in love, and may have been concerned in the plot.

Four years after the death of Prince Henry, in 1616, his brother Charles was created Prince of Wales, but on this occasion we learn of an early evidence of Stuart conflict with the City, as some of the people of the Court succeeded in offending the wives of the great City merchants who were

their hosts at the Guildhall Banquet, held to celebrate the event.

As I have pointed out in my *Story of the Temple*, the gentlemen of the Inns of Court were much in evidence in a forerunner of the present day Royal Tournament held on this occasion. This display took the form of mimic combats called "The Barriers" at the New Banqueting House in Whitehall, but unfortunately the legal warriors did not distinguish themselves as men at arms though it is recorded that "they played the men at the banquet."

Charles seems to have been a sufferer from rickets in his childhood. At four years of age he could not walk, and stood alone with difficulty; but like some victims of this disease he got over his troubles and grew stronger year by year.

When the little boy from Scotland arrived at Court he was knighted and created Duke of York, and at twelve years of age he was appointed Lord High Admiral of England for life "with all the profits arising therefrom except pirates goods." This appointment gave him sufficient means to start an establishment of his own, and he was evidently a sporting Prince as he would only engage as footmen those who had secured prizes as runners—equivalent to the racing track trophies of our own day.

Indeed, the weakly lad developed into a dashing young prince, and his adventures in search of a wife in Spain form curious reading. He spent the greater part of a year abroad which gave him an experience which should have served him in good stead, but unfortunately he exchanged his prince's coronet for the regal crown at a very difficult period in our history, and, obsessed with the pernicious doctrine of the Divine Right of Kings, he soon found himself in conflict with Parliament. Plague broke out, Parliament was moved to Oxford, and the relations between the King and his country went from bad to worse.

It is a sad story of blunder after blunder which led this misguided but gallant prince to pay for his mistakes on the scaffold twenty-four years after ascending the Throne.

The second Charles Stuart was born at St. James's on the 29th May, 1630. He was declared Prince of Wales soon after his birth and took his seat in the House of Lords at the mature age of ten years. His first appearance in public was at his own christening!

The young Prince had even an earlier baptism by fire than his modern successor, as he accompanied his father in the campaign which finally ended in his ruin, and was present at the Battle of Edgehill. He was appointed General-in-Chief of a non-existent royal army of the West when he was only fifteen years of age.

His military career was in remarkable contrast to that of his illustrious ancestor, Edward of Woodstock, whose privilege it was to lead ever victoriously his own countrymen against a foreign enemy. It was the mischance of Charles Stuart to find his own countrymen ever triumphant against his father's supporters.

The King, becoming anxious for the safety of his heir, parted with his son at Abingdon, and they never met again. The Prince had many wanderings; first he visited the Scilly Islands, then he went to Jersey, and eventually reached St. Germain's unexpected and unwelcomed by the French authorities.

The story of the Prince of Wales after the deplorable end of his father has been often chronicled. After being crowned King of Scotland with some magnificence at Scone in 1651, it was not till nine years later that he entered as monarch the Palace where he was born. During this period, he lived in various cities in Flanders and Holland a life of poverty and pleasure borne with that gay sort of philosophy that characterised the career of the King who never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one.

I have already referred to James Francis Edward Stuart, the son of James II, the unfortunate Prince who became "the Old Pretender." He left England when he was only six months old. His mother stole from St. James's Palace in disguise, crossed the Thames by ferry and eventually sailed for France from Gravesend in a small boat.

When Queen Anne died the last Stuart to claim the title of Prince of Wales became, as we have seen, an outlaw with the price of £100,000 on his head.

There is a long gap in the line of Princes of Wales until 1714, when, ten days after landing in this country, George I created his son, George Augustus, Prince of Wales. He had already been married nine years to Caroline of Anspach, and was the first Prince of Wales, since the Black Prince, who had children of his own in the lifetime of his father. George Augustus had strong claims on the support of the Army as he had fought with the British troops under Marlborough and distinguished himself at Oudenarde when a mere lad. His valour was commemorated by Congreve in the lines:

'Young Hanover biave  
In this bloody field I assure ye,  
When his war-horse was shot,  
He valued it not,  
But still fought on foot like a fury!'

The next Prince of Wales was Frederick Louis, the eldest son of George II. Of him it has been said that he had "the 'stuff' to make, if not a great man, yet one of some mark, but his education was defective, and was not cared for like that of his brother William, whose mother asked in vain the philosopher Halley to condescend to be his tutor."

He had very unfortunate relationships with his father who left him in England when he went abroad to be the last British king personally to command his army in the field.

When he died the sentiments of the English people with regard to him may be gathered from the following epitaph by a poet of the time:

“Here lies Fied,  
Who was alive and is dead.  
Had it been his father,  
We had much rather.  
Had it been his brother,  
Still better than another.

Had it been his sister,  
No one would have missed her.  
Had it been the whole generation,  
Still better for the nation.  
But since it's only Fied—  
There's no more to be said.”

He was succeeded as Prince of Wales by George William Frederick, the grandson of George II, who was given the title a month after his father's death. He came to the throne as George III in 1760, and, as pointed out in Chapter II, was one of the most popular of English sovereigns.

Farmer George was succeeded as Prince of Wales by his son who afterwards became George IV. As I have outlined previously, he was a very different type of man from his bluff old father.

George IV was Prince of Wales for fifty years and Prince Regent for nine.

When the eldest son of Queen Victoria was born, he became Duke of Cornwall by birth in accordance with the decree of Edward III who erected Cornwall into a Duchy, entailing it on the heirs apparent to the English throne. In addition, the young Prince, by reason of the Union of Scotland, became Duke of Rothesay and Earl of Carrick; and, as his father's son, a Duke of Saxony. When barely a month old, he was created Prince of Wales.

Albert Edward was Prince of Wales for fifty-nine years which just equalled the period during which George IV held the title, if we include his nine years as Prince Regent.

King Edward served a long and arduous apprenticeship to his high office, and there can be little doubt that much of the remarkable success which marked his comparatively short reign of nearly nine years was due to his wide experience as Prince of Wales.

We have already seen that the present King had more than the usual changes of titles which a royal prince enjoys in the course of his career. He was Prince of Wales for a little under nine years.

The patron saints of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales were evoked at the baptism of the infant who was destined to be the twentieth Prince of Wales, and for the first time in history a Queen Regnant held in her arms her descendant in the fourth generation.

It was little wonder that the birth of Edward, Albert, Christian, George, Andrew, Patrick, David was hailed with joy, as not since Tudor times, when Jane Seymour presented Henry the Eighth with the sickly infant who was to become Edward VI, had an heir to the Throne been born in England of parents, who, like George III, gloried in their British birth.

## CHAPTER XVI

### THE PAGEANTRY OF PEACE

"Princes are like to heavenly bodies which cause good or evil times, and have much veneration but no rest."

BACON.

THE early years of the King's eldest son were marked by a series of great pageants.

The first was a sad and solemn occasion—the funeral of his illustrious great grandmother, Queen Victoria.

On this occasion, the young Prince in a fashion represented his father who, as we have seen, was laid low by an attack of German measles.

As a mere child dressed in a sailor suit, the little Prince was a small pathetic figure against the glittering galaxy of kings, queens, princes, statesmen and soldiers gathered together in St. George's Chapel to do honour to the earthly remains of a great sovereign whose eventful reign had bridged the most progressive period in the history of Europe. Science and industry had changed nearly every aspect of life since Queen Victoria ascended the throne of her fathers. Her rule had seen the commercial development of the steam engine, the railway, the steamship and the factory. She had loved peace, and her people had been blessed with longer periods of peaceful prosperity than under any previous sovereign, but in the interests of progress and civilization her armies had not hesitated to take the field and her victorious bayonets had glittered from the Crimea to China and from Africa to Afghanistan.

The little boy of six was unconscious that he was witnessing the passing not only of a great Ruler but of a great epoch in history.

It is only now that we are beginning to realize the greatness of the Victorian era and to say to ourselves as our fathers of old time have done, "there were giants in those days."

Led by the hand of his beautiful grandmother who was herself one of the most adored of Victorians and already one of the two central figures of a brief but notable reign, the Prince was present at the final interment at Frogmore of the Great Queen.

This historic but solemn pageant was followed in 1902 by an occasion of great rejoicing—the postponed coronation of King Edward and Queen Alexandra.

The illness of his beloved grandfather caused national consternation but must have been a bitter sorrow to the little lad who was such a favourite playmate of the popular King.

Fortunately, the Royal patient made a good recovery and in due course the great pageant took place.

It was the first occasion of its kind for upwards of seventy years, so we can imagine with what excitement the Royal nursery looked forward to it.

Indeed the whole Empire was thrilled at the prospect.

Hitherto even the oldest of us had only gathered our notions of such an event from our history books. We in Ireland, looking back at Queen Victoria's Coronation, which seemed to our childish minds almost as far off as the Norman Conquest, had obtained our ideas of it from Barham's amusing poem which commences:

"Och! the Coronation! what celebration  
For emulation can with it compare?  
When to Westminster the Royal Spinster,  
And the Duke of Leinster, all in order did repair!

'Twas there you'd see the New Polishemen  
 Making a skrimmage at half after four,  
 And the Lords and Ladies, and the Miss O'Gradys,  
 All standing round before the Abbey door."

The bard goes on to describe the presence of the hero of Waterloo:

"And Wellington, walking with sword drawn, talking  
 To Hill and Hardinge, heroes of great fame:  
 And Sir De Lacy, and the Duke Dalmasey,  
 (They called him Sowlt afore he changed his name),  
 Themselves presading Lord Melbourne, lading  
 The Queen, the darling, to her royal chair,  
 And that fine ould fellow, the Duke of Pell-Mello,  
 The Queen of Portingal's Chargy-de-fair."

He concludes:

"Then the cannons thundered, and the people wondered,  
 Crying, 'Long Live Victoria, our Royal Queen!'—  
 Och! if myself should live to be a hundred,  
 Sure it's the proudest day that I'll have seen!  
 And now, I've ended, what I pretended,  
 This narration splendid, in swate poe-thry;  
 Ye dear bewitcher, just hand the pitcher,  
 Faix, it's myself that's getting mighty dhry."

London became a city of flags, and its streets transformed with huge erections in the way of stands to afford not only the loyal subjects of the new King and Queen but foreign visitors from all parts of the globe an opportunity of witnessing, for the first time in a new century, the medieval splendour of a ceremony which proclaimed to the world the glory and antiquity of the British Crown.

London became, as it was destined to become again less than ten years later, a cosmopolitan city in which German and Greek, Spaniard and Swede, Italian and Turk, African

and Asiatic jostled each other in the streets and paid huge prices to speculators for a glimpse of the splendour associated with the accession to the Throne of a King who was almost as well known in every great city of Europe as he was in the streets of his own Capital.

Prince Edward and his brother, Prince Albert, foreshadowed their future association with the Senior Service by wearing sailor suits on this occasion.

Of course the princes did not take any part in the ceremony but were given front seats in the Abbey in the same pew as their little cousin, Lady Alexandra Duff.

The three Royal children made a pretty group and commanded interest even in that gorgeous assembly of brilliant uniforms, stately robes and magnificent dresses.

This notable pageant and even the Review of Colonial troops which followed it must seem very far off to-day to both the Prince and his brother as they were destined to be followed by still more brilliant spectacles nine years later.

The death of King Edward must have been a great sorrow to his adoring grandson.

The King and the young Prince were devoted to each other, and it must be a great satisfaction to the friends of both that the present Prince of Wales has inherited all the personal popularity of his revered grandfather.

Comparisons are odious, but it might even be said that whereas the sun of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales suffered a temporary eclipse through youthful indiscretions, the planet of the popular Edward P. reached its zenith in his boyhood and has remained there ever since.

Indeed, "H.R.H." is to-day more of a national idol than any of his nineteen predecessors as Prince of Wales.

The second sad pageant in which the Prince played a leading part was the Funeral of King Edward. On this occasion the Prince, who by right of birth as the King's

eldest son was now Duke of Cornwall, and his brother Albert, wearing their uniform as naval cadets, followed their father in the procession to Westminster Hall to the Lying in State.

At the actual funeral at Windsor the Prince and Prince Albert were amongst the chief mourners walking behind the King, the Kaiser, their father's cousin, and their great-uncle, the Duke of Connaught.

On the 23rd June, 1910, his sixteenth birthday, the King created the Duke of Cornwall, Prince of Wales.

The following year the Prince had an experience not shared by any previous Heir Apparent; he was to witness a second Coronation.

On this occasion he was to take a prominent part in the ceremony.

Just prior to the Coronation, the Prince was created a Knight of the Garter.

The Order of the Garter is the premier Order of Chivalry of England, limited to the Sovereign, the Prince of Wales, such descendants of George I who may be elected members, and twenty-five Knights Companion.

The Order was founded by Edward III, and the traditional story of its origin is that the King picked up a garter dropped by the Countess of Salisbury at a ball and put it round his own leg with the remark, "Honi soit qui mal y pense."

One of the first to receive the Order of the Garter was the Prince's ancestor, the Black Prince. The records prior to 1414 have been lost, but those which remain are filled with the names of the kings and great nobles of England, and with those of the chief Sovereigns of Europe who have always deemed the English Garter one of their chiefest honours.

The ceremony of his admission to the Order must have been not the least impressive of the pageants in which the boy Prince played a prominent part. He was conducted to



THE PRINCE OF WALES  
*By special permission of His Royal Highness*

[Photo Vandyke]

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the Throne Room by the Duke of Connaught and Prince Arthur of Connaught. Assisted by the Royal Knights, the King buckled the Garter on to the Prince's left leg, while the Prelate of the Order pronounced a solemn admonition "to be courageous, and having undertaken a just war in which thou shalt be engaged, thou mayst stand firm, valiantly fight, and successfully conquer."

The Prince was then invested with the Riband and George and the Star of the Order, and then received the Accolade.

Apart from the Royal Family, most of the Knights who assisted at this ceremony were veterans in the service of the State, including the great soldier Lord Roberts whose funeral the boy Knight was destined to attend a few years later within sound of the German guns.

The sixth great pageant in which the Heir to the Throne took part was the Coronation of his Royal Father.

On this occasion the Prince rode in the same carriage as his sister and his three brothers in the Coronation procession to the Abbey. His youngest brother, Prince John, was present but did not take part in the Procession.

In the Abbey the Prince wore his picturesque Garter robes and hat. His train was carried by Lord Ashley and his crown borne by Lord Revelstoke.

It has been well said that the hearts of all went out to the young Prince. He bowed to his sister with a charming grace, and to each of his brothers, the two younger of whom were in Highland dress.

After the King was crowned by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Prince was the first to do homage to the Sovereign. Taking off his crown and kneeling before His Majesty, the Prince said:

"I, Prince of Wales, do become your liege man of life and limb and of earthly worship; and faith and truth I will bear unto you, to live and die, against all manner of folks. So help me God."

Having rendered homage, the young Prince touched the Crown so newly placed on the King's head and kissed the King on his left cheek, but it was not possible for the fatherly affection of His Majesty to be satisfied with this formality, and drawing the Prince with outstretched arms he kissed him on the right cheek. In that moment most onlookers' eyes grew dim at the thought of the weight of world-empire that rested on the father, and would, in God's providence, descend on that youthful Prince who now did homage.

After the solemn service was ended the Prince of Wales donned his crown and returned with his sister and brothers in the State coach, following the procession of the crowned Sovereign.

As their coach was drawn up within a few yards of me, I can testify to the shy but genuine pleasure with which they acknowledged the salutations of the spectators. It was abundantly evident that the Royal children were extremely popular, and their reception at all parts of the route was one of the most charming features of the homeward journey to the Palace.

The Prince took part in the other great ceremonials which marked the Coronation, and it is interesting to recall that through most of the stately pageantry he wore the simple uniform of a midshipman of the Royal Navy.

Destined so soon to change his blue uniform for the scarlet and khaki of the Guards, the Prince must recall amongst all the glittering pageantry of 1911 the King's Review in Windsor Great Park of the Officers' Training Corps.

No fewer than seventeen thousand young soldiers from the universities and public schools assembled on that historic occasion.

"To me," wrote the special correspondent of *The Times*, "the march past was a revelation—a revelation of the latent military spirit that runs through the youth of this country. No amount of dragooning, no amount of instruction, could

have given these results if the military spirit had not been there for the instructors to build upon. The Oxford and Cambridge cadets, with their artillery and mounted men, were deservedly cheered, as were their comrades of the other Universities."

This eulogy is interesting to recall in view of the splendid services rendered by these youngsters in the dark days which lay so near ahead.

After the Coronation came the "revival" of the Investiture of the Prince of Wales in the historic Castle of Carnarvon where, as we have seen, the infant Edward of Carnarvon, was traditionally believed to have been accepted by the people of Wales as their first English Prince.

The occasion was as unique as it was auspicious, as King George's Heir Apparent was the first in the long line of Princes of Wales to bear a Welsh name and to be invested on Welsh soil, so it is little wonder that the warm Celtic hearts of the people of the Principality throbbed with patriotic pride.

But the Prince of Wales was not content with bearing a Welsh name, he learned sufficient of "the language spoken in heaven" to address his subjects in their own tongue.

I was privileged to be present on this great historic occasion.

Even the fact that one had travelled all night in the train could not mar the enjoyment of a glorious June day, for the weather, which had not been altogether kind for the previous ceremonies, went out of its way to honour the Prince.

The skies were cloudless and the sun shone on glittering uniforms of every shade and kind.

The little town was packed with loyal Welshmen and people from every part of the King's dominions.

The Prince wearing his simple midshipman's uniform arrived by train and drove to the Castle where his first duty was to receive an address from the Corporation of the City

of Carnarvon. The Prince's reply—the first speech in which a Prince of Wales had used the Welsh language—is worth quoting:

"I thank you most sincerely for your kind welcome and address. It gives me great pleasure to visit your historic town. I have read how, as Segontium, it was famous in the days of the Romans, and your noble Castle has especial interest for me. I have already heard some of your far-famed singing, of which I have been told so much. It gives me great delight. It touches all who hear it, coming as it does from the heart as well as from the head. As we say, 'Môr o gân yw Cymru i gyd' ('All Wales is a sea of song').

"When I think of the many links which bind me to our beautiful country, the title I bear seems more real to me than ever. You greet me on behalf of all in your ancient mother tongue with 'Croesaw' ('Welcome'), and so let me end by saying, 'Diolch o waelod fy nghalon i hên wlad fy nhadau' ('Thanks from the bottom of my heart to the old land of my fathers')."

The King had also to receive an address from the Corporation, and in his reply used words which will long be remembered in Wales. His Majesty said:

"I believe that the occasion will serve a still deeper purpose in assembling in union and power around the Prince's person all the forces of Welsh national life which preserve the fame and achievements of your historic ancestors, and will sustain in the world of modern times the virtues of the British race and the glories of the British Empire."

The Procession which conducted the Prince to the Chamberlain's Tower where he was robed for the ceremony

recalled the ancient pageantry of a people who have preserved their national customs and national privileges in a manner which is beyond all praise.

Heralds, the Arch Druid and Druids matched the surroundings of the medieval castle whilst the martial glories of Wales were recalled by the presence of the Welch Regiment and other national military formations.

The King and Queen wore none of the panoplies of their exalted rank on this occasion.

The King was merely an Admiral of the great service to which his son belonged and the Queen was only a beautiful and gracious lady proudly attending a ceremony in which her firstborn was playing the leading part.

The Prince's sister added to the family character of the ceremony. She wore a pretty white frock and hat and her girlish simplicity and charming appearance won all hearts.

Mr. Lloyd George, as Constable of the Castle, received Their Majesties and handed the King the great Key of the Castle which His Majesty received and handed back to his Constable.

The King and Queen seated themselves on two thrones with a vacant throne on the King's right hand, and His Majesty then summoned the Prince to the Presence through the Earl Marshal.

The Prince soon appeared preceded by heralds and pursuivants and great nobles bearing his Insignia.

He was followed by the officers of his Household. His youth was marked by the presence of his tutor amongst these gallant gentlemen.

The Prince wore a picturesque kit consisting of a short purple surcoat, white knee breeches and white stockings. He had no head dress as hats belong to a later period than his medieval uniform. He kneeled at the King's feet whilst the Home Secretary read the Letters Patent of his

appointment, and then did homage in the ancient formula which he had already repeated at the King's Coronation.

Rising, he was kissed by the King and placed on the vacant throne by the King's side.

An eloquent address was then delivered by Sir John Rhys to which the Prince replied:

"I thank you with all my heart for your cordial welcome, and with you I wish that this may be the first of many visits to our beautiful country. As your address reminds me, the many links of the past, my Tudor descent, the great title that I bear, as well as my name David, all bind me to Wales, and to-day I can safely say that I am in 'hên wlad fy nhadau', the old land of my fathers.

"I assure you that I shall never forget to-day as long as I live, and I hope sincerely that it will always mark a happy day in the Principality as one which brought you a new friend. He is, it is true, a young friend—I am very young—but I have great examples before me. I have my dear father and my dear mother and good friends to help me, and so, bearing in mind our ancient and beautiful saying, 'Iheb Dduw, heb ddim; Duw a digon' ('Without God, without anything; God is enough'), I hope to do my duty to my King, to Wales, and to you all."

The use of the Welsh language by the young Prince a second time aroused immense enthusiasm, and after a short religious service conducted by not only the Bishops of the Welsh dioceses but representatives of the Free Churches of Wales, the King presented their Prince to his people.

Four times the Prince appeared to the waiting throngs outside the Castle and four times he was greeted with a musical welcome which only Welsh people could give.

When at last the Sovereign led the Prince to the King's

Gate for the last presentation, the final welcome must have touched the heart of the most hardened cynic.

The singing of the "Land of my Fathers" and of the "Old Hundredth" by the assembled multitude produced a volume of stirring melody which could not have been produced anywhere except in the Land which the Prince had claimed as a "Sea of Song."

It was a wonderful and unforgettable pageant but must have been a trying experience for a youth of seventeen.

If the Prince were asked what part of this memorial visit he enjoyed most he would probably say the afternoon two days later at Aberystwyth when a deputation presented him with a thoroughbred Welsh terrier!

## CHAPTER XVII

### LEARNING HIS JOB

"There is a great Field Marshal, my friend, who arrays our battalions,  
Let us to Providence trust and abide and work in our stations."

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

HAVING recorded the great pageants which punctuated the Prince's early years, it would be almost impertinence to dwell on events of minor importance, so I will revert to the year 1907 when the eldest son of the Heir Apparent started to "learn his job" at the early age of thirteen by entering the Royal Naval College which had been started in part of the grounds of Queen Victoria's much beloved residence at Osborne.

King Edward, being already in possession of his beloved home at Sandringham, did not require Osborne and presented it to the Nation as a Naval College and Sanatorium for officers of the Fighting Services.

The curriculum was re-organised by Lord Fisher who, as we have seen, was an old shipmate of the King, and His Majesty's approval of the revised training of naval officers was evidenced by the fact that he sent his own sons to the College.

Osborne is an inspiring establishment for budding admirals as they are greeted by the words:

"There is nothing that the Navy cannot do."

Certainly during the Great War the graduates of that College showed the world the truth of that proud phrase.

The young Prince had to pass the gauntlet of an Interview Board just like any other youngster aspiring to be a naval cadet.

The Bishop of Norwich, who was the only civilian on the Board when the Prince was interviewed, says that his colleagues fired all their hardest questions at the Prince but failed to stump him. The Bishop's turn came last. He asked the Royal candidate to recite a poem which the Prince did with great feeling and charm, his selection being Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar." The examiners after conferring together as to what marks he should receive bracketed him out of 150 candidates with another boy at the top of the list.

No special privileges during holidays or at any other time distinguished the Prince from the other cadets at the Royal Naval College.

Indeed, Lady Tennyson, whose son, Harold, was a cadet at Osborne at the same time as the Prince, relates that when the Prince was on the sick list he refused various delicacies that were offered to him saying, "My father told me that I was to have nothing different from the other boys."

One of the outstanding characteristics of the Prince to-day is his sense of humour. It was already developed at Osborne as he is reputed to have replied to one of his ship-mates who asked him whether it was not a great responsibility to be the son of the Prince of Wales, "I've never thought about it in that way; it's always seemed to me great luck to be born the eldest son, because when you're the eldest you haven't got to wear any of your brother's old clothes!"

After two years at Osborne, the Prince went to Dartmouth in 1909 to complete his naval training.

There can be little doubt that the period spent at Osborne and later on at Dartmouth had a very important effect in moulding the character of the Prince.

There is always an element of snobbery about a public school, but "there is no damn nonsense" about the Navy. The cadet, whether he be a King's Heir or the son of some

simple sailor, has to go through it with his messmates and he soon gets any corners knocked off.

The Prince took very kindly to his new life. He was nicknamed "The Sardine" because he was the smallest boy of his batch. Not a very inspiring soubriquet, but he was a modest little cadet and seems to have taken to the title with pleasure rather than resentment.

The Prince spent roughly five years at Osborne and Dartmouth, and completed the full course of training for the Navy. By the end of the time, it has been well said that he was a boy in years, a child in appearance but already something of a man in character.

It must have been a trying experience for any young fellow to be suddenly jerked from the cheery comradeship of his brother cadets into the middle of the world's stage. It was hardly surprising if he seemed to be a bit rattled at first at becoming—next to the King—the central figure in our national life.

The Prince qualified for the rank of midshipman by a cruise on the H.M.S. *Hindustan*. On board ship he was treated exactly like any other midshipman and excluded from the ward room just as rigorously as his messmates, but we are told that in the gunroom he was just as cocky as his seniority permitted. From "turn out" at five o'clock in the morning until "pipe down" at nine-thirty in the evening, he was as alert as any of his companions. Whether he was on duty handling a party of hard-bitten A.B.'s; receiving instruction in a gun-turret; doing a watch, or parading for Divisions, he was right up to the mark, earning his one shilling and ninepence a day and just the amount of respect his efficiency merited and no more.

There can be no sort of doubt that love of the sea and of the free-and-easy life of the officers of the "King's Navee" was born in the Prince during this cruise, and that when he left his ship he hated the idea of leaving the Navy, but

it was not to be so, like the philosopher he is he turned round and buckled to, carrying on the work of "learning his job" into other spheres of activity.

Graduation from the Britannia College at Dartmouth could not complete the education of a Prince who was debarred by his high destiny from following the career of a professional sailor.

Unlike his Royal Father, the Prince was faced by the fact that he must prepare himself for the highest office of the State.

The King, with characteristic wisdom, decided that his son would benefit by a stay in one of the older universities, so in due course the name of the Prince of Wales was entered at Magdalen College, Oxford.

Prior to going up to the University, King George showed even greater wisdom by deciding that his son should familiarize himself with the Continent generally, and France and the French language in particular.

In 1912, one of King Edward's most intimate friends, the Marquis de Breteuil, was asked to come to London and on his arrival at Buckingham Palace the King addressed him somewhat like this: "I have always been conscious of my imperfect knowledge of France, and of my inability to speak French with real ease and without accent," he said. "Perhaps this was because, as a child, there seemed little chance of my coming to the Throne. I am very anxious that it should be otherwise with my eldest son. Will you let him come and stay with you for four or five months, so that he may really learn to speak your language and to know something of your country at first hand?"

Needless to say, the proposal was at once accepted and the Prince's visit arranged for an early date.

The King's decision to send his son to learn "at first hand" something of the regime of a great Republic showed real vision and was in sharp contrast to what Horace Walpole

has told us of what was decided with regard to a less fortunate Royal prince a century previously. "Two points," he says, "were looked to in the Prince of Wales's education. The first was that he should not be trusted to anything but a ductile cypher, the other that he should be brought up with due affection for Royal power; in other words, he was to be the slave of his father and the tyrant of his people."

The Prince of Wales's visit to Paris was not recognised officially, but he exchanged visits with the President and Prime Minister and received in happy augury of his future services to France the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour. As befitted the grandson of King Edward he took to the boulevards like the proverbial duck to water, but he also put in a lot of real hard work not only in perfecting himself in the language but in really getting to know the country and its charming people.

He was given opportunities of studying industrial possibilities and difficulties in the Republic and showed himself eager to benefit as much as possible from his contact with all grades of French society.

During the Prince's stay in France, an act of homage was rendered to the memory of Queen Victoria and King Edward by the French Nation as M. Poincaré, as Prime Minister, unveiled the now familiar statues of Queen Victoria at Nice and of King Edward at Cannes. The ceremony was marked by a Review and made an occasion of great importance by the delightful people of the Côte d'Azur who had good reason to remember gratefully the friendship of the two great British sovereigns who really loved France.

M. Poincaré's references to King Edward were particularly happy and are known to have touched King George most deeply.

"In labouring for the good of his people," said the French Premier, "he laboured equally for the peace and civilisation of the world and for the cause of humanity, and when with

his last breath he sighed that he had only endeavoured to do his duty, he was unduly self-effacing, for in truth he had succeeded to the full in what he had sought to accomplish."

The presence of French and British sailors together both at the Review and the subsequent ceremonies on this occasion, combined with the presence of the Prince of Wales, was regarded at the time as a fresh proof of the very real friendship between France and England, but few anticipated that this friendship would be so soon put to the crucial test of war.

The Marquis de Breteuil had a son about the Prince's own age, so that the Prince found very congenial society in his home.

How did the Prince spend his time in France?

Well, very much like any other young Englishman. He went to the races at Auteuil, and explored the historic scenes of Paris and did the round of picture galleries and museums with tireless energy besides mastering colloquial French in a way that must have delighted the shades of Edouard Sept.

When he had more or less exhausted Paris, he took a motor tour in Normandy and tasted the joys of the incomparable scenery and delightful inns of the Duchy from which his ancestors came to England.

After Normandy he visited Rheims and many other towns, but he was not content with being a mere tourist. Besides studying industrial questions, as I have mentioned, he had his first voyage in a French submarine, visited the great armament works at Creusot and took a great interest in the work of the Chamber of Deputies, learning for himself the difference in procedure between the French Chamber and his own Mother of Parliaments.

The Prince captured the imagination of the warm-hearted Parisians. History repeated itself, and once more a *Prince de Galles* was the idol of the French Press and the French people.

The papers were full of his praises, and the very least they could say of him was that he was *très gentil* or *très charmant*.

Altogether his visit was a great success, and when he returned home for his eighteenth birthday the King must have been gratified to learn that the Marquis de Breteuil wrote to M. Poincaré: "The young Prince carries away a strong impression of all that he has seen, and a real sympathy for France and Frenchmen; he is quite determined to come here again as soon, and as often, as possible."

Neither the writer of this letter nor its recipient could have foreseen that the Prince was soon to come back to France for a very long sojourn, indeed during the darkest days of their country's noble history.

Soon after his return to England the Prince matriculated as an ordinary commoner at Magdalen. His illustrious grandfather had matriculated as a nobleman, but his grandson's university life was ordered on more democratic lines. He lived in college rooms with his tutor, attended lectures in the ordinary way, dined in Hall and met his fellow undergraduates in the Junior Common Room. He was spared as much formality as possible and by this means was able to meet a much wider variety of men than he could otherwise have done.

The Prince took an active part in the sporting life of the University and played "Rugger" in the Magdalen second Fifteen, so that he became as familiar with finding himself on his back in the mud as any of his Father's subjects. He was the lightest weight in the team, which was something of a handicap, but he was very fast, and any player in an opposing team who had the ambition to roll the future King of England in the mud had to work very hard for the privilege.

There is a remarkable story told of an encounter between the Prince and a socialist from the Midlands, who, having

saved enough money for the purpose, went to Oxford to learn how to "communize" Britain. This admirer of Karl Marx and several other "undergrads" of his kidney were drinking together one evening in the rooms of the Man from the Midlands when the Prince strolled in with a banjo under his arm. The Prince asked his host some question about the game of football in which they had been engaged together the previous day, and then sitting down on the table produced his banjo and with a wicked twinkle in his eye commenced to sing and play the "Red Flag." The awkwardness which had previously rather tempered the joviality of the proceedings disappeared as the Prince continued to strum on his instrument, and he soon had the whole company at their ease and not altogether displeased with the Clown, or at any rate its representative in Oxford.

The upshot of the evening was that after the Prince had left, the Midland reformer said to one of his most virulent supporters: "What about the Proletariat?" "Well," said he rising slowly to his feet, "in answer I'll give you a toast." He raised his glass, looked deliberately from face to face and then said: "The Prince of Wales—God bless him."

It has generally been imagined that the Prince made his first practical acquaintance with soldiering as a subaltern of the Grenadier Guards. This is not the case. As a matter of fact, he began his military career as a full-blown private in the Oxford University Officers' Training Corps. He did his weekly drills and musketry parades just like any ordinary "private," and the knowledge he had acquired in the Navy was not allowed to absolve him from going through his training from the beginning like the rawest recruit. Like the good fellow he is, he took very kindly to his soldiering in the ranks, went under canvas with his Corps for its annual training and was always amongst the first to "fall in" with his party for either fatigues or parades.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### BAPTISM BY FIRE

"What profession affords such scope for varied incident as that of a soldier?"

"Change of clime, danger, vicissitude, love, war, privation one day, profusion the next—darkling dangers and sparkling joys. 'Zounds! there's nothing like the life of a soldier."

SAMUEL LOVER.

WHEN War broke out in August, 1914, the Prince was already a second-lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards, but Lord Kitchener refused to send him overseas until his military training was more advanced. With characteristic earnestness he set himself to learn his job as an officer, and pending embarkation orders found good work to do in launching the famous Prince of Wales Fund for the Relief of Distress. His appeal was worded in simple and forcible language which it may be of interest to recall.

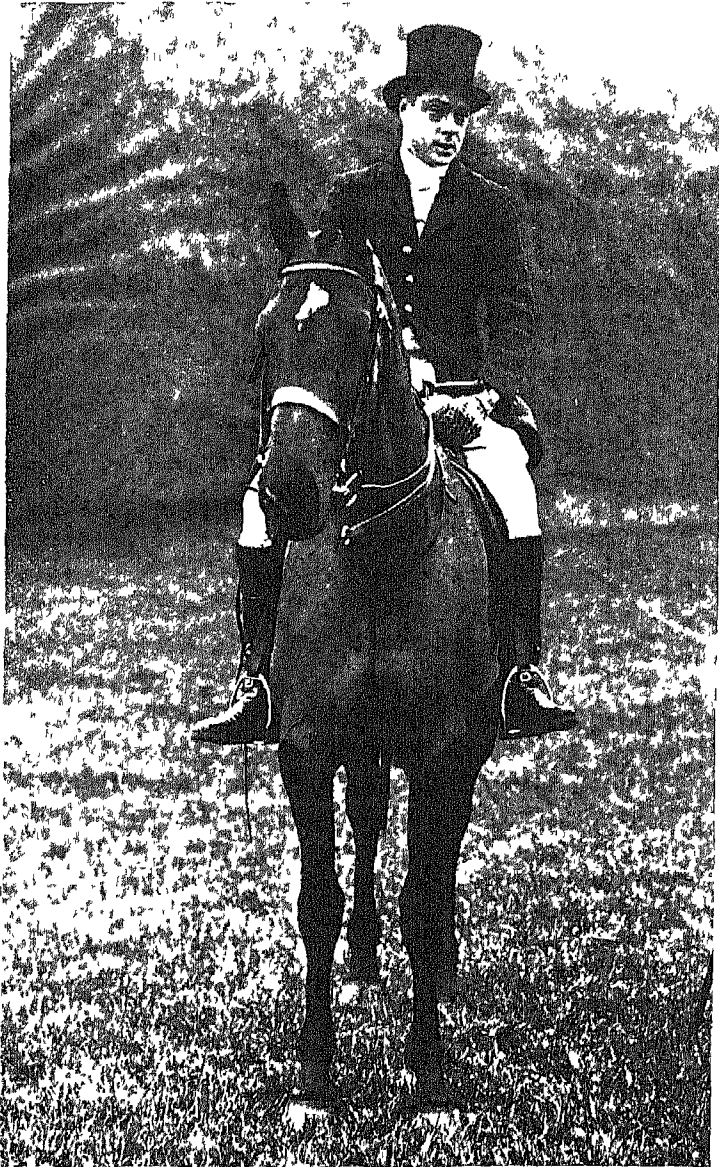
"All must realise," he said, "that the present time of deep anxiety will be followed by one of considerable distress among the people of this country least able to bear it.

"We most earnestly pray that their sufferings may be neither long nor bitter. But we cannot wait until the need presses heavily upon us.

"The means of relief must be ready in our hands. To allay anxiety will go some way to stay distress.

"A National Fund has been founded, and I am proud to act as its Treasurer.

"My first duty is to ask for generous and ready support, and I know that I shall not ask in vain.



[Photo Sport and General Press Agency]  
THE PRINCE IN THE HUNTING FIELD

[Face page 172]



"At such a moment we all stand by one another, and it is to the heart of the British people that I confidently make this most earnest appeal."

The response to this appeal was prompt and almost overwhelming. A quarter of a million pounds was subscribed within the first twenty-four hours, and no less than three millions sterling was received before the War Office at last yielded to the Prince's persistent applications and he left for the Front in November, 1914.

The decision of the authorities was probably influenced by the evidence of history. The constant applications of the Prince of Wales, who became George IV, to be employed in the field were ignored with, as we have seen, disastrous results on the character of the First Gentleman in Europe, who was left kicking his heels in London whilst his peers were adding further laurels to the glories of British armies under Wellington and his generals.

The Prince was appointed to the Staff of Sir John French, but was not chained to General Headquarters at St. Omer. He was attached in turn to Army, Corps, Divisional and Brigade Headquarters and had a wide and varied experience of the campaign in the early days of trench warfare.

One of the Prince's first duties was to attend the funeral of one of the great heroes of his boyhood—Lord Roberts.

"He passed in the very battle smoke  
Of the war that he had descried.  
Three hundred mile of cannon spoke  
When the Master Gunner died."

No man was more worthy of the hero worship of even a Prince than the grand old soldier.

"Clean, simple, valiant, well-beloved,  
Flawless in faith and fame,  
Whom neither ease nor honours moved  
An hair's-breadth from his aim."

Alas! the great field marshal left no son, but if he had, he might have passed on to him Massinger's wonderful picture of the true soldier:

"If e'er my son  
Follow the war, tell him it is a school  
Where all the principles tending to honour  
Are taught, if truly follow'd . . .  
. . . 'To dare boldly  
In a fair cause, and for their country's safety  
'To run upon the cannon's mouth undaunted;  
'To obey their leaders, and shun mutinies;  
'To bear with patience the winter's cold  
And summer's scorching heat, and not to faint,  
When plenty of provision fails, with hunger,  
Are the essential parts make up a soldier."

When the King arrived in France on his first visit to the Front he was received at G.H.Q. by the Prince and no less than three ruling princes of India, the Maharaja of Jodhpur, the Maharaja of Kishangarh, and the Maharaja of Bikaner, together with that veteran Indian campaigner Malik (now Nawab) Umar Ilyat Khan.

With the Maharaja of Jodhpur the King found an old friend in that Rajput *Beau Sabreur*, Sir Partab Singh. His one desire was to fall leading his splendid Jodhpur Lancers in a charge, but a glorious Rajput death in battle was denied to him. His loyalty to the King Emperor was intense and he poured out blood and treasure for the Government during the War.

He regarded it as a positive duty for a soldier to die for his country, and after his return to Jodhpur from France, the only question which he asked men and officers returning from the theatres of war was, "Why are you not dead?" Hundreds of stories are told of this grand old Rajput warrior.

I like this one best.

A great soldier who had been with Sir Partab more than once on active service, died in his Palace.

Sir Partab refused to allow menials to touch the body of his friend, and himself bore it to the bier, although no high caste Hindu is allowed to touch a corpse.

Next day the priests came to the Palace and charged Sir Partab with defilement. "Defilement," cried the grand old warrior, "there can be no defilement in a soldier touching the body of his comrade in battle, whether he be alive or dead."

Accompanied by the Prince the King motored to the areas of all the corps and saw troops of every division and heavy artillery in action.

At Fourth Corps Headquarters at Merville, the President of the Republic, M Poincaré, and General Joffre called on the King.

No doubt, as his constant companion, the Prince gave His Majesty much information gleaned from his own personal experience.

It was an historic occasion, as for the first time since George II fought at Dettingen an English Sovereign was present with his Army on active service.

The visit was marked, however, with an incident which had no precedent.

King George, with his Heir Apparent by his side, met on Belgian soil the gallant King of the Belgians at the head of the broken but unbeaten remnant of his Army.

King George reviewed the Belgian troops and conferred on King Albert the insignia of the highest honour in his power to bestow—the Most Noble Order of the Garter.

It was a memorable scene and one which should be remembered as a bond between this country and gallant little Belgium.

There is no doubt that the Prince is a born soldier and

that he took to his work at the Front like the proverbial duck to water.

His presence with our Armies in the field was undoubtedly a great encouragement to the fighting troops but his disregard of personal danger was a source of great anxiety to those who were responsible for his safety.

It was well-nigh impossible to keep the prince away from his regiment and out of the firing line and what worried the authorities was the probable result of an "accident."

It would have been a fine feather in the cap of the German gunners if a stray bullet or fragment of shell had found a billet in the Prince of Wales.

No words of mine could better describe what was frequently seen in the "forward area" than the following vivid lines from the pen of that Prince of War correspondents, Sir Philip Gibbs:

"Forcing our way through the brushwood on the slopes, we reached the crest of the hillock. Near by stood two Generals and several Staff Officers—men whose names have been written many times in the Chief's despatches and will be written for all time in the history of this war. They were at their post of observation to watch the progress of an attack which was timed to begin shortly.

"Presently two other figures came up the hillside. One of them arrested my attention. Who was that young officer, a mere boy, who came toiling up through the slime and mud, and who at the crest halted and gave a quick salute to the two Generals? He turned, and I saw that it was Edward Prince of Wales, and through the afternoon, when I glanced at him now and again as he studied his map and gazed across the fields, I thought of another Edward Prince of Wales, who six centuries ago stood in another field of France. Out of the past came old ghosts of history, who once as English princes, and knights and men-at-arms, fought

at St. Omer and Ypres, Bailleul and Bethune, and all that very ground which lay before me now."

After a period of apprenticeship at G.H.Q. the Prince succeeded in getting posted to the Staff of the Guards Division.

This was not quite what he wanted. He would have liked to have commanded a platoon and gone over the top at the head of his men, but as he could not attain his heart's desire he settled down to really hard work on the "Q" side, that is in the branch of Divisional Headquarters controlled by the Assistant Quarter-Master-General, who is responsible for the quarters and general comfort of the troops.

The Prince was appointed Staff Captain of the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force in 1916 and promoted D.A.Q.M.G. in the same year. He attained his twenty-first birthday in 1915 whilst serving in the field, but naturally that year was not a time for any sort of public rejoicing and the event passed almost unnoticed.

The Prince came in for a useful sphere of activity during the winter of 1915-1916 when the British Government appointed a National Committee to make permanent provision for the care of British graves in France and Belgium. The Prince was appointed President of this new body and took an active interest in its important duties.

There was no lack of work for the Prince but it must be admitted that during the whole of his service on the French front his complete disregard of personal danger continued to be a constant source of anxiety, and, popular as he was with all ranks, it was with a sigh of something like relief that the High Command witnessed his departure from France.

In 1917 the Prince was posted to the Staff of the 14th Corps forming part of the Italian Expeditionary Force. He joined the Force already Colonel-in-Chief of the 12th Lancers and of the Royal Scots Fusiliers. The change to the Italian

zone must have been a welcome one to the Prince as it was to all the rest of us who had the good fortune to form part of the Army Corps which was transferred from the flat plains of Flanders to the snow-clad mountains, great crags, yawning precipices and river beds which marked the Italian front line.

In France the chief dangers were the German shells; on the Carso the chief enemy of the fighting man was the thirst. On the Cadore Front it was the frost.

In France we were accustomed to cold and mud and shallow rain-soaked trenches, often fifty yards only from the German lines. But in Italy we were to find our allies fighting in trenches carved out of solid rock with emplacements for great guns at a height of ten thousand feet.

Water, even if it smelt of chloride of lime, was plentiful enough all along the French front line, but in Italy we had sometimes to put up with melted snow in the mountains whilst in the desert of the Carso thirst was a real menace.

I did duty for some time at Corps Headquarters on the staff of the Earl of Cavan and had the honour of meeting the Prince on various occasions.

I found him intensely interested in the problems which faced us in Italy and that he appreciated with the rest of us the unique experience of being part of a British Force marching through the remnants of a disheartened and retreating Italian army.

It will be remembered that no small portion of the task of our French comrades and ourselves was to restore the morale of the Italian soldiers, who were marching backwards along the same roads by which we moved forwards. A way had constantly to be cleared for the dashing, dare-devil *Diabes bleus* and the smiling, singing Britishers through the weary, disheartened Italians.

The retreating army had no supply organization, and on one occasion I saw a horse which had died on the road

being set on by hungry infantry, who proceeded to cut off and carry away every scrap of cookable meat.

The Prince was attached to the General Staff, and in his official capacity frequently visited the troops in the line and shared to the full the various minor discomforts associated with service in the mountains, such as the use of snow water for our ablutions which was about the colour of soup and which may account for the following incident which happened just after we went down to the plains for a rest. The Italians in whose houses we were billeted were most kind and hospitable. The supply of hot water was one of their delicate attentions, and every evening a smiling Italian girl used to bring a jug of hot water to the room of one of our officers. One evening she brought the usual jug, but returned in a few minutes, crying out frantically, "Brodo, brodo!" The officer did his best to console her, but to no avail. Finally, wishing to get on with his toilet, he cheered her with, "That's all right, old thing, don't you worry," pushed her from the room, locked the door, poured out his "hot water", and completed his toilet. He was, however, honestly anxious to help,—so on arriving at the dinner table he asked the Italian interpreter what was the meaning of "Brodo". "Brodo," replied the interpreter, "why, broth!" "Heavens!" cried the officer in consternation, "I thought it looked rather dirty. I've washed in the family soup!"

His Highness was immensely popular with all ranks and seized with both hands every opportunity of learning the actual conditions under which all arms were serving on this remarkable front.

Here, I would like to emphasize the fact that service on an active and ubiquitous staff gave him a wider and more intimate touch with the intrinsic influences of war than any other kind of employment. During the War, as Major Verney says, "a Staff Officer's concentration on his job was often interpreted as the haughty indifference of a 'brass hat'.

Consequently, the Staff was often written down as unsympathetic, casual, indifferent, and largely ornamental spectators of the War. For similar reasons, as a regimental officer in the front line, I personally was inclined to contribute to this view of the Staff. Subsequently, when I was posted to the Staff, I discovered that the facts were the reverse. My extremely local views of war, and my equally local obsessions, became dwarfed to their exact proportions. As a platoon and company commander I learned my own reactions to the strain and privation of my own shifting sectors of the front line and shared in those of my own crowd. But as a Staff Officer I learned and shared the reactions of thousands, and saw battle, death, suffering, and effort in large areas."

When the Armistice came, the Prince had a wider experience of war than any man of his generation. No young soldier of four and twenty had anything like his acquaintance of modern warfare under the most diverse conditions. He had seen our own troops wading through the mud of Flanders and our Italian allies fighting through the storms of winter in deep snow so close to the Austrians that at some points the men could see their enemies' eyes through the observation holes. He had won by service in the field the Military Cross, the French Croix de Guerre and the Italian War Merit Cross.

He was something of a fire-eater and like Julian Grenfell felt:

"The thundering line of battle stands:  
And in the air Death moans and sings;  
But Day shall clasp him with strong hands,  
And Night shall fold him in soft wings."

He may have disliked the indeterminate ending of the pursuit of a beaten enemy but he must have rejoiced at the sparing of valuable lives which a more prolonged conflict would have involved.

At any rate his service in the field has undoubtedly coloured the whole of the Prince's character and tinged his entire outlook on life.

He is never tired of referring in his speeches to the bond created by common service in the Great War.

Wherever he goes at home or abroad it is the old soldier or sailor, wounded or whole, he loves to greet and constantly his marvellous memory for faces makes the pulse of some old comrade beat quicker because "the Prince remembers."

I can personally vouch for this royal gift. I was privileged to stand near the Prince at a function in St. James's Palace and after a quick glance His Royal Highness said, "We met during the War, didn't we?" Then after a moment's thought, "It was in Italy, wasn't it?" As I was not in uniform this incident shows that the Prince possesses a faculty for remembering, which he has obviously been at great pains to cultivate.

## CHAPTER XIX

### AN INTERNATIONAL PERSONALITY

"God give us men. The time demands  
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and willing hands;  
. . . men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog  
In public duty, and in private thinking."

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND (1819-1881)

"To feel and respect a great personality, one must be something one's self."

GOETHE.

It is not possible for a Royal Prince to do much in the way of Empire building nowadays, but the Heir Apparent can and does perform an equally important service to the State for he is a great personal force in binding together the heterogeneous group of countries and peoples of every class and colour who compose the British Empire.

The King was a great traveller in his time and, as we have seen, came to the Throne the most travelled monarch of modern times, but even the thousands of miles which King George has to his credit fade into something like insignificance when compared with the hundreds of thousands included in the peregrinations of the Prince of Wales.

It would be impossible to chronicle in a single chapter the frequent visits of the Heir Apparent to various parts of the world. He has visited Canada, where he has a ranch at Calgary, twice, Australasia, India and Africa. But he has by no means confined his travels to different parts of the Empire. He has also visited other countries, including the United States in 1919 and South America in 1925 and 1931.

The British people are lucky in possessing in the Prince a man who, besides possessing a charming personality, is gifted with an iron constitution and boundless energy, for without the ability to stand vicissitudes of climate and the strain of protracted travel it would have been impossible for any individual to embark on the extensive tours he has carried out during the past dozen years.

In 1920 the Prince undertook his great Australian tour—his first essay in Empire Binding—on H M.S. *Renown* which was of course specially fitted up for the occasion.

During this great expedition the Heir to the Throne travelled by battle cruiser, by train, on horseback, by motor and on foot no less than forty-five thousand miles!

His itinerary was via Barbados to Panama and Southern California, and thence, first visiting Fiji, to New Zealand. From the Island Dominion he passed to the various States of the Australian Commonwealth, and the return journey was accomplished by way of the West Indies and the Bermudas.

I have first-hand information of the New Zealand part of this famous Tour from my friend Colonel J. L. Sleeman, C.M.G., D.S.O., M.V.O., who acted as Dominion Staff Officer to the Prince during his stay in New Zealand.

He accompanied the Royal Visitor at all military parades, receptions and entertainments and during the long railway journey through the Northern and Southern Islands.

Colonel Sleeman is convinced that no one who has not travelled on a Royal Tour can form any conception of its strain and the immense demands it imposes upon the royal personage concerned. "In this particular instance," he says, "the Prince did not spare himself on any single occasion, and his average day may be described as lasting from 6 a.m. until 2 a.m. the following morning; for the Prince was always the first up of the royal party and seldom saw his bed again until well after midnight."

"Indeed were the Prince of Wales an ordinary man he would still be outstanding for his exceptional fitness and powers of endurance. These are neither accidental nor inherited so much as the result of temperance in all respects and systematic and rigorous training. Not in the least a faddist, he believes that wholesome exercise for the body and constant occupation for the mind is the royal road to happiness and contentment. His personal charm is not due to mere tact but to genuine sympathy and understanding for those he meets, however lowly their positions or humble their occupations. It is only those who have been privileged to travel with the Prince of Wales in far distant parts of the King's Empire who can speak with authority of the real and sustained enthusiasm which characterize all his actions." "It must be remembered," says Sleeman, "that on such tours H.R.H. lives under what may best be described as a perpetual microscope which subjects his every action and word to criticism on the part of those who profess to believe that the days of royalty are numbered and those others who go through the world hoping to be offended or slighted. And to pass through this maze of critical observation for so long a period imposes such a test that the best concealed pretence or assumption of interest would fail."

The Royal Tour in New Zealand was not without its amusing incidents, and the Dominion Staff Officer records how on one occasion he found in the front ranks of an important military parade "a somewhat incongruous figure standing in the ranks wearing a curious head-dress and a brilliant red uniform in striking contrast to the khaki by which it was surrounded. Sending a Staff Officer to investigate, I led the Prince down the rear rank during which time the culprit was removed. It transpired later that he was not a soldier at all but had purchased the full dress uniform of a famous Highland regiment in a pawnshop, pinning to its

breast some forty medals which he had won in dancing competitions!"

On another point of the tour "a chef, whose aptitude for cooking was only equalled by his liking for strong liquor, had been engaged for the royal visit and entrusted with the ordering of the necessary supplies. Unfortunately, immediately before H.R.H.'s arrival he let himself go rather too freely, with the result that he imagined the visit over and started celebrating before its commencement. This resulted in a complete collapse, when it was found that his idea of royal fare had been to order two things only, 100 suckling pigs and 40 gallons of port!"

My readers will share Colonel Sleeman's surprise at the disregard of personal discomfort which the Prince exhibited during his tour. The clerk of the weather behaved badly to the Royal Visitor and he was greeted with a varied mixture of heat, rain, snow and slush, but the Prince seemed to suffer neither ill effects nor inconvenience from the extremes of heat and cold to which he was subjected and four to six hours' sleep seemed to be all he required in any weather.

He did not seem to know the meaning of the word "weariness," as when he had a day off instead of resting as most lesser mortals would have done, he would travel all night by train and then go off for a day's hunting!

Sleeman has trained hundreds of thousands of men and knows the effects of fatigue and its breaking point in the fittest of trained soldiers, and his experience teaches him that it has been the Prince's magnificent courage and avoidance of all forms of excess in eating, drinking and even smoking which have enabled him to survive successfully the strain of a series of tours exceeding in duration and variety the journeys undertaken by any other living man, in any walk of life.

These tours, be it remembered, have been no mere visits of exploration or even commerce but have involved contact

with all types of residents in all parts of the globe and a close study of the constitution and internal difficulties of countries as wide apart in character and climate as the Gold Coast and Tasmania.

But the Prince's achievement in Canada and Australasia fades into comparative facility when we consider the difficulties he had to surmount during his South African visit.

In Canada and Australasia the Prince was amongst people who pride themselves on their British descent, cherish British traditions and foster an intense loyalty to the Throne and person of the British Sovereign.

In South Africa he found no inherited allegiance to one flag, and no sentimental attachment to a common descent. On the contrary, he found a people divided by national rivalry, racial antagonism, religious animosity and not even united by a common language.

These fundamental differences have been reinforced by opposing systems of government and widely varying ambitions as to the country's political future.

Underlying polemical disputes has been a sense that the country has been exploited for its mineral wealth, and permeating the whole social fabric are acute "colour questions" which frequently cause upheavals which have no parallel elsewhere.

"On no question affecting adherence to the British Empire and Crown have the people of South Africa ever been united in opinion or purpose. Republicanism has been sought for in the field, and secession is now being urged on the political platform. No individual, and no Government, and no event, in Africa or out of Africa, has ever brought the two dominant parties—Dutch and English—into even temporary accord. If one bears these essential facts in mind, one can appreciate the formidable nature of the Prince's task in Africa, and comprehend his fulfilment of it."

It was into this cockpit of varying human passions that

the Heir to the Throne passed under the brilliance of a South African sky.

It was the acid test of a Personality rather than of a Prince.

To utilize the old cliché in a new way: He came, he smiled and he conquered.

There could be no doubt of the warmth of his welcome, and, apologising for the enthusiasm with which he writes, Major Verney claims that apart altogether from his position it was the Prince's intense humanness, spontaneity and complete lack of "swank" which appealed even to people who, more than grudgingly, acknowledge themselves as subjects of his Royal Father.

One thing is certain—that when the Prince made his first great public appearance at Cape Town, "black, white, men, women, children: statesmen, politicians, business men, farmers, councillors, labourers, the good and bad of a mixed community, all stood bare-headed below and around him, glowing to the core with that one cohesive of loyalty, service, and comradeship which his presence had aroused and his personality had fused."

It was assuredly a remarkable achievement for any man to fan into one bright flame of imperial fellowship the opposing creeds, and political animosities of a people who are not even united by the bond of a common language.

We need not follow the Prince on his various wanderings in South Africa. They are recorded in an unconventional but delightfully readable way by Major Verney.

The keynote of his speeches is contained in his own words: "My travels have taught me that the Throne is regarded as a standing heritage of common aims and ideals, shared equally by all sections, parties, and nations within the Empire."

General Smuts summed up the opinion of his countrymen towards their Royal visitor in the following simple phrases:

"The people of South Africa admire and respect the Prince very much. They love his simplicity, his human ways, his sincerity, and the way in which he mixes in the simplest way with his fellow citizens. And what they admire about him is that he has lived a life of duty from his earliest days. He is living a hard life in South Africa, which none of his hearers would like. And he had lived a strenuous one in the War."

The history of South Africa has been a continuous struggle for supremacy between Boer and Briton. Amongst the people of Dutch descent there is a strong sentimental desire for independence. More than half of the European population speak Afrikaans and have little desire for the British connection. Normally and reasonably the so-called Afrikaner might be expected to have as much use for the British royalty as the average adherent of Mr. de Valera.

Yet this anti-British community succumbed to the Prince's personality. A Dutch member of the Union Parliament put the position epigrammatically when he said: "It is not the Royalty of the person which has got us, it is the personality of the Royalty. There's not a hughier in this town who would not be proud to let the Prince walk on him."

As I have already mentioned, the Prince has not confined himself to visiting the overseas parts of the King's dominions; he has travelled far and wide in North and South America and other countries and has always had his eyes open as to present and future trade possibilities and the extension of British commerce.

This active interest in our foreign trade has earned for him the title of "the Empire's Commercial Traveller."

The fruits of his various trips have been sound advice on salesmanship to British merchants. He has had no hesitation in telling them that old conservative methods will not do nowadays and that we must modernize our methods if we are to hold our own in the world's markets.

The Prince, as we have seen, has been successful in winning the respect and admiration of the varied peoples of our far-flung Empire, but he has achieved something even greater, he has succeeded in making himself not merely a national idol but a great international Personage.

It has been well said that he is a vivid figure in the imagination of millions who have never heard of Mr. Lloyd George or even President Roosevelt. It would, indeed, be difficult for the Prince to pass unrecognised through the streets of any continental capital, and in President Roosevelt's own country the Prince is almost as well known as he is in Europe. This embarrasses a modest man like the Prince, but it has been possible for him to escape the vigilance of even the American police, as the following incident shows.

It appears that His Royal Highness and Prince George went *incognito*, or should I say *incogniti*, to a cinema in New York. On leaving they found a huge crowd of about a couple of thousand people swarming round the theatre door. The Prince said, "Someone has given us away," but he was mistaken, for he found the strong, Irish arm of a policeman interposed between him and the crowd with the command: "Stand back, me bhoys, for Greta Garbo!"

This story shows that there are other international personalities besides princes!

## CHAPTER XX

### A MAN OF SOVEREIGN PARTS

"A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;  
Well fitted in arts, glorious in arms:  
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well."

SHAKESPEARE (*Love's Labour's Lost*).

THE character of the Prince might be described as a highly cut and polished diamond, as there is hardly an aspect of our national life from which one of its facets does not flash back light.

If we turn to the great professions of medicine and the law we find the Prince in sympathy with their aims, their ideals and their difficulties.

Speaking at the Centenary of the British Medical Association in 1932, the Prince delivered probably the finest eulogy of the medical profession which has ever been uttered. It was a long speech but the following lines are worth recalling as they emphasize the point I have made in the last chapter that the Prince's experiences in the Great War colour even his most recent speeches.

He said: "It was probably on active service during the War that I first met and really understood what the doctor was capable of. We who were not of your great profession never ceased in our admiration of the work of the medical officer in the front line. It was supposed to be non-combatant. Many of them were medical students—people who had never thought of war and who were looking forward to a practice. There they were, non-combatants, going through just the same hardships as the combatants, and generally working very much harder and later after the



*Photo Harton, Paris*

### THE KING'S FOUR SONS

*By special permission of H R H The Prince of Wales*



battle was over. Whenever I go to a reunion of ex-Service men we always think of the regimental medical officer, who was one of the finest men that the War ever produced. Never in the history of warfare has medicine and surgery rendered such supremely valuable services as in the Great War. Quite apart from the wonderful treatment and healing of the wounded, the following figures as regards typhoid fever are interesting:—In South Africa, with a comparatively small Army, there were 57,000 cases of typhoid, of whom 8,000 died. In the Great War, on all the fronts of the British Army during the four years, there were only 20,000 cases, and only 1,000 deaths.

“In all the thirteen years since the War, I have watched all the innumerable activities of your profession. I have seen you at work among the poor, where you are always their helpers and their friends, and where your unselfish devotion brings comfort and health to thousands of humble homes. I have seen you at work in general hospitals, both great and small, in institutions and clinics for cripples and the tuberculous, for mental cases, for the blind, deaf, and dumb, and for sick children. It is always the same story of high endeavour, public service, and great responsibility, meeting all sorts of reasonable and unreasonable claims in a sportsman-like manner.

“The medical profession may or may not claim to be the oldest in the world, but it is most certainly the one that has the longest connexion with the life of the individual. The doctor is certainly our first friend in life, and he is probably also our last. A very good friend indeed he is to every section of the community, and I am glad to have this opportunity to-night of expressing my abiding interest, admiration, and sympathy with the medical man in practice.”

As a natural corollary to his interest in doctors the Prince has followed the example of King Edward by taking a very active interest in the welfare of the voluntary hospitals which are such a characteristic feature of British philanthropy.

His Royal Highness is President of the King Edward Hospital Fund for London and of the King Edward VII Hospital for Officers.

In addition to these activities the Prince gives constant support to another of his Royal Grandfather's foundations, the Order of Mercy.

This Order was instituted to reward distinguished personal services rendered to the League of Mercy, a body formed by King Edward for the support of Hospitals.

The Prince is Grand President and the Princess Royal is the Lady Grand President.

The Prince invariably presides at the Annual Meeting of the League which is held at St. James's Palace, and the Princess Royal entertains the workers for the League at a Garden Party held annually in the grounds of the Palace.

As with the doctors, so with regard to the great profession of the law, the Prince is equally happy in his relations. I had the privilege of being present when the Prince was called to the Bar and Bench in Middle Temple Hall. It was in 1919 and the ancient and honourable Society of the Middle Temple was making history. For the second time within living memory the Heir to the Throne was being called to the Bar of England beneath a roof which had looked down on every Sovereign of our realm since the days of Queen Elizabeth.

On this occasion the then Treasurer of the Inn, Lord Coleridge, made a brilliant speech which was described as a perfect apologia for Constitutional monarchy; but even in that great gathering of trained speakers the words of the young Prince were listened to with admiration, not on account of the new Bencher's rank, but on account of their own intrinsic merit.

From this association with a great College of the Law which had a warm corner in the heart of King Edward as he served the office of Treasurer and often dined with the

Benchers, one naturally turns to another sphere of activity in which the Prince is closely following the footsteps of his illustrious grandfather. I mean the Masonic Fraternity which owes so much to King Edward, who, as Prince of Wales, was Grand Master of not only the Craft but of the Mark Degree and of the Order of Knights Templar.

The Prince is a Past Grand Warden of the Grand Lodge of England and the provincial Grand Master of Surrey.

Like his revered ancestor his interest in the Craft is far from desultory. Like many a monarch before him he does not think it derogatory to his dignity to lay aside his princely regalia for the simple apron of the mason and associate himself with the dignified, esoteric ceremonial and ritual of the Order.

No doubt the Prince feels that in associating himself with loyal and philanthropic fraternity he is linking with his interests a body of men who prize honour and virtue above the external advantages of rank and fortune.

King Edward had very strong views on this point.

Asked on one occasion why he took so much interest in the Freemasons, the King replied, "Ah! the Freemasons, I know I can trust them. They are my body guard."

This was nothing less than the truth, and it is safe to say that of the millions who range themselves under the banners of the Grand Lodge of England there is hardly one who would not gladly lay down his life for Brother His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

Into masonry, as into all his other interests, the Prince brings that touch of sympathy and kind-heartedness which has won him so many admirers.

Quite recently the chief clerk in the Comptroller's office at St. James's Palace was being installed as Master of an ancient Lodge.

Notwithstanding his countless engagements the Prince made a point of attending the ceremony, accompanied by Admiral Halsey, who is Provincial Grand Master for Hertfordshire.

He took part in the installation and congratulated his employee on attaining the coveted distinction of the chair of King Solomon. It is not every merchant prince who would go out of his way to honour a servant as the Heir to the Throne did on this occasion.

Turning for the moment to the arena of sport, we find the Prince of Wales the idol of sportsmen of every sort and kind.

The Prince is a firm believer in the good old doctrine that:

"There is no game that is worth a rap  
For mortal man to play,  
In which no accident, no mishap  
Can possibly find its way."

I have already mentioned that polo and steeplechasing make a very strong appeal to him, but he has been unable of late years to gratify his tastes for these sports.

That Mecca of sport, India, attracted him immensely as he has described it as one great polo ground. If he were an ordinary line officer instead of a Prince he would probably be one of those excellent fellows who prefer so-called exile in what is to them no Land of Regrets to the comparative comfort of a British garrison town.

He certainly has the passion for exercise which keeps the British officer fit under all sorts of service conditions.

Indeed, the Prince usually commences his day in London by a game of squash racquets before he starts his day's work at little, if at all, later than the hour at which most of his fellow citizens get to their workshops or offices.

A strong sporting bond of union between the Prince and a large and increasing section of the community is his intense interest in golf. Like the rest of us he perhaps takes his golf too seriously, but unlike most of us he has the gift of sticking to any particular stroke until he has mastered it and has almost, if not quite, succeeded in reducing his handicap to single figures.

A story is told of him that in a recent match he did not do himself justice in the morning round, so instead of taking his ease in the club house he spent the luncheon interval in practising, with the result that he won his game in the afternoon with a good margin.

The Prince does not seem to inherit his father's devotion to the scatter gun. He welcomes a good shoot when it comes his way, but would always give it up for a day's golf.

The Prince shares the love of speed which is characteristic of his generation, and this predilection finds expression in his taste for flying.

He is a very busy man, but he likes to accept as many as possible of the thousands of invitations which pour into his letter bag. He finds that the aeroplane not only enables him to gratify his real taste for travel but permits him to accept engagements at distant points of the compass which could only be managed by air transport.

He has now four planes in commission and his encouragement of aeronautics is having a very definite effect in developing what is still more or less of a new industry.

Besides his own use of this form of transport, the Prince assists its development by attending civil air meetings and taking an interest in a Guild which has been formed amongst flying men to promote their craft.

This Guild aspires to become one of the Fraternities of the City of London which have played such an important part in the growth of various trades and industries.

In this relation the Prince has already played a conspicuous part.

Although he is at heart a soldier he is nothing if he is not catholic in his tastes, and his Royal Father has, as we have seen, associated the Prince forever with the men who go down to the sea in ships by making him Master of His Majesty's Merchant Navy and Fishing Fleets.

The Prince has added to this association, of his own

initiative, by becoming the First Master of the newly-formed Mariners' Guild.

Recently, for the first time on record, a Prince of Wales, as Master of a City Company, attended before the Court of Aldermen at the Mansion House to receive a grant of livery.

This was a great civic event, as for the first time in more than two hundred years a new Livery company had been created.

The Prince of Wales, wearing the fur-trimmed blue gown and the golden chain of the Honourable Company of Master Mariners, therefore graced a ceremony historic in character and unique in fact.

The Prince of Wales acknowledged the grant of livery in a sentence:

"It will be the constant aim of the Honourable Company of Master Mariners," he said, "to fulfil its obligations, particularly the part to be played by the representatives of the great industry of the sea in the civic life of this great City."

With regard to indoor amusements, the Prince can hardly be called a book-worm, but he finds time for a great deal of reading, and when he has to deal with any particular subject works up his brief in a way which would put to shame some members of the learned profession of which he is an honorary member.

Like Gilbert's Lord Chancellor, he works on the "new and original plan" of reading his brief before going into Court.

In common with most other busy men he goes to the theatre for relaxation and he is therefore not particularly devoted to the drama but loves a good "show" of the lighter variety.

Dancing, however, makes a strong appeal to him, and the Prince has his own ideas with regard to whom he is going to dance with, and remarkable skill in avoiding the manoeuvres of his staff or hostesses who endeavour to lead him in the direction of what they consider suitable partners.

Sometimes his kind heart leads him to approach some pretty "wallflower" and so render her blissfully happy and the most hated and envied girl in the room.

Turning again to the Prince's more serious occupations, there seems little doubt that the Prince has not inherited his beloved grandfather's love of pageantry.

He has had, as we have seen, more than his share of it but it gives him few thrills and he prefers the ordinary pleasures of the simple country gentleman to the pomp and splendour of Court functions.

As befits the future ruler of this great Empire, the Prince has a very thorough grasp of the social problems which cause anxiety to all thinking men.

He is fond of Kipling and no one knows better than the Prince that:

"All the world over nursing their scars,  
Sit the old fighting-men, broke in the wars,  
Sit the old fighting-men, surly and grim,  
Mocking the lilt of the conquerors' hymn."

He is full of sympathy for the men who are suffering from the "horrors of peace," and he was largely responsible for the Social Service League which is doing so much to relieve the victims of unemployment.

Recently the Prince made a stirring appeal for a national campaign to sweep away the slums in an address to the annual meeting of the Association of Municipal Corporations at Guildhall.

Speaking "not as an expert but more as a student," the Prince said: "If we examine the situation as it exists to-day, I think you will agree it is not so much the problem of rehousing but the problem of the slums that we must think of."

The Prince showed that he was too modest in his claims as there was hardly a phase of the slum problem of which

he did not display complete knowledge and especially the stubbornness of the rent problem which definitely causes a lowering of the standard of life when reductions of wages are made, as probably no less than a third of the amount received in unemployment benefit is absorbed by rent, and it is often fifty per cent.

He concluded an address, which might have come from the Mayor of an industrial borough, so well informed was the speaker with all aspects of his subject, by an eloquent appeal to the country.

"This nation," he said, "cannot afford from an economic point of view, the perpetuation of the slums. No one can calculate what their cost really is. It is an incalculable expense which is added to all social work. They are radiating centres of disease, ill-health, and discontent. How much loss of working time and sickness is due to slums? What extra burden is there on the shoulders of Approved Societies? What extra burden on local authorities in the provision of health services and hospitals? What is the sense of treating slum dweller and child for disease and when they are recovered sending them back to the very centres where the disease is rife? To me it is an appalling process of waste, inefficiency and expense.

"Nor can the nation afford the mental and moral degradation that slum conditions create in those who have to live in them. The question arises whether slum dwellings make slum dwellers or the slum dweller the slum. From my experience, the answer most certainly is that, given decent conditions, which new houses can provide, and enlightened management such as will always be associated with the name of Octavia Hill, the slum dweller rises to the opportunity of his new environment in a wonderful fashion.

"Let public opinion awake. Great tasks require great energy, vision and determination. Let us put forward a great national effort irrespective of party or politics. Every

generation has a dominating social task. Let our age, our generation, be remembered as one in which we swept away this blot that disgraces our national life. This is an age of building and planning; let us build a new Britain and houses fit for the dignity and greatness of our great race."

Surely no public man in any country has shown himself more alive to the needs of his time than this princely reformer.

It is not surprising that the Heir to the Throne is so familiar with all aspects of the housing question as he is himself a large landed proprietor.

As Duke of Cornwall, the Prince has all the responsibilities of estate management which fall on the shoulders of the landlord of broad acres not only in the "Delectable Duchy" but in London, where the old residence of the Black Prince in Kennington has made the King's eldest son the owner of a good deal of property in a poor neighbourhood.

The active management of the Prince's property is of course carried out by experts, but the Duke of Cornwall does not shirk his individual responsibilities towards his tenants and employees.

He will give his serious attention to even small domestic matters affecting a farm in Cornwall or a house in Kennington and form his own judgment on the merits of the matter.

It has been well said that "at a Duchy meeting he will delve into drainage questions, estate disputes with county councils, contributions to local institutions, with the interest and thoroughness of a conscientious country squire who has little else to occupy his mind and life."

Much might be added to this brief sketch of the most vivid personality of our time.

Enough has, however, been said to justify his magnetic attraction to all sorts and conditions of men and women.

In the long line of Princes of Wales, the Twentieth holder of that historic title stands pre-eminent above his peers as "A Man of Sovereign Parts."

## CHAPTER XXI

### A ROMANTIC DUKEDOM

"This sun of York."

SHAKESPEARE.

ENGLAND has no "princes" outside the blood-royal, so that the title of Duke is the highest of our designations of nobility. Indeed, so pre-eminent in dignity is the ducal title that each royal prince on, or shortly after, attaining his majority is usually created a Duke, and takes his seat in the House of Lords in that capacity.

Much learned ingenuity has been expended in endeavouring to trace the origin of a title which has, in one meaning or another, existed since the origin of the Latin tongue—*dux*, indicating a leading man or chieftain; but it seems fairly certain that Constantine the Great was the first to bestow regularly the title of duke, as one of honour and nobility, on the military governors of Provinces. The rank had become hereditary in France and other parts of the Continent long before it was adopted in England, where its introduction is believed to have been delayed owing to the reluctance of the Norman kings—themselves Dukes of Normandy—to grant subjects a title resembling their own.

The following passage from a quaint old writer gives an authentic account of the creation of the first English Duke:—

"The first Duke that I finde sence the Conquest, was made by King Eduard III. xj. *regni sui*; where he made of the earldome of Cornwayle a dutchye, and created the Black Prince, his eldest sonne, Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwayle, and Earl of Chester, and I have a dede made by the said Black Prince,

wherein his stile is, Edward Disne Fitz de Roy d'Engleterre et de France, Prince de Aquitaine et de Gales, Duc de Ciornwall, Count de Chester, and Seignor de Bescane."

The long line of Dukes of York has played a most romantic part in the pages of English history and actually founded a Royal House.

The title was first created for service in the field. In the Scottish campaign of 1385, Richard II marked the arrival of the English army on enemy soil by creating his two uncles the Earls of Cambridge and Buckingham, Dukes of York and Gloucester.

Edmund, first Duke of York, was a younger son of Edward III. In his earlier days he was a dare-devil young soldier and served in the English Army in France under his elder brother, the Black Prince.

Whilst at Bordeaux, Prince Edmund and his brother, John of Gaunt, met Isabel and Constance, orphan heirs of Pedro the Cruel, King of Castille.

John of Gaunt married Constance immediately he met her, but Edmund merely became betrothed to her sister.

After three years' campaigning, Edmund married the fair Isabel and a son was born to them.

It had been decided that the first son born to either of the daughters of the King of Castille should be heir to their father's throne, and Edmund made his way to Portugal to claim the succession for his son.

On arrival at Lisbon he was received with great hospitality by the King of Portugal, Ferdinand, and his youthful son, Edward, was married to the King's daughter, Beatrice.

The bridegroom on this occasion was only nine years old and his bride two years younger.

Edmund, however, fell out with his host, and eventually left Lisbon in high dudgeon. Ferdinand refused to allow the child daughter-in-law to accompany her husband,

and subsequently she was married to the Infante John of Castille.

Edmund remained in Royal favour and acted as Regent when his nephew the King led an expedition to Ireland in 1394, and on two other occasions. In his later years he was a man who preferred pleasure to warfare and was guided in the critical events of his nephew's disturbed reign by his more ambitious brothers, John of Gaunt and Thomas of Woodstock.

His son, Edward, never became King of Castille, but he became a prominent figure in the political events of his time, and during his father's lifetime was created Earl of Rutland.

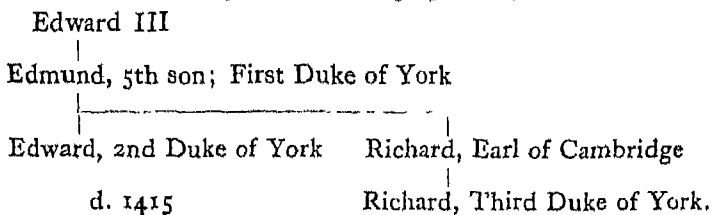
His complicity in the conspiracy at Christmas, 1399, to which Shakespeare has given such wide currency, is doubted by serious historians.

The fact that Edward remained in royal favour and was appointed to the important post of Lieutenant of Aquitaine in 1401 indicates that he could hardly have been involved in this plot.

He was, however, concerned in a later abortive attempt to carry the young Earl of March and his brother into Wales. He was actually imprisoned in Pevensey Castle for this offence but he was restored to favour and accompanied Henry V to France in 1415. He commanded the right wing of the English Army at Agincourt but was one of the few victors who perished, "smothered to death" by much heat and thronging.

Edward's successor was his nephew Richard, Duke of York, who was killed in the Battle of Wakefield, 1460.

The succession may be shown graphically:



The son of the third Duke of York ascended the throne as Edward IV and conferred the title of Duke of York on his second son, Richard Plantagenet, who was murdered in the Tower in 1483.

Since Henry VII, by marrying the eldest daughter of Edward IV, united the rival houses of York and Lancaster and established the House of Tudor, the title has been granted to a son or brother of the Sovereign at the Royal pleasure.

The Dukedom was held by no less a personage than Henry VIII, but the whole ducal order remained in abeyance during the sixteenth century till it was revived in 1605 by James I for his second son who was afterwards Charles I.

Charles II again revived the title for his ill-fated brother, James II.

During the reign of the first George, the brother of the King, Ernest Augustus, the fifth son of Ernest Augustus, Elector of Hanover, was created Duke of York and Albany and Earl of Ulster in 1716. Duke Ernest died in 1728 and the Dukedom was in abeyance until George III restored it to the Peerage for his brother Edward Augustus who died a vice-admiral at Monaco at the age of twenty-eight. It was again revived for King George's own second son, Frederick Augustus.

The third Hanoverian Duke of York was an outstanding personality. It is difficult in these days to understand the condition of affairs which made it possible for George III to secure the election of this fortunate prince to the rich Bishopric of Osnabruck at the early age of six months!

Osnabruck, I might remind my readers, is an ancient City in the fruitful valley of the Hase some eighty miles from Hanover. Its bishopric was founded by Charlemagne in 783 and the Bishop was the nominal ruler of the burgh. By the Peace of Westphalia, which was signed in the ancient town, it was decreed that the See should be held alternately

by a Roman Catholic and a Protestant bishop and this curious anomaly persisted until 1803 when the See was secularized. In 1815, the right of election to the bishopric was given to the State of Hanover.

Whilst still known as Bishop of Osnabruck, Frederick Augustus was appointed Colonel of regiments of the Life Guards and promoted right up to the rank of lieutenant-general.

The ecclesiastical general did not abandon his episcopal title till 1784 when he was created Duke of York and Albany.

Both as Bishop and as Duke the Prince was immensely popular as he was gifted with a handsome face, kindly manner and a generous disposition.

He kept a racing stable which was superintended by the diarist, Greville, and was gifted with great personal courage. He further added to his popularity by fighting a duel with a Colonel Lennox on Wimbledon Common. The Duke fortunately was missed by his opponent and fired his own pistol in the air.

The Duke has been sadly maligned in a well-known nursery rhyme, which is really a parody of a very much older verse which runs:—

“ The King of France went up the hill  
With twenty thousand men,  
The King of France came down the hill  
And ne’er went up again.”

On the outbreak of War in 1793, King George insisted on appointing the Duke of York to the chief command in Flanders, with an army which lacked everything necessary for success, particularly an efficient staff and discipline. The critics however were quite as ready to blame him for the slightest reverse as to withhold credit for even a brilliant action.

Major Fyers, a member of the Council of the Society for Army Historical Research, has done belated justice to the

Duke's military achievement on 18th August, 1793, just two days after his thirtieth birthday.

He quotes from a book in his possession by an "Officer of the Guards," who, as an eye-witness gives a detailed description of the affair, dated the following day. The Brigade of Guards, being at Menin, were sent (less their flank companies) at the entreaty of the Prince of Orange, to help some Dutch troops who were outnumbered at Lincelles, nearly six miles S.S.W. from Menin.

" When arriv'd near the village, we hunted around,  
But in vain, not a Dutchman was there to be found.  
With Lake at their head; who, belov'd and rever'd,  
Not less by his conduct than valour's endear'd  
To us all. That he headed the Guards at Lincelles,  
The annals of war to his credit shall tell.  
He rode down the line, and encourag'd his men,  
To charge and retake the redoubts once again.  
The business completely and quickly was done,  
Twelve pieces of cannon were gallantly won."

Thus our eye-witness. The hill on which stood the village was not, "very high," in fact no more than 200 feet, and it may be added that the force under Gerard Lake numbered not 10,000 but 1,100, which shows how much historical accuracy may be looked for in a nursery rhyme.

"On the flight of the Dutch being reported to him, the Duke ordered up another brigade and some Hessian battalions in support, on whose arrival the Guards marched down the hill again and back to camp at Menin, since when the name Lincelles finds a worthy place among their many battle honours."

In his subsequent service to his country, the Duke showed himself something perhaps greater than a leader in the field as he proved himself a great military reformer at the Horse Guards.

His fearless administration had the greatest influence on

the history of the British Army as the Duke was untiring in his efforts to raise the tone of the Service, to promote discipline, weed out incapable officers, and suppress political jobbery.

The Royal reformer was hampered by the pernicious system of purchase. In his time, except in certain regiments, and in certain branches of the service outside England, an officer could only obtain a commission in the army by purchasing it. Promotion could only be achieved by hard cash, and an ambitious officer had to purchase each step in his advancement. A commission was a personal property. The owner paid so much for it, and he expected to get his money back when he thought fit to "send in his papers." The regulation value recognised by law and the Horse Guards was not, however, the actual price of the commission. It became worth much more to the holder, and of course he expected to get its real price, not its regulation, or nominal price. This anomalous and extraordinary system had grown up with the English army, until it seemed an essential condition of the army's existence and found defenders almost everywhere! Because the natural courage, energy, and fighting powers of Englishmen, Irishmen, and Scotchmen had made a good army in spite of this amazing practice, because the army did not actually collapse or wither away under its influence, many men were convinced that the army could not get on without it!

The system persisted until 1871 when Mr. Gladstone included it in his list of reforms.

It is difficult now to realize that even so recently as little more than sixty years ago the House of Lords held up the Bill to abolish Purchase, and Gladstone was forced to resort to the clever but audacious device of getting rid of the outrageous anomaly by Royal Warrant.

The Duke of York was before his time, and as he could not abrogate the system he did what he could by insisting

on a certain period of service in each rank before an officer could purchase a step, thereby abolishing the absurd possibility of boys at school holding rank as colonels

It was little short of a disaster to the British Army when the reforming Prince was forced to retire from his post as Commander-in-Chief owing to an unfortunate entanglement with a handsome adventuress, Mary Anne Clarke.

A romantic legend was current that the Duke met this lady on Blackheath and took her with him to the royal box at the theatre, where she was supposed to be the Duchess of York.

This story may or may not be true, but it is certain that under the name of Mrs. Clarke, this attractive young lady, whose origin was obscure, became a leader of society.

It is perhaps not surprising that Mary Anne became infected with the wild extravagance which characterized the period. She had a splendid establishment, a score of servants and strings of horses. Her dinner service had belonged to the Duc de Berri and her wineglasses cost two guineas each!

As might be expected, she got into debt, and, as a means of raising money, appears to have obtained large sums of money from army officers by promising to secure them promotion through her influence with the Commander-in-Chief.

The matter developed into a public scandal and was taken up by Parliament. The charges against the Duke were soon disproved, but Mrs. Clarke was convicted.

The trial, however, almost added to Mrs. Clarke's celebrity, as her beauty and courage and even the sauciness with which she stood her long examination at the bar of the House showed her a woman with a remarkable personality and won for her many admirers who hardly blamed the Duke for his attachment to her.

Two years after the trial, luckily for the Service, the Duke was re-appointed Commander-in-Chief and he was twice subsequently thanked by Parliament for his services to the Army and devotion to his duties as its head.

Foremost amongst his admirers was the Duke of Wellington, who realized that no one but a Royal prince, of immense industry and imagination, could have achieved so much for the Army of his day.

The Duke was a very close friend of his elder brother, George IV, but he had all the soldier's dislike of politics, and used his great influence with exemplary moderation.

The Nation's appreciation of the Duke is shown by the fact that one of the finest monuments in London was erected by public subscription to his memory at a cost of £25,000.

The Duke of York's column is approached by a flight of steps made of granite from the Island of Herm and known as "the Duke of York's Steps."

The column itself is 124 feet high and is surmounted by a bronze statue of the duke fourteen feet in height.

The Steps lead to an entrance to St. James's Park from Pall Mall which was opened by order of the Duke's brother, William IV, on the day of his coronation.

The Duke has, however, a far finer memorial in the Duke of York's School for the orphan sons of soldiers, which he founded at Chelsea and which still flourishes on a more salubrious site at Dover.

For many years a special flavour of romance was attached to the title of Duke of York as it was borne by the second son of the Old Pretender. The "bogus Duke," as he was styled by the Whigs, was a protégé of the Pope and the Stuart love for the Older Faith came to a head in his person. Two years after the Young Pretender's hopes were shattered at Culloden, the "Duke" placed an effective barrier between himself and the British Throne by becoming a priest of Rome. His royal descent was recognised by the Pope, who

made him a Cardinal two days after he received the tonsure. This put an end to the Jacobite hopes of a second Stuart restoration, but the Cardinal "Duke" was nevertheless recognised by them as King Henry IX of England.

The title lapsed for sixty-five years, from 1827 to 1892, when King Edward conferred it on the present King.

It lapsed again for twenty-eight years when King George became Prince of Wales and was revived in June, 1920, for the King's second son—Prince Albert.

## CHAPTER XXII

SAILOR; AIRMAN; STUDENT

"They have taken the men who were careless lads in  
Dartmouth in fourteen  
And entered them into the landward schools as though no  
war had been;  
They have piped the children off all the seas from the  
Falklands to the Bight  
And quartered them on the colleges to learn to read and  
write.

"Their books were rain and sleet and fog—the dry gale and  
the snow,  
Their teachers were the horned mine and the humpedback  
death below;  
Their schools were walled by the walking mists and roofed  
by the waiting skies  
When they conned their task in a new-sown field with the  
Moonlight Sacrifice."

KIPLING.

It was inevitable that a sailor father should wish that his sons should follow in his footsteps, so, at the age of fourteen, Prince Albert Frederick Arthur George was sent to the Naval Training College at Osborne as an ordinary cadet.

It was, however, a very different Navy to the Service into which his father had matriculated in 1877, some forty years previously.

As we have seen, King George made his first voyage in a sailing ship in which the sailors of his time spent almost as much time aloft as on deck. But when the Duke entered Osborne a fighting ship had become as crammed full of works as a clock and packed from bow to stern with all



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK

*By special permission of H R H The Duke of York*

*[Photo Betham Park]*

*[Face page 210]*



manner of mechanical devices to carry out by steam or electricity what in the King's days had to be managed by man power alone. So we find engineering looming as large, or larger, than seamanship in the training of the modern cadet, and this early practical acquaintance with machinery has had a profound influence on the Duke's mind.

At Osborne he gained a first-hand knowledge of mechanical appliances which is standing him in good stead in his visits to industrial centres. It had enabled him to understand the complicated machinery of the modern factory, while no doubt his own experiences at the bench, and with the lathe, have enabled him to understand and sympathise with the difficulties of skilled manual workers with whom he is constantly being brought in contact.

The young Prince took kindly to the work and studied hard. He made good headway, and his modest, unassuming manners endeared him to his messmates.

In 1912, he was posted to H.M.S. *Cumberland* and went on a cruise to qualify as midshipman. The ship touched at Teneriffe, the West Indies, and a number of Canadian and Newfoundland ports. The fact that the King's son was on board the *Cumberland* gave an added incentive to the people of the various cities to entertain the personnel, and the Duke, although he earned his pay as well as any other member of the ship's company, seems to have missed no chance of harmless enjoyment. A story is told of a ball in Montreal which shows the royal prince in the light of a rather mischievous British boy. The senior naval officer, naturally anxious to do honour to the dignitaries of the city—both French and British—busied himself with finding partners for the Duke from amongst their daughters. Being a Naval cadet first and a King's son afterwards, the Duke had other views as to the proper way to enjoy a dance, and his Commander was in despair. Fortune played into the hands of

the elusive Royal cadet. By some amazing accident or through the neglect of his batman, both buttons at the back of the Prince's cicerone's trousers came off. There was no way of repairing the damage without completely losing sight of his Royal charge. The only way in which the Commander could preserve the decencies was by hitching up his breeches like a Jack Tar. Unfortunately the Commander confided his misfortunes to the Duke. Alas, his confidence was misplaced. The Duke impishly saw to it that everybody with whom he could possibly dance was told of the contretemps and the rest of that ball was, in every sense of the word a "howling success."

On being gazetted, the Royal Midshipman joined H.M.S. *Collingwood*, the flagship of the first battle squadron flying the flag of Admiral James Ley, and went for a two months' cruise in the Mediterranean—rendered memorable to the Duke by the fact that while the squadron was in Egyptian waters he was the guest of Lord Kitchener.

In the *Collingwood* he lived the same life as his gunroom messmates, turning out at six in the morning, working hard all day and slinging his own hammock and "turning in" after a modest meal of bread and cheese and beer. His democratic desire was that his messmates should forget that he was a royal prince and that he should be in every sense one of themselves. They, nothing loath, dubbed him "Mr. Johnston," and as such he was known by everyone on board. An instance which emphasized this attitude occurred shortly after the outbreak of war, when the King came to visit his fleet and boarded the *Collingwood*. After his inspection was over the King, according to the custom of the Service, received the officers of the ship on the quarter-deck. The Captain introduced them in strict order of seniority, and among the ranks of the juniors was Prince Albert, in his proper place amongst his gunroom shipmates. Father and son had not met for some time, but Midshipman Prince

Albert passed his Sovereign with the ordinary salute and without moving a muscle of his face.

In the *Collingwood* the young Prince had the good fortune to experience active service.

Alas! only a month after the declaration of war the Royal sailor was the victim of appendicitis and compelled to take a prolonged period of sick leave. He rejoined his ship at the earliest possible moment and spent nine months afloat before he was obliged to succumb again to an intestinal complaint of which his appendicitis had only been a part.

Fortunately, he was pronounced fit for active service just before the Battle of Jutland and had the almost unique experience for a royal prince of being present at a great naval battle.

The Royal midshipman was stationed in the fore gun turret during the engagement and was mentioned in despatches for his coolness and disregard of danger under fire. This honour was well earned, as it needs a good reserve of pluck to stand hour after hour in the turret of a battleship in action. In the close confines of their steel cage the gun crew see nothing of what is going on and have merely to range and elevate their guns in accordance with telephoned instructions from an invisible gunnery officer, on a target whose character they do not even know.

Further ill-health prevented the Prince from remaining with the Grand Fleet, but gave him a remarkable opportunity of associating himself with a new arm of the service which is destined in future wars to be of equal, if not greater, importance than the two older fighting forces of the Crown.

The Prince was transferred to the Royal Naval Air Service and posted to the important station at Cranwell.

When the dual control of our Air Service was ended by the amalgamation of the Royal Flying Corps with the Naval Air Service, Prince Albert was one of the first batch of naval officers transferred to the newly-formed Royal Air Force.

In 1918 the Duke crossed to France and took up an appointment on the Staff of Sir Hugh Trenchard who was commanding the Independent Air Force at Nancy.

After the Armistice he was detailed to represent the King at the spectacular entry into Brussels of the King of the Belgians in November, 1918. Later the Prince was transferred to the Staff of Sir Hugh Salmond at Spa in Belgium, and remained there until he returned to England in February, 1919.

The Prince took to the duties of the new Force with the zeal and interest which characterizes all his public service, and in due course obtained his Pilot's certificate.

The Royal airman has never flagged in his interest in the Air Force and has sought to honour it in every way in his power.

As Kipling has so vividly recorded in the lines at the head of this Chapter, life had been somewhat topsyturvy to young men of the age of Prince Albert.

From school they went into one of the fighting forces, and, if they survived, found that they had missed the link between school and public life—a period at one of the universities.

Most of them went on with whatever job they could find and discovered that they were none the worse, but Royal princes are not permitted to take chances, so Prince Albert was sent back to school again. He was sent with his younger brother, Prince Henry, to Trinity College, Cambridge, but instead of going into residence in the College the Princes set up their own establishment with Wing-Commander Sir Louis Greig and Lady Greig to look after their modest ménage.

Sir Louis Greig has had a remarkable and, indeed, an unique career. He is a medical graduate of Glasgow University and entered the Royal Navy as a Surgeon Lieutenant in 1906. He was a medical officer at Osborne

when the Duke was a cadet and the Duke became his patient for the troublesome intestinal attacks which embarrassed his early life. The relations of doctor and patient ripened into mutual friendship and regard.

It was fortunate that the Duke found his medical friend in the *Cumberland* during his cruise as a cadet and still more fortunate that when he was appointed to the *Malaya* he found Surgeon Lieutenant Commander Greig, as he then was, serving on board her. Indeed, it was on the Naval Surgeon's advice that the King consented to the Prince undergoing the operation for duodenal ulcer.

When the Duke was one of the first Naval officers to be appointed to the Royal Air Force, Sir Louis Greig followed him into the Force so that the career of the two friends here ran on similar lines. Sir Louis Greig also accompanied the Prince when he joined the Independent Air Force at Nancy.

Sir Louis Greig said good-bye to medical work in 1920 when he was appointed Comptroller to the Duke of York. In 1923 he became a Gentleman Usher in Ordinary to the King.

Apart from having his own establishment, the Duke of York lived the ordinary life of an ordinary member of his College, and went backwards and forwards to lectures on a motor bicycle like his humbler fellow students. Nor did he neglect the usual ambitions of the undergraduate in the matter of attracting the attention of the proctors. As he announced proudly in a speech after he had left the University, he had been fined for the heinous offence of smoking in the street while wearing his cap and gown—or as he himself put it, "The proctor's bull-dog once took six and eightpence out of me."

Fortunately the course of study selected for the Royal undergraduates was a special programme designed to be of use to them in their future career.

Prince Albert selected history, economics and physics and did a really intensive course in these subjects.

The book knowledge which he gained at college must be of practical use to the energetic young Duke in his everyday study of social and economic problems.

Whilst at the University the Prince was frequently called away for state functions, as the Prince of Wales was absent for part of the time in Canada and Australia, but notwithstanding he put in a large amount of hard reading, devoting himself chiefly to the branch of economics dealing with the relations of Capital and Labour, Housing, and the Welfare of Industrial Workers.

At the University he laid the foundations of an extensive library on these subjects to which he is constantly adding so as to keep himself abreast of changes in outlook which arise from time to time.

The Duke has never lost his zest for reading, and he is catholic in his literary tastes, so that his study table will carry the latest serious volume on social economy side by side with the newest biography and most recent "best-seller" in the field of fiction.

Those who know him best resent his label as "the King's serious Son," as there is no one who enjoys life more than he does. He has been heavily handicapped by his hesitation in speaking and his achievement in overcoming this disability is a matter of admiration for all who have had the honour of coming in contact with him. He is now an accomplished speaker and I have never heard a more impressive address than the speech he delivered at Guildhall on his return from what has been described as his "Imperial Odyssey."

In the more intimate field of Freemasonry the Duke has won a host of admiring Brethren. I had the privilege of being present when he was made a Mark Mason and of sitting under his gavel when he was Worshipful Master of the Grand Master's Mark Lodge.

He takes Freemasonry very seriously and as Master of his Lodge was letter perfect in the ceremonies he had to perform, his speech showing hardly a trace of the hesitation from which he used to suffer.

His interest in the Masonic order and especially in the Mark and Knight Templar degrees marks him out as a worthy successor to his illustrious great-uncle, the Duke of Connaught, who has been such a wonderful successor to King Edward in all the degrees of Freemasonry.

There can be no sort of doubt that the amazing progress of the Fraternity during the last half century has been largely due to the patronage of the Royal Family of England.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### THE DUCHESS

"A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath  
Than . . . Elizabeth."

JEAN INGLEDOW.

EVEN a world war has some advantages, and it was with a good deal of relief that the British people heard that the King's second son was not to seek his bride in some far off principality but lead to the altar a beautiful Scottish maiden.

The Duke of York was more fortunate than many, if not most, of his Royal predecessors.

Generally the marriage of a Royal prince has been a matter of arrangement designed to promote political relationships between two reigning houses.

In former days these matrimonial alliances have had important results; for instance, Bombay came under the rule of the Kings of England as part of the marriage dowry of Catherine of Braganza. But the Great War showed that in modern days the closest kinships between the heads of rival states has not prevented their subjects flying at each others' throats.

Even the problems of resettlement did not keep the match-makers from getting busy making matrimonial plans for the two elder sons of the King.

The Prince of Wales soon showed that he had no intention of giving up his liberty.

There is a story told of a noble busybody, who, in conversation with the Prince, expressed the hope that she would soon hear the news of his engagement to be married.

The Prince reproved her by rising from his seat and saying:

"Madame, Queen Elizabeth and I will go down to history as the two virgin sovereigns. Good-bye."

The gossips were more fortunate with regard to the Prince's brother.

Amongst the beautiful bridesmaids of the Princess Mary was the Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon whom the Duke had already met at a house party at the ancient ancestral seat of her family, Glamis, on the Grampian Hills. Glamis, by the way, is pronounced "Glarms."

On this occasion the mother of the future Duchess was recovering from an operation, so it fell to the lot of her daughter to act as hostess to a distinguished gathering.

By accident or design, the Duke of York was the principal guest on this occasion, and naturally the Royal guest and his charming little hostess saw a great deal of one another.

The castle of Glamis is an ancient fortified keep which has been in the possession of the Bowes-Lyon family for many centuries. It is a medieval home brimful of romance, and formed an ideal setting for the commencement of a courtship between an English prince who can claim a great deal more than a dash of Scottish blood and who wears with pride the tartan of his Stuart ancestors.

The charming lady who was his guide and companion in many excursions into the beautiful surroundings of her home belongs to a lineage which claims respect even from a member of the illustrious House of Windsor.

Her father is the fourteenth Earl of Strathmore, and the family is old and distinguished even in a country where pride of descent and worship of ancestors fills a bigger place in the imagination than in the more practical and less imaginative country south of the Tweed.

In Ireland, in the old days at any rate, every son of the shamrock claimed his descent from some king or other, so

in Scotland every clansman claims blood relationship with his chieftain. The family of the Duchess are of course chieftains themselves, and claim descent from Robert II, the Stewart, who began to reign as far back as 1371.

An ancestor, one John Lyon, was chamberlain of Scotland and married King Robert's daughter in 1372, receiving the Chieftainship of Glamis as her dowry.

The family waxed in importance and was ennobled nearly five hundred years ago.

It has always held its head high amongst its peers in Scotland, but it was not till comparatively recently that the family joined the English peerage. Indeed, it was not till 1887 that the Earl of Strathmore and Kinghorne became Baron Bowes of the United Kingdom and secured his seat in the House of Lords.

English honours may have been delayed by the fact that the Lyon family have been devoted Jacobites.

An Earl of Strathmore entertained the Old Pretender at Glamis and the Lyon family was one of those devoted houses which welcomed the Pretender's son during the fateful '45.

Prince Charlie stayed at Glamis when he was being pursued by King George's troopers and on one occasion left his watch and spare suit of clothes behind him.

The devotion of the ancestors of the Duchess to a lost cause did not carry them so far as to send on the illfated young adventurer's belongings, as they are proudly displayed with other Stuart relics at Glamis.

Another souvenir of this historic visit is the counterpane of the bed in which "Bonnie Prince Charlie" slept.

Time has so assuaged the differences between the House of Stuart and the present reigning family that the King in a famous speech delivered in Scotland has referred to his collateral ancestor Charles II.

In such circumstances, Lady Strathmore has shown no disloyalty in having the famous counterpane copied so as

to perpetuate the memory of her family's former devotion to the ill-starred Stuart line.

Striking evidence of what has been called the idolatrous love of the old Jacobite party for the graceless Stuarts is found in the chapel of the old castle.

A religious picture displays in the features of Our Lord Himself an unmistakable likeness to the sad and handsome face of Charles I!

The Stuarts must have possessed some remarkable qualities to inspire their followers with a devotion which saw in their sovereign the earthly incarnation of God Himself.

During the War the ancient home of the Strathmore family became a War Hospital, a fact which brought home to the future Duchess that a struggle far greater than the picturesque Scottish battles in which her family had figured was going on far beyond her own beloved country.

The loss of a favourite brother added personal affliction to the picture, and life had been a very sober and harassing affair for those of her generation when the sweet little Scottish lady faced the world at the age of eighteen.

With the close of the War came the end of Lady Elizabeth's hospital work, but she soon embraced new activities by becoming a District Commissioner of Girl Guides.

This new interest brought Lady Elizabeth into a community of interest with Princess Mary and may have determined the Princess to invite her beautiful sister Guide to be one of her bridesmaids.

At the Royal Wedding even amongst a galaxy of beauties Lady Elizabeth shone out as the bright particular star.

She was the admired of all admirers but she did more than attain immense popularity, she captured the heart of a Royal Prince.

Fortunately for the Duke his matrimonial project met with no opposition at Buckingham Palace and when during a week-end at St. Paul's Waldenbury, the English seat of

the Strathmore family, he eventually asked for the hand of the daughter of the house, he did so fortified with the knowledge that old prejudices were now forgotten and his subject-bride would receive a very hearty welcome from his Royal parents.

He proposed during a Sunday morning walk in the woods, was accepted and in due course the *Court Circular* came out with the announcement:

“It is with the greatest pleasure that the King and Queen announce the betrothal of their beloved son, the Duke of York, to the Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Strathmore, to which the King has gladly given his consent.”

This simple statement changed the whole life of the charming bride-to-be.

Hitherto she had been merely the beautiful daughter of an ancient and noble House, now she was one of the central figures of an Empire.

No woman in Europe was better qualified to stand the fierce limelight that beats about a Throne.

Her beauty is indubitable. She is gifted with a perfect complexion, and the contrast of dazzling blue eyes and jet black hair gives her that priceless charm which is generally only associated with Irish colleens who owe the blue eyes to Irish skies and their sable tresses to survivors of the Spanish Armada.

The supple grace of the Lady Elizabeth had already won for her the reputation of being the best dancer in London, but the Duke's bride possessed something more winsome than classic beauty of face or form.

She is endowed with great charm of manner and a smile which is more precious than pearls.

The variation of the old tag which has been applied so

often to the Prince of Wales applies with double force to his charming sister-in-law: she comes, she smiles and she conquers.

No socialist, however crusty, can resist the spell of the smile which wins because it is so natural, so spontaneous and so transparently sincere.

The Royal Wedding took place in Westminster Abbey and was a great historical occasion marked with every circumstance of pomp and pageantry so dear to the heart of the English people.

It was celebrated on a dull grey April day, but pale sunshine filtered through the Abbey windows and as the happy couple stood before the Altar the sun shone brightly on their bowed heads.

The ceremony over, the Archbishop of York and the Royal party passed into Edward the Confessor's Chapel to sign the register. Soon the Duke and his fair bride reappeared. The bridal veil was thrown back and from the flower-like face of the charming Scottish maiden who had become Third Lady of the Land shone radiant happiness and quiet confidence, as hand in hand with her husband she walked through the long avenue of onlookers and out to her new life among the cheering crowds beyond.

The first State function in which the Duke and Duchess took part after their marriage was a Royal visit to Serbia, where the Duke acted as godfather to the infant son of King Alexander and Queen Marie.

The baptism of an infant in accordance with the rites of the Eastern Church is a very elaborate ceremonial. Instead of the sprinkling with water which satisfies the Western Church, the unfortunate child has to be undressed and then totally immersed in a font. The little one is then anointed with holy oil and a cross is placed round its neck, after which its godparent, preceded by a deacon with a censer, has to carry the infant three times round the altar. The

complicated ceremony ends with the cutting of a lock of hair from the new Christian's head, an operation not always easy as the growth of hair varies so much in young infants.

This trip to the near East was followed by an official visit to Ulster and then came a real holiday—a shooting trip to East Africa.

The Duke and Duchess sailed from Marseilles to Mombasa, and after a brief visit to Nairobi, the beautiful capital of Kenya, set out into the wilds of Africa.

The Duchess was no mere passenger in this expedition; she had her own rifle and by diligent practice at the targets had become a good straight shot, as might be expected from a scion of a house which has been handling firearms ever since they were invented.

After a successful *safari*, the Duke and Duchess returned to Nairobi and after a brief rest left for Uganda *en route* to the White Nile.

We need not follow them in the interesting journey by road and lake to reach the Nile, or on their five weeks' progress down the famous river to Khartoum and thence through the Suez Canal to England, home and beauty.

The Duke was already an experienced traveller, but to a young girl who had never been further East than Italy not only the journey itself but the shooting trip must have been a gruelling experience.

Always the Duchess rose to the occasion, and we are told that she proved herself a very hardy sportswoman, often walking fifteen miles through rough country where the going was of the hardest, or creeping through thorn bushes and wading waist-high through swamps after motoring for miles in a Ford car over roads which in Britain would be considered impassable.

What impressed her fellow travellers most was the agility with which she could readjust herself to the occasional demands of polite society which punctuated the hard out-

door life led, for the most part, by the Royal travellers. Almost at a moment's notice she could substitute a parasol for a gun and appear as though she had never left London.

Just a year after the return from East Africa, England welcomed the arrival of a little Princess who is so important that she requires a special reference to herself in a subsequent chapter.

Eight months later the Duchess was to have the same experience as the Queen before her.

Just as Queen Mary had been obliged to leave her beloved children for many long months, her beloved daughter-in-law was obliged to accompany her husband on an Imperial Mission which ranked of higher importance than even the most sacred of family ties.

The Duke was chosen to open the first Parliament of Federal Australia in the new capital—Canberra. This Imperial Odyssey, as it has been well described, was a very different experience to the East African holiday; it was a series of great functions involving a heavy strain on the Royal Party.

Mr. Darbyshire has given a vivid description of the great happenings and the cordiality and enthusiasm of Australia's welcome.

Indeed, there appears to have been over-anxiety on the part of men, women and children to show their loyalty.

Good-humoured, cheering crowds pressed round the Royal Party with sometimes embarrassing cordiality, and there are stories of the dresses of the Duchess being so fingered by curious hands that they were irretrievably damaged.

Be this as it may, the Royal visit gladdened the hearts of the people of the new Commonwealth and won for the Duchess the devotion and admiration of all with whom she came in contact.

To the Duchess herself, not the least interesting feature of the tour was the opportunity of meeting again some of

the fortunate invalids who had been sent to the Red Cross Hospital at Glamis during the War.

It must have been a great experience too for those gallant Australian ex-officers to see again in the rôle of Royal Duchess "the gay child who used to sing to them, run races with them, coolly drive a pair of thoroughbreds which many of her guests thought twice about handling, and, when the head gardener was not looking, lead raids on the hot-houses for grapes."

There can be no sort of doubt that the Royal visit forged further links of mutual respect and interest between Australia and the Motherland, and that its outstanding success was largely due to the admiration and personal affection inspired by the beautiful lady who is affectionately referred to by millions of admirers as "*The Duchess*."

## CHAPTER XXIV

### IMAGINATION IN INDUSTRY

*"I will make you brooches and toys for your delight  
Of bird song at morning and star shine at night.  
I will make a palacc fit for you and me,  
Of green days and forests and blue days at sea."*

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

IN modern days it is not sufficient for a Royal prince to take an interest in one of the services or even, like the Duke of Connaught, to become a very expert professional soldier.

Industry plays a more important part in the modern world than anything else, so it was rather a brainwave when someone suggested that the Duke of York should take the lead amongst the members of the Royal House in all matters concerning the welfare of the great national army of industrial workers.

The fact that the Duke had always shown an interest in social problems and in manual labour seemed to mark him out for this important interest.

He took the initiative in the matter himself by becoming the President of the Boys' Welfare Society, an organization later to develop into something of much further reaching importance—the Industrial Welfare Society

The Society has been well described as one of the good things which came out of the war. It started as a department of the Ministry of Munitions under the direction of that famous welfare worker, Mr. B. S. Rowntree, who had with him the Rev. Robert R. Hyde as Chief Welfare Officer on the boys' side. At the end of the war it was manifest that what had been such a boon in war might prove

equally valuable in peace time, and steps were taken to form the Industrial Welfare Society with a view to encouraging employers of labour to extend the work which had been so successfully begun during the dark years of 1916, 1917 and 1918. The Society acts as a clearing-house of information in connection with the questions falling within the welfare field, and owes much of its success to the keen interest which the Duke has shown in all its activities.

In these days of social unrest no philanthropic body could have more laudable objects. These have been defined by the Duke himself as efforts "to bring about a revival of that spirit of industrial comradeship which has taken hold of masters and men in the past, and to restore gradually the old sentiments of friendship which existed many years ago between employer and employed."

Closely associated with the Duke's interest in industry is his connection with the National "Safety First" Association, an organization founded to foster prudence in drivers and passengers of public and private vehicles, and amongst pedestrians on crowded thoroughfares.

The Association seeks to further its aims by promoting essay competitions on the necessity of avoiding risks to life and limb in walking and in playing, and by persuading school teachers in schools of all grades to impress on their pupils the importance of such precautions.

The Duke thinks that the effect of this Safety First propaganda will be far reaching, as he told its Council on one occasion that the principles which the Association advocates "will go far to solve not only the accident problem but many other ills from which all nations are suffering, since by training people to think more deeply before they act you are helping to prevent accidents of other kinds than those which figure on your programme."

As an outcome of the Duke's interest in the policy of Safety First, he has been responsible for the formation of

a body which deals with a special aspect of the problem. On one occasion when presenting prizes for an essay competition, the Duke told his hearers: "To start early to cultivate a spirit of good fellowship on the road." This remark inspired the formation of a special section of the Association called "The Road Fellowship League."

The Duke, as a corollary of his interest in industry, sees the need for providing healthy occupation for the worker in his spare time. Nothing is more natural than that the President of the Industrial Welfare Society should be also the President of the National Playing Fields Association.

He takes an active interest in the objects of this Association, which aims at the provision of suitable playgrounds for those who would otherwise have no place to play except the streets, which under modern conditions of life have become very hazardous and take in consequence a heavy toll of young lives.

The Duke is a keen golfer and has enlisted the sympathy of his brother golfers in the promotion of this Society.

He asks them to extend to less favoured members of society the benefits they derive from healthy exercise in the open air.

With this aim in view, many Clubs devote some proportion of their entrance fees to providing playing fields for industrial workers.

The Duke's work in connection with the provision of playing-fields has been so prominent that it has become, perhaps, his best known sphere of public service. He has enlisted the valuable co-operation of his brothers in pushing forward this good work and is so closely identified with the movement that a crop of stories have gathered round his activities. I like best a yarn he tells himself. One morning it appears that two little chaps rang the bell at 145 Piccadilly and asked to see the Duke. On being asked what they wanted to see him about, they explained that their cricket pitch had

been appropriated for some public purpose—and they wondered if the Duke would help them. The Duke's help was readily promised. The local authority was sympathetic to his appeal and the upshot was that the little boys and their friends were provided with space to play the national game. Those little boys will be men some day and will, I hope, never forget what they owe to a Royal Duke.

As this little incident indicates, above perhaps even his interest in industrial welfare stands the Duke's interest in the British boy. Whilst in New Zealand he coined the slogan:

“Take care of the children and the country will take care of itself.”

It has often been quoted since by the Duke himself and by his admirers. It expresses in the fewest possible words the essential feature of the child welfare movement which owes so much in this country to Royal encouragement.

Himself untrammelled by association with any particular public school, the Duke came to the conclusion that the English public schoolboy was inclined to regard himself as superior clay and to look upon all those unqualified to wear the “old school tie” of his own or a similar educational institution as being outside his social ken, and inferior sort of “johnnies” altogether.

The Duke saw that these are no days for social barriers, and came to the conclusion that it would do the public schoolboy a great deal of good if he were brought in intimate contact with boys who had been brought up under different educational systems.

On the other hand, the Royal social reformer saw that boys from other walks in life could not help being inspired by the high traditions and lofty ideals of the ancient educational establishments.

The idea of mixing up the two classes of boys appears to have been suggested by a football match arranged between some boys from a Steel Works in the North of England, who were on a visit to London, and a team from Westminster School. The Duke came to know of this match and was so impressed by the general demeanour of the lads that he expressed a wish that something should be done on a bigger scale to bring about meetings between public school boys and working-class lads.

The Duke conceived the idea of a camp where boys from the two extremes of the social scale could meet and really get to know one another. He enlisted the help of the Rev. Robert Hyde, who threw himself wholeheartedly into the project.

A suitable camping site was found on Romney Marsh, and in due course the first "Duke of York's Camp" came into being. It is now well known throughout the length and breadth of the Empire and consists each year of four hundred boys. Two boys come from each of a hundred public schools and two boys come from each of a hundred industrial firms.

All are between the ages of seventeen and nineteen so that the public schoolboys are at a period when they are leaving school for the office or the University, and their comrades at a period when responsibility is changing the boy into the man.

The camps last for a week, and games are cleverly organized so that the public schoolboy who spends as much time at games as he does at work is in no position of superiority over his less fortunate camp-mate.

For this reason cricket and such like games, which are part of the ritual of public school life, are replaced by games in which all the boys can meet alike as novices.

The boys eat, play and gossip together and there is no official attempt to "mix" them.

The Duke slips into camp when he can, and, dressed in shirt and shorts, strolls about the camp chatting with everyone he meets, and interesting himself in every feature of camp life. He is not content to be a mere looker-on at the boys' games, and there is a story told of his arrival one day when push-ball was being played. Push-ball was looked on as a bit too strenuous for the Royal visitor and he was asked to referee. "Referee be blowed," he replied, "I am going to play," and play he did. In the middle of the game, when both sides had their heads hard down to it, a youngster butted hard into the ribs of a player in front of him, shouting "Go on, push like hell!" Rather breathlessly the Duke's voice came out of the scrum: "But I *am* pushing like hell!" It was the Royal ribs which had been butted so vigorously!

On fine days the Duke's visit ends with a sing-song round the camp fire, and none of the lads of either group join in the choruses more lustily or laugh more heartily at the yarns than the Royal "big boy."

The great aim of the organizers of the camp is to foster the team spirit which is the soul of English sport.

Individual prizes are unknown, and the simple faith taught in Camp is embodied in the lines:

"And when the last Great Scorer comes,  
To write against your name,  
He'll ask not if you won or lost,  
But how you played the game."

These camps have only been in existence for a few years and it is impossible to gauge their effect just yet.

There can be little doubt, however, that some at least of the schoolboys and industrial lads who are the guests of the Duke at these Camps, will become missionaries of social reform.

Friendships have been and will be made between boys

who will be captains of industry and Trade Union leaders of the future.

When disputes arise in days to come between masters and men, the leaders in the conflict may once have been messmates together at one of the Duke's camps.

Surely this will smooth the way to settlements and soften the asperities of industrial conflict.

Each will remember that the other was a good chap and there will be more give and take in the future than in the past, thanks to the imagination in industry of a Royal Prince.

## CHAPTER XXV

### THE PRINCESS ROYAL

"Womanliness means only motherhood,  
All love begins and ends there—roams enough,  
But having run the circle, rests at home."

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE title of prince for the male members of England's Royal Family originated in the title Prince of Wales, which, since the reign of Edward III, has been conferred as we have seen on the eldest son of the sovereign. The Prince of Wales was at first the only "prince" in England, but in the reign of James I the rank was extended to all the sons of the sovereign. During the reign of Queen Victoria, the title was further extended to all grandchildren being children of sons of the sovereign.

Harrison writing in 1577 says, "The title of prince dooth peculiarlie belong to the kings eldest sonne . . . the kings yoounger sonnes be but gentlemen by birth (till they have received creation of higher estate to be either viscontes earles or dukes) and called after their names as lord Henrie or lord Edward."

The rank of Princess Royal goes back to the time of Charles I. We read in the State Papers of the period 1646-7 that "the Princess Royal has been very well received. The King of France says he never saw a more handsome princess."

Since its creation, the title has been conferred, by declaration, on the eldest daughter of the Sovereign when a vacancy exists.



THE PRINCESS ROYAL

[Photo Speaight

*By special permission of Her Royal Highness*

*[Face page 234*



The Princess Victoria, the first-born of Queen Victoria, received the rank of Princess Royal at birth. She married the Crown Prince of Germany in 1858 and became the Empress Frederick. The Empress died in 1901 and it was not till four years later that King Edward VII revived the title in favour of his eldest daughter, who had married in 1889 the Earl of Fife, who, two days after his marriage, was created Duke of Fife.

On the death of the Princess Royal in January, 1931, the title again lapsed, to be conferred the following year on His Present Majesty's only daughter, Princess Mary.

It is an outstanding fact that the loyalty to the Crown of the British people has been enhanced since the War. There was never a period in our history when a greater interest was taken in Royalty than the present time.

The War involved the downfall of many European Thrones but in the British Empire the lives of the members of the Royal Family are an unfailing source of interest, and the democratic principles which govern their relations to all classes of society have earned the Royal House a popularity which waxes in strength day by day.

A peculiar interest centres round the King's only daughter, who occupies a position in the hearts of the people which has never been surpassed.

The Princess, after an uneventful girlhood marked only by a visit to Germany in 1912, first came into prominence in the War Years. She was closely associated with the Queen in all her schemes for helping the Fighting Forces in the Field and for rendering assistance to their wives, mothers and sweethearts who had been left behind. But this did not satisfy her and early in 1915 she conceived the idea of sending a personal present to every soldier and sailor in the various theatres of war.

Accordingly she made her first address to the Nation in November 1915 by issuing the following appeal:

"For many weeks past we have all been greatly concerned for the welfare of the soldiers and sailors who are so gallantly fighting our battles by land and sea. Our first consideration has been to meet their more pressing needs, and I have delayed making known a wish that has long been in my heart for fear of encroaching on other funds, the claims of which have been more urgent. I want you all now to help me to send a Christmas present from the whole nation to every sailor afloat and every soldier at the Front. On Christmas Eve, when, like the shepherds of old, they keep their watch, doubtless their thoughts will turn to home and loved ones left behind, and perhaps, too, they will recall the days when, as children themselves, they were wont to hang out their stockings, wondering what the morrow had in store.

"I am sure that we should all be the happier to feel that we had helped to send our little token of love and sympathy on Christmas morning—something that would be of useful and permanent value, and the making of which may be the means of providing employment for trades adversely affected by the War. Could there be anything more likely to hearten them in their struggle than a present received straight from home on Christmas Day? Please will you help me?

"MARY."

The sum necessary for a huge distribution of this kind was no less than £100,000, but this amount was rapidly subscribed.

The gift took the form of a box containing tobacco or cigarettes, a pipe and a lighter for British soldiers and sailors, and for Indian troops boxes of sweets prepared with due attention to Indian religious sentiments.

The boxes bore a portrait of the Princess and contained a Christmas card inscribed, "From Princess Mary and Friends at home, with best wishes for a happy Christmas and a victorious New Year."

One of these gifts is a cherished war souvenir of the writer, and it is interesting to recall that one of these boxes was, in the mercy of Providence, the means of saving the life of at least one of the delighted recipients.

A soldier of the Irish Guards kept his box and carried it in the breast pocket of his jacket. When he went over the top a German bullet was stopped by the box, which would otherwise have penetrated the chest. The fortunate wearer, however, got a "Blighty one" as the men used to call a wound not dangerous but sufficiently serious to ensure invaliding home.

The patient related his experience with Princess Mary's box to one of his nurses and the Matron, much to the man's delight, asked if he would like to send the box to the Princess telling her how it had saved his life.

The soldier gladly consented and was delighted to receive soon afterwards a letter from the Princess telling him how pleased she was at his escape and adding that she had shown the box to the King and Queen, who added their congratulations and sent their best wishes for their guardsman's recovery from his wounds.

The Princess took a very active interest in the various women's organizations which came prominently to the fore during the War Years, including that efficient but well-nigh forgotten body—the Women's Land Army.

There are many of my readers who have never seen, or have forgotten, the girls from all walks of life who donned breeches, leggings and a modest uniform to take over the work of the agricultural labourers and farm hands who had gone overseas to fight for King and Country.

A fastidious and somewhat spoilt Simla favourite who was a friend of the writer's, having little liking for indoor work in hospital and office which claimed most of her friends and associates, joined up as a Land Girl. When she reported for duty, the "superior officer" to whom she was sent looked

her up and down from her trim curls to her dainty feet and, being a bit of a beast, set her to work mucking out a particularly unsavoury lot of byres.

The job was intended to choke her off, but the Simla beauty was made of sterner stuff and soon made good.

Years of regular exercise on horseback and on tennis courts and golf-links had made her small muscles very efficient and she was able to give a good account of herself even at shovelling manure. She set her pretty little teeth and "stuck it," but when I met her during short leaves from the Front she used to display, somewhat ruefully, hands sadly broken and roughened by spade and pitchfork and wistfully wonder what it would be like to have *chotah hasiri* brought to her bedside by an *ayah* once more.

No one appreciated the work of these plucky girls more than the King's only daughter and when the "Army" was disbanded in 1919 it was the Princess who distributed the Distinguished Service Bar—the V.C. of the Force—to a select few of the Land Girls in the historic setting of Drapers' Hall, which in its eventful history has surely never staged a more interesting gathering.

What must the ghosts of Victorian ladies, who were shocked at the actions of the Lady of the Lamp and her associates, have thought of these plucky little ladies who, far from the glamour of battlefields, carried on the wearisome work of the farmhand and the dairymaid during the long, dark winters of the War.

On this occasion, Princess Mary made her first set speech. Its simple message is worth recalling:

"I am delighted to have been able to come here this evening to present Distinguished Service Bars to members of the Land Army. The war work of the women and girls of Great Britain will always be gratefully remembered by their King and Country.

"I have watched with much interest the origin and growth

of the Land Army, and to-day I realise more than ever all that it has accomplished and what skill and courage have on many occasions been displayed by its members. I am glad to know that although the Women's Land Army is to be demobilised, an association is being formed to carry on its traditions among all women land-workers.

"I congratulate the President of the Board of Agriculture and the women's branch on the work they have done, and I wish you all every happiness in the future."

In sharp contrast to this almost masculine interest of her sex, Princess Mary has identified herself with more feminine pursuits and naturally the foremost of these has been to act as the Queen's principal Lieutenant in Her Majesty's Needlework Guild.

The work of this great organization has been dealt with elsewhere, and it will be sufficient to mention here that the Princess has been such an active worker that her collections of garments have in some years actually exceeded those of the Queen herself.

During the war years, the V.A.D. movement naturally appealed to the imagination of the young Princess.

In relation to this activity, the attitude of the Princess was intensely practical. She was not content with the formation of a Buckingham Palace Detachment which worked at the Headquarters of the Order of St. John and the British Red Cross at Devonshire House. The Princess was not even satisfied with passing through each department of the administrative side of Voluntary Aid to the sick and wounded; she aspired to acquire a practical acquaintance with the clinical work of the movement.

In this interest in the nursing profession, the Princess followed the example of her mother and her grandmother—Queen Alexandra.

Both these great Queens have shown a special interest in the work of the military nurse. Queen Alexandra's name

will be for ever associated with our Army Nursing Service, and quite recently Queen Mary has shown her continued interest in this great service by founding Queen Mary's House, which is designed to provide a hostel for retired Army sisters whose pensions are insufficient to provide them with the comforts which are so necessary in the later years of ladies who have left the shelter of comfortable homes to share the dangers and delights of following the drum.

Very appropriately for a great lady who was destined to be a wife and mother, "Great Ormond Street"—as it is known in the medical profession—was chosen as the venue for the nursing labours of the Princess.

The Hospital for Sick Children was the first hospital established in the British Empire exclusively for the treatment and study of the diseases of childhood. The first President of the venture was that great philanthropist, the Earl of Shaftesbury, and from the outset the hospital has made a special appeal to men of letters.

Charles Dickens gave his support to the scheme in its early days and more recently Sir James Barric has devoted his time, energy and the proceeds of some of his books and plays to the benefit of the Hospital.

The work of the Princess in this great institution was no desultory affair.

It was the Queen's command that she should "be treated as one of the nurses under all circumstances," and the Royal probationer went through the mill like every one of her humbler associates.

She bathed babies, administered doses of medicine, dressed surgical cases and took her share in all the thousand-and-one duties which make up the routine of the life of a nurse in a modern hospital.

Her training lasted from 1918 to 1920 and included not only work in the wards but duty in the operating theatre,

an ordeal which no English Royal Princess has ever gone through before.

There can be no sort of doubt that Princess Mary took her work in hospital very seriously, and her experiences there must be of great value to her now that she has two children of her own to look after.

Turning to another phase of the public service of the Princess, it is interesting to find that she maintains the grand tradition which associates the ladies of the Royal Family with certain fortunate and famous regiments.

It is difficult for even those of us who are old enough to remember the sombre figure of the Queen Empress in her widow's weeds to realize that in the earlier years of her reign Victoria cut quite a martial figure when she reviewed her troops on their return from the Crimea. She wore a scarlet habit with the badge of a Field Marshal embroidered on the collar and a black felt hat with a general officer's plume of red and white feathers.

The King made a happy choice when he bestowed on his only daughter the appointment of Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Scots (The Royal Regiment), which occupies the proud position of being the premier of the British regiments of the line.

Three centuries ago Charles I signed a Royal Warrant granting Sir John Hepburn permission to recruit 1,200 men in Scotland to support the regiment of Scots in the French service. "That was the true beginning of our Regular Army," says John Buchan, "for the unit was a British regiment loaned to the French service." When Charles II, after the Restoration, found himself in need of troops, he asked Louis XIV not to lend him that Scottish unit, but to restore it to him.

"The next step was the regiment's return for good to its own country. This was in 1678, when Dumbarton was its colonel, and Dumbarton's drums were heard for the

first time in British fields. In 1684 Charles II gave it the title of the Royal Regiment, and royal it has remained ever since.

"When William of Orange landed it behaved as might be expected from its traditions. It could not easily transfer its loyalty. Dumbarton, its colonel, had joined the exiled James, and his regiment refused allegiance to the new monarch, and set out for Scotland. It was soon surrounded and disarmed, but the penalties were light. William was too good a soldier to bear hardly on men whose only crime was that they were true to their salt, and most people would regard that wild protest as not the least honourable event in its records.

"From that date onwards the Royal Scots has been not only the oldest of British regiments, but one of the most gallant and enduring. No shore is unstained by its blood. Its battalions have served in all the greater, and in most of the lesser, campaigns of Britain. They fought at Blenheim; one battalion was in the alley of death at Fontenoy; another stood against the Macdonalds in the April sleet at Culloden. They fought in remote tropical islands as well as up and down all Europe, against American Indians and Hindu Sepoys, as well as against Continental Regulars. They went through the wars of the French Revolution, and fought their way from Torres Vedras to the Pyrenees. By a dramatic irony this regiment, whose ancestors had so long fought for France, was the first under Wellington to cross the French frontier. One battalion was with Pack at Waterloo. In the nineteenth century it fought in the Crimea, in China, in India, and South Africa.

"In the Great War it had 35 battalions, and it was represented in every action and in every terrain from Mons in 1914 to Archangel in 1919. The 99 battle honours which it boasts—they did not begin until 1680 and ignored the countless battles of the old French and Swedish wars—cover

almost every known type of warfare, and have been won in every corner of the inhabited globe."

The story goes that the regiment was quartered with an allied corps in the Low Countries during one of Marlborough's campaigns, and the continental regiment claimed to be so ancient that it was descended from a Roman legion. "Oh," said the representatives of the Royal Scots, "we are much older than that. We were Pontius Pilate's body-guard." And under the nickname "Pontius Pilate's Own," the Royal Scots are known to this day in the Army.

The King recently reviewed the regiment on the occasion of its tercentenary. The Princess was at the head of her regiment but did not follow the precedent set by her illustrious great grandmother as she wore "plain clothes."

In his speech to the Regiment after it had marched past, the King reminded his hearers that the Royal Scots had a peculiar association with Royalty as Queen Victoria's father, the Duke of Kent, was Colonel of the Regiment when Princess Victoria was born, and the Great Queen on one occasion told the famous corps that she regarded herself as a daughter of the regiment.

The King commemorated the occasion by granting the pipers of the Royal Scots the right to wear his own plaid—the Royal Stuart tartan.

There is an interesting story that soon after Princess Mary was appointed Colonel-in-Chief she received a letter from a little girl of eight who informed her that her Daddy had just joined her Regiment and that the small writer felt very happy about it as she knew that the Princess would look after him!

After the Armistice the Princess paid a visit to the War zone where she had an opportunity of seeing a good deal of the work that had been carried out by the V.A.D's and the Order of Saint John and the Red Cross Society. She had the interesting experience of meeting a battalion of her

Regiment during her visit and of seeing the men on parade in the famous square at Ypres under the shadow of the ruins of the old Cloth Hall.

In the latter days of the War the Princess began to associate herself with the Girl Guides. Her first appointment was County President for Norfolk. Her first great public function in connection with the movement was the great Post War Rally at the Albert Hall, and there can be little doubt that her association with the movement has added immensely to its popularity.

It is said that Princess Mary, when quite a small girl, vowed that when she married she would choose a man like her grandfather. She has kept her word for sure enough there are plenty of points of resemblance between the sporting nobleman who was destined to marry the second lady in the land and Edward the Peacemaker. King Edward's love of horses and all forms of sport was proverbial. He had decidedly democratic tastes, a jovial manner and was an ardent supporter of Freemasonry. The Princess's choice has all these qualities, and there can be no sort of doubt that the British people hailed with great satisfaction the announcement by the King and Queen of "the betrothal of their beloved daughter Princess Mary to Viscount Lascelles, D.S.O., eldest son of the Earl of Harewood," and that "His Majesty was pleased to declare his consent to the marriage."

As might be expected from a lady who is so proud of her associations with the Army, her choice of a husband fell on a man who had distinguished himself in the Service.

Lord Lascelles, who was the son and heir of the Earl of Harewood, entered the Grenadier Guards and after a short period of service went into the Diplomatic Service and later on contested the Keighley Division of Yorkshire.

When the Great War broke out, Lascelles immediately rejoined his old regiment and fought in it throughout the

campaign. He was wounded three times and badly gassed on another occasion. He saw some very heavy fighting and won the D.S.O. with bar, the French Croix de Guerre, and was three times mentioned in despatches. He was promoted to command his battalion in 1918 and was actually in command at the Armistice; indeed, his battalion took part in the capture of Maubeuge two days before the cessation of hostilities.

On the death of his father in 1929, Lord Lascelles succeeded to the title and is now Sixth Earl of Harewood. He maintains his military associations by taking an active part in the work of the Territorial Association for the West Riding of Yorkshire, and is Honorary Colonel of the 1st City of London Regiment.

The Lascelles family is an ancient line, as it traces descent from a Roger de Lascelles who was one of the barons of Edward I.

The Lascelles appear to have taken sides with the Roundheads during the Commonwealth.

When the Restoration came the family was none too popular so they went out to the West Indies and succeeded in amassing a large fortune, which, on their return to England in the eighteenth century, was largely utilized in the purchase of Harewood.

In 1790 Edwin Lascelles became the first and last Baron Harewood of Harewood Castle. He was succeeded by his cousin Edward Lascelles, a prominent Member of Parliament, who became Baron Harewood in 1796 and Viscount Lascelles and Earl of Harewood in 1812—a stirring period in British history.

There is not space to refer to the splendid ceremonial of the wedding of the King's only daughter. Suffice to say that it will long be remembered by those who had the privilege of being present. Indeed, Mr. Asquith's comment at the time voiced the universal feeling of the British people

when he said: "Princess Mary, in accepting an Englishman and a soldier for her husband, has proved once again the Royal democracy of the British Royal Family."

After a week at Weston Park, the honeymoon was spent in Italy at the Villa Medici which stands in one of the most beautiful parts of Fiesole, about three miles west of Florence, where, as we have mentioned in a previous chapter, Queen Mary spent nearly two years of her girlhood.

The Princess, on her marriage, became the wife of a gallant soldier, a fine sportsman, a great nobleman and a model landlord, concerning whose family Huxley wrote many years ago:

"We had a long drive to a village called Harewood, on the Wharfe. There is a big lord lives there -the Earl of Harewood, whose ancestors must have taken care of their tenants, for the labourers' houses are the best I have ever seen."

As Countess of Harewood the Princess of course retained her Royal rank but added to it the important rôle of mistress of two of the most stately country homes in England, Harewood House, near Leeds, and Goldsborough Hall, Knaresborough.

But this was not all, for Lord Harewood, as befits a Steward of the Jockey Club, has a residence at Newmarket, and, as befits his many interests in the Metropolis, a beautiful town house in London.

The Princess is probably happiest on her Yorkshire estates as she loves an outdoor life, is an accomplished horsewoman and is never happier than in the saddle following hounds.

The late Earl of Harewood was very interested in the affairs of the great county in which his chief estates were situated and the present Earl is following closely in his footsteps.

He is specially interested in the history of Yorkshire, and is looked upon as an authority on the subject. In all

his duties as a country gentleman the Earl has an able lieutenant in his wife, for the Princess, proud as she must be of her royal descent, looks upon herself as Countess of Harewood first and places her position as wife first and as daughter of the King only second.

The Princess is passionately fond of children, and fortunately her married happiness has been crowned by the birth of two beautiful boys, George Henry Hubert, Viscount Lascelles, who was born in 1923, and Gerald David, who succeeded him the following year.

In the second name of her younger child is evidence of the close affection which exists between the King's only daughter and His Majesty's eldest son.

The Prince of Wales is known in the Royal family circle as David, and it is obvious why his sister has given the Welsh name to her own Yorkshire boy.

Great as are the interests of the Earl of Harewood in this country—he owns upwards of thirty thousand acres—his territory is not confined to England, as he is also an Irish landlord.

Lord Harewood's grandfather married the eldest daughter of the Marquess of Clanricarde and through his connection with the extinct Irish peerage he has succeeded to Portumna Castle, in County Galway.

The Princess and Lord Lascelles—as he then was—decided to visit their Irish estate in 1928 and it was fervently hoped that the people of the Free State would decide to let bygones be bygones and that perhaps the ancient glories of Portumna might be revived, as the famous sporting county of Galway might prove an interesting change from his English estates for a great English sportsman and his Royal bride.

Alas! this was not to be. An attempt was made to fire the Castle just before the Royal visit, but fortunately this dastardly outrage was unsuccessful and the part of the

building prepared for the reception of Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles escaped injury.

It was rather a sad experience for the Princess on her first visit to her Irish property to find that the Free State authorities considered it necessary for the Royal visitors to use bullet-proof cars for their journeys first to Viceregal Lodge and thence to Portunna, but as it turned out this precaution was unnecessary as the lord and his lady received warm Irish welcomes both from the Governor-General in Dublin and from the people on the Portunna Estate.

The Governor-General at the time was the late "Tim" Healy, already referred to as a former stormy petrel of Irish politics.

In his later years this notable Irishman showed a splendid example to his countrymen by burying old political differences and carrying out the duties of the King's Representative in the new Dominion with statesmanlike dignity and forbearance.

The Princess created such a favourable impression in Galway that at the end of her stay she was presented with three truly Irish gifts as reminders of her visit.

The women of Portunna gave her a brooch in the form of a Celtic cross and the men a splendid Irish wolf-hound, but perhaps the most graceful gesture of all came from a Franciscan Friar who showed the appreciation of a gracious lady by the members of the Ancient Faith to which so many Irish people are devoted, by giving her a beautiful rosary.

These tokens of esteem were doubtless complementary to the placing of a half sheet of notepaper in the pew of the first Church in which the Princess worshipped during her stay in Ireland.

The paper bore two lines from the most popular of Moore's Melodies:

"Blessed for ever be she who relied  
On Erin's honour and Erin's pride."

It is related that this couplet was sent to Queen Victoria when she last visited Ireland.

The trust of the Princess was not misplaced, as the stay of the Royal party and their subsequent visit to Belfast and other parts of Northern Ireland passed without untoward incident.

The complete superiority of England's Royal House to all questions of religion and politics was shown during this visit.

We have seen that priests of the Older Faith welcomed the Princess in Galway. More boisterous but not less sincere was the welcome of the Orangemen of Ulster. The Royal visitors were escorted at one part of their journey by Orange bands which are "musical" combinations *sui generis*.

They consist of four or five big drums and one flute. The flute player walks backwards and plays Orange airs such as "The Protestant Boys" or "We'll kick the Pope before us."

These inspiring tunes inspire the drummers with fanatical enthusiasm. They are armed not with ordinary drumsticks, but with canes, and their sole object is to get as much noise as possible out of their drums.

The drummers make no attempt to accompany the flute-players, but beat the drums with such energy that they have no skin on their knuckles by the end of the march and the drumheads get plentifully besprinkled with gore!

Interesting as this trip must have been, it was not without its risks, and the Princess would have been less than human if she had not been glad to get back to her home, her children and her public duties.

By the way, it is hardly realized how multifarious are the forms of public service which are undertaken by the Princess.

To even enumerate the various bodies with which the Princess Royal is associated would weary the most patient

reader. Sufficient to say that from her high executive office as Commandant-in-Chief of British Red Cross Detachments downwards the Princess takes a real personal interest in every good cause with which she is associated.

Unlike Queen Mary, the Princess is not a Londoner born, but like all the other members of the Royal Family she has extended her active patronage to those essentially London institutions—the City Guilds. She has long been on the Roll of Free Sisters of the Worshipful Company of Fan-makers but she extended her association with the City by recently accepting the Honorary Freedom of the Gardeners' Company.

In returning thanks for this gift—which is not lightly bestowed—Her Royal Highness referred to the services rendered to horticulture by the Company. She continued that the Queen had told her how she valued the Coronation gift of the Company and admires the choice of flowers which are sent to her by the Gardeners year by year. The Princess concluded, "Your new Freeman will always follow your history with interest, and be loyal to your traditions. I can assure you that I shall ever bear in mind the terms of my declaration, and be proud of belonging to your Company."

It was surely of some such woman as the Princess Royal that Tennyson was thinking when he wrote:

"A good woman is a wondrous creature, cleaving to the right and to the good under all change: lovely in youthful comeliness, lovely all her life long in comeliness of heart."



THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER (Photo Andy)  
*By special permission of His Royal Highness*



## CHAPTER XXVI

### THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY

"In acts of dear benevolence and love  
Brothers in peace, not rivals in command."

POPE.

*"The world has no such flower in any land,  
And no such pearl in any gulf the sea,  
As any babe on any mother's knee."*

SWINBURNE.

FOREIGNERS visiting this country are always impressed by the dignity and ceremonial which is associated with our art of dining. In continental countries a banquet has no well-marked finale, but throughout the British Empire the end of a public dinner is punctuated by the toast of "The King," and it is looked upon as a heinous social crime to "light up" before what are known as the loyal toasts have been honoured.

In regimental messes dinner is a parade and Presidents and Vice-Presidents are appointed weekly, and on guest nights the procedure is for the President, who is usually of field rank, to rise and give the health of the Head of the Army by saying, "Mr. Vice, the King." The toast is then repeated to the remainder of the officers present by the Vice-President in the words, "Gentlemen, the King."

In the Royal Navy and in a few regiments the same procedure is adopted but the diners do not rise from their seats.

At civic banquets and similar functions the toast should be given by the Chairman in the words, "Gentlemen, the

King," or of course, "Ladies and Gentlemen, the King," if ladies are present. Whatever the rank of the diners, they should only be referred to as ladies and gentlemen in giving this toast. The sonorous, "Your Excellencies, Your Graces, My lords, ladies and gentlemen," should be reserved for other toasts.

In drinking the King's health, the loyal affection which His Majesty inspires is often expressed by the pious addition of the words "God bless him."

In messes, however, in my young days it was considered somewhat pretentious for a subaltern to use these words and he was sometimes rapped on the knuckles for doing so.

In regimental messes, "The King" is usually the only toast, but at all great State dinners, such as the Guildhall Banquet, there is always added as the second libation to the gods, "The Queen, the Prince of Wales and the Other Members of the Royal Family "

The Queen and the Prince of Wales have, as I have tried to show, deep niches in the hearts of the people of this great Empire, but the latter part of this historic toast is received with almost equal enthusiasm as "The Other Members of the Royal Family" not only command the respect and admiration but inspire the affection of all citizens and especially those who have been privileged to serve them directly or indirectly.

In the long history of the Royal Line of England, only twice since the distant days of the House of Plantagenet have four sons of the reigning monarch stood round the Throne of England.

The Third George had no less than seven sons and Queen Victoria four, but King George V has been blessed with five, four of whom happily survive.

In the case of Royal children the loyal appeal may be only of a sentimental nature but in the case of the King's sons this appeal is to the head as well as to the heart.

The splendid national services of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York have already been briefly sketched, but there is ample evidence that the Duke of Gloucester and Prince George are following closely in the footsteps of their two elder brothers.

The King's third son, Prince Henry William Frederick Albert, was born in 1900. He was designed at the outset for a military career, so he went to Eton and thence to the Royal Military Academy. On passing out of Sandhurst he was gazetted to the 10th Royal Hussars, one of the few cavalry regiments which escaped the axe and still maintains its identity. The regiment has had a long and distinguished career.

Its great reputation as a crack cavalry regiment has been well earned by gallant and devoted service throughout every campaign of importance during more than two centuries.

Like several other regiments of cavalry, "The Tenth" was raised in the first year of the reign of George I to meet the menace of Stuart invasion. Its first Battle honours were won at Warburg in the Seven Years' War and since then the regiment has fought at Culloden, Minden and throughout the Peninsular Campaign.

George III appointed the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV, Colonel-Commandant, and since the days of the Regency the regiment has been a very smart and fashionable corps, counting amongst its members a long line of gallant scions of noble and distinguished English families.

The First Gentleman in Europe gave the regiment its proud title of the "Prince of Wales Own" and was instrumental in changing its character from a Dragoon to a Hussar regiment. The Dragoon was originally a cavalry soldier, trained to fight on foot. He received his name from his weapon, a "dragon" or short musket, so called from the dragon's head worked on the muzzle, which was first carried by the horsemen of Marshal Brissac in 1600. Accustomed

to fight with the infantry, they were organised into companies, their officers bearing infantry titles. Dragoons were naturally at a disadvantage, as regards armament and horsemanship, compared with the regular cavalry regiments.

The horses of every ten dragoons were held by a horse holder and the great feature of the dragoon was his mobility. The dragoons were, in fact, an early form of mounted infantry.

The Hussars were adopted from the continental armies, and were designed for scouting, reconnaissance, and roving commissions. They travelled "light" and aimed at mobility. Although armed with a carbine, the hussar relied chiefly on *l'arme blanche*—the sabre.

Prince Henry's regiment is at present serving in India so he is attached to the 11th Hussars, a famous corps, which, like the 10th, was raised in 1715 when the preparations of the Chevalier caused alarm of invasion—by one Brigadier Honywood and was first known as Honywood's Dragoons.

The regiment fought at Culloden and had its first experience of foreign service in the Seven Years' War.

The Eleventh took part in the most famous cavalry charge in history.

They formed part of the Light Brigade at Balaclava. What schoolboy, indeed what Briton has not been thrilled by Tennyson's immortal lines:

" 'Forward the Light Brigade!  
Was there a man dismay'd?  
Not tho' the soldier knew  
Some one had blunder'd:  
'Theirs not to make reply,  
'Theirs not to reason why,  
'Theirs but to do and die:  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,  
Flash'd as they turn'd in air  
Sabring the gunners there,  
Charging an army, while  
All the world wonder'd:  
Plunged in the battery-smoke  
Right thro' the line they broke  
Cossack and Russian  
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke  
Shatter'd and Sunder'd.  
Then they rode back, but not  
Not the six hundred."

Submerged in the universal post-war khaki, the crimson overalls of the Cherry Pickers are alas! no longer seen on parade, but the glorious traditions of the regiment remain and were nobly maintained in the Great War.

Prince Henry was created Baron Culloden, Earl of Ulster and Duke of Gloucester in 1928.

The Dukedom of Gloucester has had many vicissitudes.

The Earldom of Gloucester was first conferred on Robert, a natural son of Henry I, who won the Battle of Lincoln for his sister Matilda against King Stephen.

It was afterwards held by the future King John and passed into the possession of the Clare family in 1226 when Gilbert de Clare was recognised as Earl of Gloucester.

The Dukedom dates from 1385 when it was conferred on Thomas of Woodstock, a younger son of Edward III.

Humphrey, son of Henry IV, who was created Duke in 1414, died without sons and the title became extinct. It was revived in favour of Richard, brother of Edward IV. Shakespeare makes him a hunchback without much historical evidence to support him. He was certainly a brave man and an able soldier but he appears to have allowed his ambitions to lead him into the commission of unworthy deeds.

The title lapsed when Richard was killed, and was not revived till 1644 when it was bestowed on the youngest son of Charles I, Henry Stuart. The Duke was a firm adherent of the Protestant religion and his religious convictions won him disfavour with Queen Henrietta. He died unmarried in 1660 just after the Restoration.

The next Duke was William, son of the Princess Anne, who was heir to the Throne in succession to his mother. He was named Duke of Gloucester by William III, but no patent was actually issued. He died in 1700 and the title again became dormant.

In 1718 George I directed a patent to be issued creating Frederick Louis, the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, Duke of Gloucester, and he was so styled till 1726 when he was created Duke of Edinburgh.

In 1764 Frederick's third son, William Henry, was created Duke of Gloucester and Edinburgh by George III. He was a source of great annoyance to strait-laced Farmer George as he married Lady Waldegrave, an illegitimate daughter of Sir Edward Walpole.

To guard against such marriages in future, the Royal Marriage Act was passed, which forbids any member of the Royal Family, unless children of princesses married abroad, to marry before the age of twenty-five without the King's consent. After that age they must give a twelvemonth's notice of their intended marriage, which may be completed unless it be petitioned against by both Houses of Parliament.

The Duke, Frederick Louis, died leaving an only son, Frederick William, who succeeded to the title. This duke served with the Army in Flanders and married his cousin Mary, a daughter of George III. He died in November, 1834, leaving no children, and his widow, the last survivor of the family of George III, survived him till 1857.

The present holder of this ancient and historic Dukedom is Staff Captain of the 2nd Cavalry Brigade and seems to

be following closely in the footsteps of his illustrious uncle, the Duke of Connaught, who, as we shall see, has adorned some of the highest military commands and has been one of the keenest and most efficient professional soldiers of his time.

The Duke takes his military duties very seriously and likes to look upon himself as an ordinary cavalry officer rather than a Royal Prince.

He travels about a good deal by himself, unaccompanied even by an equerry, but always with one of his dogs, to which he is devoted.

*Noblesse oblige*, however, and the Duke has many civil interests as well as his military duties. He is, for instance, High Steward of King's Lynn, and has rejoiced the hearts of the great legal college of Gray's Inn by becoming an Honorary Bencher in 1926.

He was a Councillor of State when the King went abroad in 1920 and has already carried out two important missions to the courts of friendly princes. He went to Japan in 1929 to present the Emperor of Japan with the Order of the Garter, and he represented the King at the Coronation of the Emperor of Ethiopia the following year.

The Duke will undoubtedly preserve the noble tradition that one member of the Royal house should devote himself heart and soul to the great profession of arms.

The King's youngest surviving son, Prince George Edward Alexander Edmund, was born in 1902 and followed the example of his two elder brothers by commencing his career as a naval cadet instead of going to a public school like Prince Henry.

He became a midshipman in 1921 and a Lieutenant in 1926, but has been obliged to give up his hopes of a naval career on account of his health.

Being unable to satisfy his ambitions in one of the Fighting Services, the Prince has wisely decided to serve his country

in a civil government department and has entered the Foreign Office where he should gain experience which will be of the utmost value to him either in the Diplomatic Service or in carrying out the duties of Proconsul in one of the Dominions.

Other members of the Royal House have already rendered yeoman service to the Empire in this direction and Prince George will doubtless follow in their footsteps.

Comparisons are always odious and I am not going to assess the relative good looks of the King's sons, but it may be asserted that Prince George is a very handsome young gentleman and is gifted with great charm of manner.

He is relieving his two elder brothers of a great deal of work in connection with public functions, and is particularly interested in some laudable phases of social reform, notably the Rotarian movement.

Remembering the divisions which have discounted the popularity of Royal families in the past, nothing is more pleasing to the British public than the harmonious affection which exists amongst the family of King George V.

His four sons are devoted to one another and are constantly seen about as close personal friends on private occasions.

Prince George shares the enthusiasm for golf of the Prince of Wales and nothing seems to give the two brothers greater pleasure than to get down to Coombe Hill Golf Club for a quiet round together.

They are both pupils of that distinguished professional, Archie Compston.

Enough has been said, I think, to show that the Duke of Gloucester and Prince George, young as they are, have already shown that they possess qualities of not only good citizenship but of statesmanship and have won for themselves the esteem and regard of the people of this country.

But popular as the Other Members of the Royal Family most certainly are, the two charming children of the Duke

and Duchess of York have undoubtedly slipped into the hearts of the people and caught the imagination of the world.

The choice of the name of the firstborn of the King's second son was doubtless largely influenced by the name of the Duchess, but it so happens that it has a real historical appropriateness.

It recalls the blue-eyed, golden-haired daughter of Edward IV who was known as Elizabeth of York and who ended the internecine strife between the rival Houses of York and Lancaster by marrying Henry, Earl of Richmond, who founded the House of Tudor.

Elizabeth of York was followed by another notable Elizabeth in England's Royal line, Elizabeth Tudor, who was nearly but not quite a Londoner, as she was born at Greenwich. She had a sad upbringing as her mother, the tragic Anne Boleyn, was dead, and, as she was not wanted by her father, who was living with her stepmother at Hampton Court, the little Princess was sent to spend a lonely childhood in an old Manor House at Woodstock.

Fate was later on to bring her to the Tower of London, first as a prisoner and later on to issue forth to a rapturous and adoring City of London on her Royal progress to be crowned Queen of England at Westminster.

Elizabeth lived and died a Virgin Queen claiming that she was wedded to the Kingdom of England, "for every one of you, and as many as are Englishmen, are children and kinsmen of mine."

She certainly founded that greater England which lies beyond the seas, and any daughter of an English Prince may well be proud to bear her name.

Yet another Elizabeth played a great part in English history, for Elizabeth, the daughter of James I, was the grandmother of George I who founded the House of Hanover.

These three Elizabeths have shaped the fortunes of an Empire; who knows what great destiny God may have in store for the Princess Elizabeth of to-day.

Princess Elizabeth of York was born on the 21st of April, 1926, at No. 17 Bruton Street, the London house of her grandfather, the Earl of Strathmore.

So the Princess Elizabeth of our day, like her grandmother, the Queen of England, and her ancestress, Elizabeth of York, is a Londoner born.

On the fateful day in 1926, Bruton Street was thronged with watchers, as the birth of a Royal infant is a national and not merely a domestic event. We have seen that doubts have been cast on the authenticity of the son of Mary of Modena, so the Law of England requires that the Secretary of State for Home Affairs must be present in the house when the birth is expected of an infant in direct succession to the Throne.

On this occasion the Home Secretary was the late Sir William Joynson Hicks, who later on became Lord Brentford but never ceased to be "Jix" to his wide circle of friends.

"Jix" was therefore the first visitor granted an audience by the little Princess and it is recorded that when the small Lady received this important personage she simply yawned!

The Royal baby began life in a room at the top of her grandfather's house which looked out on a typical London view—roofs and more roofs.

The names chosen for her were Elizabeth Alexandra Mary, not because these were the names of three great queens, but in honour of her grandmother, her great grandmother, and her mother.

"No one could have chosen a better time of year for a birthday than did Princess Elizabeth. The month of April, the month of young love, of lambs, and daffodils—and though there were no lambs in London, young love was

there plentifully, budding in human hearts, and daffodils were there blossoming—in baskets. They were displayed at the street corners in buxom bunches, and in the gayer shop windows in sheaves, and they danced in battalions all the way up in the grass where Hyde Park borders on Park Lane.”

It was not till she was three months old that the Duke's daughter went to Glamis, the ancient home of her mother's family which has been already described.

When she was eight months old, the little Princess quite unconsciously had to say good-bye to her parents as we have seen, but the Duke and Duchess could go on their long tour secure in the knowledge that two devoted grandmothers would look after their darling during their absence on the Empire's business.

The story of their reunion has been delightfully told by Anne Ring, and we can pass to the autumn of 1927 when the Princess took possession of the suite of rooms at the top of the house in Piccadilly. “Visitors to the house to-day, standing in the inner hall, can look upwards through the wide well of the staircase to a round glass dome in the roof, from which a tempered radiance floods downwards to the ground floor—and often, if they pause, they can hear that best of welcomes to any house, the sound of a child's chatter, the hurry of small feet. For it is under this dome that a landing gives access to the sequence of rooms designed as Princess Elizabeth's own home. A lift stopping at this landing takes you to her day nursery, her night nursery and her bathroom. The nurseries are airy rooms communicating with one another; their walls are like sunlight shining through sea-water, and on the floor is a cherry-coloured carpet. The plain polished mahogany furniture glows warmly brown in the abundance of light from wide windows looking down upon the ever passing pageantry of Hyde Park Corner.”

When the little Princess was four and a half years old, a great event occurred not only for the little Princess but for the British Empire.

History was made again at Glamis Castle, as for the first time in more than three hundred years a child was born to a Royal Duchess within the realm of Scotland.

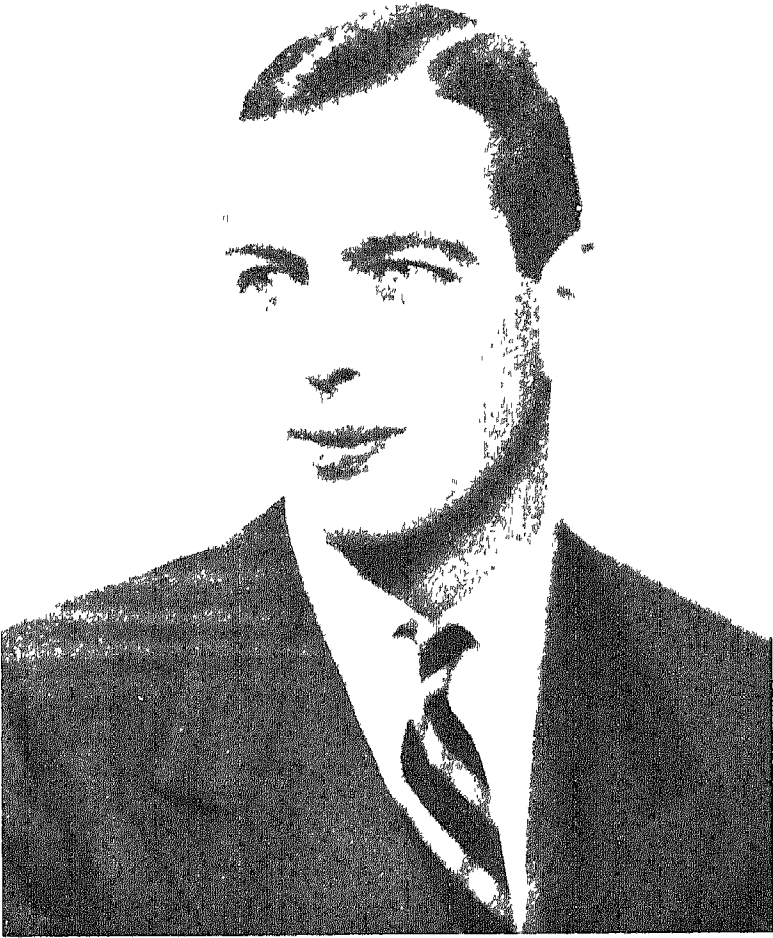
Again a Home Secretary had to be present, but this time the Minister represented neither of the older parties but a Socialist Government then in office.

If a son been born to the Duchess he would have superseded his sister in public importance, but hardly ever in the hearts of her millions of admirers.

But instead a little sister came to be the playmate of the Princess Elizabeth who remains third in the direct line of succession to the Throne of England.

The new arrival was given the names of Margaret Rose and the little Princess Margaret has lived long enough to win for herself a share of that devotion and interest which Royal children inspire.

She is a very important little lady, and there can be little doubt that the hearts of many people turn with genuine affection to these two little princesses when they lift their glasses to the toast of "The Other Members of the Royal Family."



PRINCE GEORGE

(Photo Dorothy Wuldm,

*By special permission of His Royal Highness*

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## CHAPTER XXVII

### THE KING'S KINSFOLK

“ . . . names inscribed in History's page,  
Names that are England's noblest heritage,  
Names that shall live for yet unnumbered years  
Shined in our hearts with Cressy and Poictiers.”

ROBERT MANNERS, DUKE OF RUTLAND.

THE great ladies and noble gentlemen who are referred to in this chapter might reasonably claim to have been included in previous pages, but it will be convenient to consider them here and the only apology which, I hope, is necessary, is that the references to their distinguished services to their illustrious kinsman, the King, and to their country are far too brief

After all, however, as I have stated at the outset, this book is no attempt at providing a biography of the Royal Family. It is designed to furnish merely an introduction to the admirable volumes which have appeared from the able pens of Sir George Arthur, Lady Cynthia Asquith, Charlotte Cavendish, my old friend, David Williamson, and many others.

It is hoped that these pages may stimulate interest in a fascinating subject and focus attention on the good fortune of the British people in possessing, as I have tried to emphasize what a distinguished French soldier has called a “Living Flag” round which may rally the various peoples of a vast Empire.

Outside his own immediate family circle the King has a large number of relatives, and his most loyal subjects are often confused as to the exact degree of consanguinity

which exists between the Sovereign and other descendants of the large family of Queen Victoria.

At the head of the goodly fellowship of the King's Kinsfolk stand the King's sisters, two of whom happily survive. The Princess Victoria lives at Coppins, Iver, Bucks, and her sister, the Princess Maud, is the reigning Queen of Norway.

Next in order stands the King's uncle, the illustrious Prince Arthur William Patrick Albert, Field Marshal His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught and Strathearn.

Prince Arthur, the third son and seventh child of Queen Victoria, was born at Buckingham Palace in 1850. He entered the Royal Academy, Woolwich, and was gazetted to the Royal Engineers, a highly technical branch of the Army.

After a short period of service in the Engineers, the Prince was transferred to another highly specialized corps, the Royal Artillery and thence to one of the most famous infantry regiments of the line, the Rifle Brigade. The regiment was formed in 1800 as a corps of Sharpshooters and has served with distinction in every campaign since its formation. It has enjoyed a great measure of Royal favour and it was appropriate that Prince Arthur should be posted to "The Green Jackets" as they were and still are styled "The Prince Consort's Own."

In 1874, the Prince was again transferred to the 7th Hussars, returning in 1875 to the Rifle Brigade to command his battalion. In the same year he was created Duke of Connaught and Strathearn and Earl of Sussex. The Irish part of the Duke's title was new but the title of "Strathearn" had been borne by his grandfather, the Duke of Kent.

The Duke has had the unique advantage of serving in all branches of the army, so he was well qualified for promotion to the rank of general officer in 1880.

In 1882 Major General H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught accompanied the Expeditionary Force to Egypt. He served

throughout the campaign and commanded the Guards' Brigade at the Battle of Tel-El-Kebir.

For his services in the Egyptian war the Duke was three times mentioned in despatches, created C.B., and received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament.

In 1886 the royal soldier went to India and gained fresh laurels by commanding, with conspicuous success, the Bombay Army. On completing this command he returned to England and was given first the command of the Southern District and later on the most important military area of the Home territory at the time—the Aldershot Command.

I had the honour of serving under the Duke at Aldershot from 1895 to 1898 and can certify that even from the limited horizon of a junior officer, the Duke was universally regarded as the *beau idéal* of a fine soldier and capable general.

When the Boer War broke out in 1899 the Duke, much to his annoyance, was not sent overseas but, on the departure of Lord Roberts for South Africa in 1900, succeeded him as Commander-in-Chief in Ireland.

The Duke was the first Royal Prince to take up his residence at Kilmainham Hospital, the beautiful Wren building on the outskirts of Dublin, which, prior to the formation of the Free State, served the dual purpose of providing a home for old soldiers similar to the Royal Hospital at Chelsea, and also furnished a stately residence for the Commander-in-Chief in Ireland.

The Duke was immensely popular with the Irish people and it seems a pity that, failing his eldest brother, he was not transferred to Viceregal Lodge as a Royal Viceroy outside the sphere of party politics. His conspicuous tact and administrative ability, as I have suggested elsewhere, might have altered the whole trend of Irish affairs.

On the reorganisation of the War Office in 1904 with the formation of the Army Council, the disappearance of the

post of Commander-in-Chief abolished a great office for which the Duke was eminently fitted, so he was appointed Inspector-General of the Forces.

He brought to this post the energy and zeal which has always characterized him, and travelled far and wide over the Three Kingdoms. I was again privileged to meet him when he held this post, as no training centre was too small for him to visit, and he gave great satisfaction by inspecting quite small garrison towns such as Newry, where I was stationed with the King's Own Scottish Borderers.

It was not surprising that when the new post of Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean was created, the Duke was selected for the post.

This was the last great military appointment of His Royal Highness, as in 1911 it was decided that his services would be best employed in a Proconsular capacity.

He succeeded Earl Grey as Governor-General of Canada and was as conspicuously successful in this civil appointment as in his many military posts.

In December, 1920, the Duke represented the King Emperor on a mission to India to inaugurate the first provincial legislative Councils set up for the Presidencies of Madras, Bengal and Bombay.

In various speeches he sounded a note of conciliation with Indian progressive feelings, and it was agreed on his return to England that valuable help had been given by his utterances to the work of self-government in India under the new régime.

The Duke's country seat is Bagshot Park, Surrey, and he has Clarence House, St. James's as his London residence. For some years past he had conferred great pleasure on the French nation and kept green the memory of the association of our Royal Family with the Riviera by spending some months of the winter at his unpretentious villa, Les Bruyères, near Cap Ferrat.

The Duke has one son, Prince Arthur of Connaught, who married his cousin the Duchess of Fife, daughter of the Princess Royal, who had succeeded to her father's title by special remainder.

Prince Arthur has followed in his father's footsteps by adopting a soldier's life. He served first in his father's old regiment, the 7th Hussars, but transferred as a Captain to the world-famous 2nd Dragoons, the Royal Scots Greys, of which he is now the Colonel-in-Chief. The Prince served throughout the Great War with great distinction. Like his illustrious father, he was created C.B. for service in the field and appropriately enough, in view of his father's service in Canada, he was on the staff of the Canadian Corps.

Again history repeated itself when the Prince was appointed Governor-General of the Union of South Africa, a difficult post in which the Prince and his charming Princess endeared themselves to the varied peoples of that great country. There is one son, the Earl of Macduff, who was born in 1914.

The Duke's elder daughter married the Crown Prince of Sweden but died in 1920. His younger daughter, Princess Patricia, married Commander the Hon Alexander Ramsay, third son of the Earl of Dalhousie, in 1919; on her marriage the Princess resigned her royal title and elected to be known as the Lady Patricia Ramsay.

I have already mentioned the great interest which the Duke of Connaught has taken in Freemasonry.

He was initiated in the Prince of Wales Lodge, No. 259, as far back as 1874. The Prince of Wales Lodge is one of the nineteen old lodges which have the privilege of appointing a Grand Steward annually. The Grand Stewards form a body which renders special services to the Grand Lodge of England and they are distinguished from all other Freemasons by wearing a red apron.

The Grand Stewards have a Lodge of their own which stands without a number at the head of the list of English Lodges.

In 1877 his brother, King Edward VII, who was then Grand Master, made the Duke his senior Grand Warden, with his younger brother, Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, in the junior chair.

On the accession of King Edward VII in 1901, the Duke succeeded him as Grand Master.

His Majesty has two nieces—Her Royal Highness Princess Arthur of Connaught, Duchess of Argyll, already referred to and the Princess Maud who is the Lady Maud Carnegie, as she married in 1923 Captain the Lord Carnegie, eldest son of the Earl of Southesk.

The King has a number of first cousins, but we need only refer to those who are resident in this country.

The only daughter of Prince Leopold, the fourth son of Queen Victoria, married the Queen's brother, the Earl of Athlone. The Earl discontinued his style and title of "Serene Highness" and "Prince" in 1917.

The Princess is known as Her Royal Highness, the Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, and is well known for her great interest in various charities, notably those in connection with the voluntary hospitals.

The second daughter of Queen Victoria, Princess Alice Maud Mary, became the consort of the Grand Duke of Hesse, who died in 1892.

The second daughter of the Grand Duchess, the Princess Victoria Alberta, resigned her royal titles in 1917 and is to-day the Dowager Marchioness of Milford Haven.

Next in order stand the two daughters of that much loved philanthropist and patroness of all good works, Her Royal Highness the Princess Christian, the third daughter of Queen Victoria.

These Royal ladies have followed closely in the footsteps

of their great parent and are most active in the support of charities, and are untiring in their efforts on behalf of the betterment of the nursing profession.

Her Highness the Princess Helena Victoria has not been married, but the Princess Marie Louise was married in 1891 to Prince Aribert Joseph Alexandre of Anhalt, a former duchy of the German Empire and now a free state. The Princess was created a Dame Grand Cross of the British Empire in 1919. It should be remembered that the correct style for addressing these two gracious ladies is "Highness" and not "Royal Highness."

The King has two aunts living, the Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, and the Princess Beatrice. Princess Louise was the only member of Queen Victoria's family who married a subject. The Princess married the Marquess of Lorne who afterwards became 9th Duke of Argyll.

The Duchess has had no children and has been a widow since 1914.

The youngest of the nine children of Queen Victoria, Her Royal Highness the Princess Beatrice, married in 1885 the handsome young Prince Henry of Battenberg, a scion of the Royal House of Hesse.

Hesse is an important province in the Rhineland which contains the important wine growing district round Bingen, Oppenheim and Mayence. It formed an important grand duchy of the pre-War German Empire.

The title of Battenberg has a romantic origin. The ancient Battenbergs were a family of German counts who took their name from a district of Hesse Nassau. The original family died out and their title was revived in 1851 when a younger son of the Grand Duke of Hesse married a Polish lady who was created Countess of Battenberg. The countess was raised to the rank of Princess and her family were styled Princes and Princesses of Battenberg.

Prince Alexander's eldest son became an admiral in the British Navy. His second son was Prince of Bulgaria from 1879 to 1886, and it was his third son, Prince Henry Maurice, who married the Princess Beatrice.

The Prince was a very keen soldier and had the rank of Honorary Colonel in the Army when the Expedition to Kumassi offered the first chance of active service after his marriage. Queen Victoria succumbed to his petition and he served throughout the expedition, but a brilliant career was nipped in the bud as he died on active service, leaving three sons and one daughter. The gallant Prince was granted the title of Royal Highness in 1885 and if he had been spared would undoubtedly have rendered great service to his country.

During the War the family of Princess Beatrice relinquished their princely rank and adopted the family name of Mountbatten.

The second son, Major the Lord Leopold Mountbatten, died in 1922, and the third son, Prince Maurice, served with distinction on the Western Front and was killed in action in October, 1914.

The only daughter of the Princess Beatrice married Alfonso XIII and was till quite recently the idol of the Spanish people as Queen Victoria.

The eldest son, Prince Alexander Albert, relinquished his rank of "Highness" in 1917 and was created the 1st Viscount Launceston in the County of Cornwall, Earl of Berkhamstead and Marquess of Carisbrooke.

The Marquess was educated at Wellington College and served in the Royal Navy from 1902 to 1908 when he entered the Grenadier Guards. He served with distinction throughout the Great War both in his regiment and on the staff, and was created G.C.B. and G.C.V.O.

After retiring from the Army, the Marquess has carved out a career for himself in commerce, and he is now a



FIELD MARSHAL H. R. H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT  
SOLDIER, STATESMAN AND FREEMASON

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Director of the Eagle, Star and Dominions Insurance Company, and of Lever Brothers, Limited.

The Marquess married in 1917 the Lady Irene Frances Adza Denison, daughter of the Earl of Londesborough, and has one daughter.

Lord Carisbrooke is a connoisseur of antiques and art. He takes a deep interest in the City of London and its ancient Guilds and has honoured the Worshipful Company of Glaziers by joining its Court and will shortly be its Master.

It may be interesting to close this chapter on the King's Kinsfolk by a summary of the Order of Succession to the Throne

The sons of the Sovereign are in the order of succession to the throne, and after the youngest son the daughters, in the order of their own seniority. Thus after the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York come, as we have seen, the Princess Elizabeth and the Princess Margaret. Next in succession stand the Duke of Gloucester and Prince George; then the Princess Royal and her children; then, as His Majesty has no brother, his sisters, with preference in favour of the eldest. The sequence then passes to the Saxe-Coburg branch, and as the eldest daughter of the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg, Queen Marie of Rumania, formally renounced on her marriage all claim to the British Throne, it passes to the Duke's second daughter—Princess Victoria. Last in order come the families of the Dukes of Connaught and Albany. After the descendants of Queen Victoria's sons, the succession would pass in the ordinary way to the family of the late Empress Frederick, the eldest daughter of Queen Victoria; but as this line, with the ex-German Emperor at its head, is outside the sphere of practical politics we need not further pursue the order of succession to His Gracious Majesty King George V, "whom the Great Architect of the Universe long preserve."